The MAKING of IOWA

EDGAR SABIN

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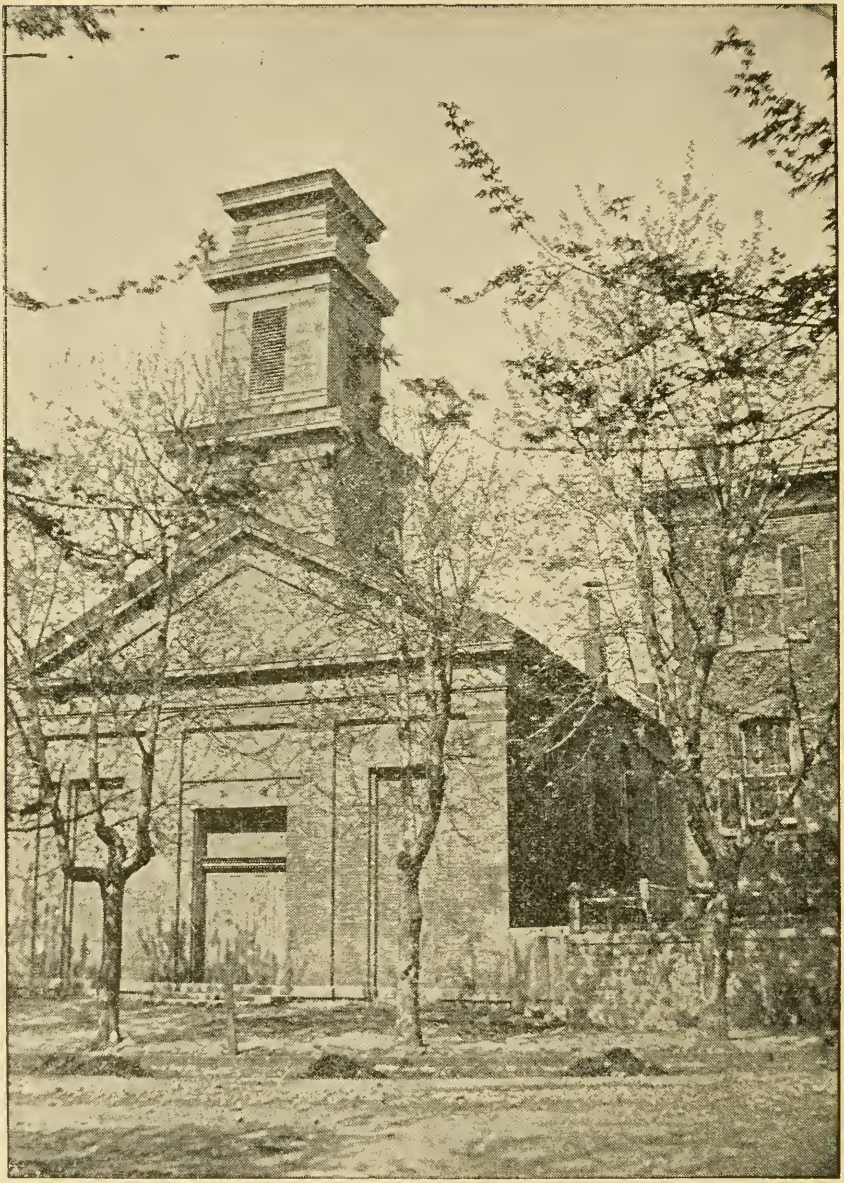

OLD ZION CHURCH, CAPITOL OF IOWA TERRITORY.

THE MAKING OF IOWA

BY

HENRY SABIN, LL. D.

Ex-State Supt. of Public Instruction of Iowa.

AND

EDWIN L. SABIN.

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PREFACE.

My object in writing this book, "The Making of Iowa," is not to give a history of the State, but only a narration calculated to keep alive the memory of those pioneers whose achievements and wisdom laid the foundation for our institutions. There is great danger that the stirring events of later years will obscure if not obliterate the record which these hardy men made under our Territorial government and in the formative years of our Statehood. An account of "The Making of Iowa," in the early stages of her growth and development will interest the children and induce them to read history, both for the pleasure it will give them and the information it will impart.

The record has been followed in regular order through the earliest days to the times preceding the Civil War. The history of that eventful period is still fresh in the public mind. Here I have dealt with the past and with the deeds of men who served the State well in their day and have long since passed to their reward. Besides, the history of Iowa is rich in Indian names. Black Hawk, Keokuk, Mahaska and Wapello still live in the names of Iowa counties and towns. The land for which these brave chiefs contended is ours to-day, but they had many noble traits and their memory is part of the inheritance of the State.

In compiling this book, I have had the assistance of my younger son, Edwin L. Sabin. He took upon himself the task of looking up the material and selecting that which seemed appropriate. The arrangement is due to his skill and literary ability. It is with pride that I place his name on the title page as joint author. Thanks are also due to Hon. Charles Aldrich, custodian of the Iowa Historical Department, for valuable aid in choice of material and for suggestions in reference to illustrations. He has very kindly placed at our disposal many of the cuts which adorn the "Historical Annals of Iowa," of which he is the able editor.

If the work commends itself to the children in our schools, and especially if it leads them to place a higher value upon the privileges of citizenship in a free state, the aims of the author will be fully achieved.

HENRY SABIN.

CHAPTER I.

HOW IOWA CHANGED OWNERSHIP.

No man knows the age of Iowa. Its origin dates back many thousand years—so many that the mind cannot comprehend the time. Geologists tell us that all Iowa was once covered by a sea; that for another period a huge mass of ice, termed a glacier, enveloped the region; and that when neither sea nor glacier was here strange animals and plants lived and thrived in an almost tropical climate.

Finally hills and valleys, rivers and lakes, trees and grass, such as we see to-day, were fashioned, and Iowa was ready to greet the eyes of man. One race succeeded another, until the Indian was master. At last European nations sent their explorers and adventurers to carry civilization to this wonderful country. From the Atlantic coast, Canada and the Gulf of Mexico the line of settlement pushed on and on, until the Upper Mississippi Valley was reached, the river was crossed, and Iowa's prairies welcomed the whites. Iowa Territory was organized and soon Iowa State.

So far as history shows for nearly two hundred years after Columbus' first voyage, the region now called Iowa was unvisited by a white person. It was still another century ere the white man settled here. While the States along the Atlantic were providing homes for emigrants from England and France and Spain and Holland, this section of the Mississippi Valley was inhabited by savages only.

But although nothing of a definite nature was known

concerning the country in the interior of the new continent, several kings were anxious to own it. They did not understand how great was the area embraced in the unexplored portion of North America, but each was afraid the other would obtain too much land. Each, therefore, endeavored to claim all he could, first, and investigate the property, afterward.

As a rule all were disappointed in their possessions. When they had grasped by right and might every mile they could, they promptly undervalued the territory, and frequently they lost their interest in it. They willingly parted with districts that since have proved to be the richest and best country in the world. The old kings wanted gold and silver. When they did not find these metals they were disgusted. They were not content to wait for revenue from tilling the soil. They were anxious to get something for nothing—that is, they desired to procure gold at once, instead of earning it.

Spain was first to claim Iowa. In 1493, the year after Columbus discovered the West Indies, the pope granted to Spain all the lands touched by the great navigator. It was thought that he had found a continent. An imaginary line was drawn from pole to pole; the territory east of this, and not owned by any other Christian prince, was to belong to Portugal; the territory west, to Spain.

So ignorant were the people of those times concerning the world, that this line actually passed through the Atlantic Ocean three hundred miles west of the Azores Islands. Portugal received only an expanse of water! Even when, later, the line was moved about eight hundred miles farther west, the situation was little changed.

England was determined that she, too, might as well have a share in the discoveries which were then amazing the old world. She granted to John Cabot and sons permission to go forth, and see what they could find. In 1497 they landed on the mainland of this continent, in the vicinity of Labrador, and on this fact England based her claim to right of possession.

Therefore, Iowa, in common with the rest of the continent, was claimed by both Spain and England, at the same time.

Spain really cuts but comparatively small figure in the story of the continent north of Florida's latitude. England pushed ahead rapidly in the work of colonization until France suddenly stepped in as a strong rival. It was France who was the first of all the nations actually to explore the Mississippi Valley, and by right of exploration assert her claim to this region. The French traders and hunters and missionaries were the ones who penetrated west of the Allegheny Mountains. They were the advance agents of civilization.

The French had established a line of settlements extending into Canada along the St. Lawrence River, and had named the country New France. In 1534 Jacques Cartier had discovered the river, and France gained a foothold that she did not relinquish for over two centuries.

In 1673 two Frenchmen from the New France colonies led a small party westward, to see what was contained in the western portion of New France. These leaders were Marquette and Joliet. They went down the Wisconsin River into the Mississippi, and descended the Mississippi as far as the mouth of the Wabash River, in Indiana. Then they

were forced to turn back. What they saw in Iowa will be told in another chapter.

Robert Chevalier, of the estate of La Salle, and commonly known in history as Robert de la Salle, or simply as La Salle, was the man who claimed the Mississippi Valley for France. While he was in Montreal he heard from the Indians of a great river to the west, which he thought must empty into the Gulf of California, at that time called the Vermillion Gulf. He believed that through this river a route by water to the Pacific Ocean could be found. In his opinion Marquette and Joliet had not accomplished enough and so he determined to win glory for himself and his king.

In 1678 he set out, and after many trials and disappointments, in 1682 descended the Illinois River to the Mississippi, and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. Of course he soon saw that the direction of the river was toward the south, not the west, but nevertheless he continued until he attained the mouth. Here he built a fort, to prevent the Spaniards from using the channel. Spain had some colonies along the gulf. They formed New Spain. In 1541 Ferdinand de Soto had discovered the Mississippi at a point in the present State of Mississippi. But as no gold came from this land Spain was not zealous in maintaining herself here.

France may be designated as the first nation that really had the right to call itself owner of the Mississippi Valley. La Salle claimed for his king all the country drained by the Ohio, or River St. Louis, and the Mississippi, or Colbert River, and their tributaries. He named the territory Louisiana. Thus Louisiana extended from the Alleghenies to the

Rockies, and from the source of the Mississippi to its mouth. What a vast claim was this of Robert de la Salle!

Now France and England were crowding each other on this continent. The French and Indian War broke out. History tells us that the French and the Indians were allied against the English, and that the English were aided by their colonies in America. At the close of the war France had lost Canada, and that part of Louisiana east of the Mississippi. The boundary between the French and the English possessions in what is now the United States was fixed in 1762 at the middle of the Mississippi River.

The name Louisiana henceforth refers to the territory between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains.

France was a little uncertain about her ability at this time to keep her remaining American possessions. Great Britain was much stronger than she on the sea. So to please Spain, and as an act of convenience, in 1762 France secretly gave Louisiana to the Spanish government. The open transfer took place in 1769. Thus Iowa became Spanish property.

France did not intend that the act should be permanent, for in a few years—in 1800—arrangements were made whereby Spain ceded back the territory to the French. But in the meantime while these explorations and transfers were under way, the American Republic had come into being. The United States achieved independence, and England was forced to give up all her property, south of Canada, on the continent. Then foreign control of Louisiana proved distasteful to the United States. The people demanded free and uninterrupted passage up and down the Mississippi. So long as the Spanish exercised authority at New Orleans the

river traffic of the settlers was interfered with. The negotiations by which Spain returned Louisiana to France indicated that Americans would still be annoyed when they attempted to float their produce to the gulf.

Many persons were ready to plunge the Republic into another war, this time with France, over the subject. But a much better solution of the difficulty was found when the United States proposed to buy New Orleans. The proposition was met by Emperor Napoleon with a proposal to sell all of Louisiana.

The offer took the people by surprise. They had not dreamed of acquiring such an extent of country. Quite a faction was opposed to purchasing it. The region was too large. It could not be used. It would prove a burden. However, President Jefferson directed that the negotiations be pushed, if reasonable terms could be agreed upon. President Jefferson may have overstepped his office here, and certainly he offended a large number of citizens, but he looked ahead and saw the necessity for his course. He acted with farseeing wisdom. Time has proved it.

The treaty by which the territory changed ownership for the last time was signed April 30, 1803. The price paid for Louisiana was about twelve million dollars, and debts of the French government amounting to some three millions more were assumed. At New Orleans, December 20, 1803, the United States formally took possession of the territory, but not until the following March was Upper Louisiana, with capital at St. Louis, transferred to the United States.

Although all Louisiana was at this time a French province, Upper Louisiana was under a Spanish officer, as no French officer had arrived to succeed him. The Spaniard

was Don Carlos Delassus. Early in March, 1804, Capt. Amos Stoddard, of the United States army, with a detachment of troops, crossed the Mississippi from Cahokia, and entered St. Louis. Capt. Stoddard first acted as the agent of France, and received from Don Carlos the surrender of this district, according to the treaty made several years before between Spain and France. On the next day Capt. Stoddard became representative of the United States, and by the terms of the recent treaty took possession of the district in the name of the American Republic.

He published an address to the people of the district, informing them of the new order of things. Tidings traveled slowly in these days, and the residents of St. Louis were much disconcerted over the change in rule. They were accustomed to Spanish ways, they were acquainted with the French methods, but the thought of government by an entirely strange nation filled many citizens with alarm. Their fears were groundless and vain.

No nation can to-day buy what comprised the Louisiana purchase, for many times the sum paid then. France was anxious to build up the United States as a rival to England. Napoleon hated Great Britain; and it may be added that he hardly expected the United States would care to retain so much land. He figured that possibly a large portion of Louisiana could be secured later at a bargain.

When France surrendered to England all Louisiana east of the Mississippi River, the section south of Iberville, about one hundred miles above New Orleans, was reserved. Thus New Orleans remained under French control, and was included in what retained the name of Louisiana. Whenever Louisiana was transferred, New Orleans went

with it. Louisiana, as secured by the United States in 1803, was the territory from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, bounded on the southwest by the Spanish possessions. These were what now compose Texas, New Mexico and other lands toward the Pacific. The boundary was somewhat indefinite, until in 1819 it was fixed by treaty. In 1819 the southwestern boundary of Louisiana was designated as follows: From the mouth of the Sabine River, which now divides Louisiana State and Texas, to the thirty-second parallel of latitude; then north to the Red River, and along the Red River to the one hundredth meridian of longitude. The meridian and the river now form the boundary between Texas and the Indian Territory. Then north to the Arkansas River, and west.

The Pacific coast was not included in the original Louisiana purchase. Oregon and Washington were later—much later—acquired by the United States by right of settlement and prior discovery. California was obtained from Mexico by the Mexican War.

CHAPTER II.

THE BIRTH OF A TERRITORY.

During the proceedings that resulted in the purchase of Louisiana from France, Robert Livingston, the United States minister to France, who had the matter in hand, said in a communication addressed to the French official that not for a hundred years would the American people attempt to settle the country west of the Mississippi.

Perhaps he said this in order to make France willing to accept a low price for the territory, by giving out the impression that the United States was not eager to buy. It may be that Minister Livingston was sincere in his assertion. Many of the foremost men in the Republic believed that we were undertaking too much. They thought the Mississippi should remain the western boundary of the nation.

"We shall have enough to do to occupy *this* region," said they.

Such an opinion seems quite unwarranted, but how could the people of a century ago read the future? How could they imagine that before fifty years had gone by the Mississippi Valley would be over-flowing, and that thousands of emigrants would be traversing the western plains and scaling the Rocky Mountains? The world never dreamed of such prodigies of emigration as resulted from the opening of this continent of North America, and from the liberty offered to all mankind.

It did not take even fifty years to demonstrate that Louisiana Territory would be put to good use. Following the purchase changes occurred with such rapidity that the map makers at Washington must have been kept very busy.

First, in March, 1804, about two weeks after Capt. Amos Stoddard announced at St. Louis the withdrawal of Spain and France and the establishment of United States authority, Congress divided the territory into two parts. The southern portion, now about covered by the State of Louisiana, was named the Territory of Orleans. The north portion was called the District of Louisiana.

The government of this District of Louisiana was placed in the hands of the officers of Indiana Territory. Indiana Territory was just across the Mississippi. It had been formed in 1800, and was composed of the present States of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, the west half of Michigan and Minnesota east of the Mississippi.

However, within a year, in 1805, the District of Louisiana was given officials of its own. When in 1812 the State of Louisiana was admitted into the Union, the District of Louisiana lost its title, and was re-christened the Territory of Missouri.

In 1821 the State of Missouri came into the sisterhood. The United States was making splendid advancement. One-fourth of Minister Livingston's one hundred years had not passed, and yet so many settlers had entered the new purchase that two States had been made.

When the State of Missouri was cut out of what was termed Missouri Territory, the United States seems to have forgotten about what was left—that is, the section of the Territory remaining, northward. This area, including the

present States of Iowa and Minnesota, along the river, and the Dakotas and others, to the west, was not provided with officers. No territorial government was afforded here. There were no courts, and no laws save those made by the settlers among themselves.

Such a state of affairs prevailed until 1834. During those thirteen years, from 1821 to 1834, the west bank of the Mississippi was receiving settlers. In particular the lead mines at Dubuque attracted whites. At Dubuque occurred an incident which forced the people at Washington to recognize the existence of the territory.

In May, 1834, Patrick O'Connor, a miner at Dubuque, shot George O'Keaf, another miner. No provocation to the deed was apparent, and when O'Connor was asked why he committed the murder he replied:

"That is my business."

The enraged friends of O'Keaf wanted at once to hang O'Connor, but were prevailed upon to give the man a trial. The court at Galena, Illinois, had given out word that it had no jurisdiction over the territory west of the Mississippi, so the Dubuque people were forced to depend upon their own resources.

The prisoner selected his attorney, and chose the jury. The jury sat on a log, and heard the evidence. The verdict brought in found for murder in the first degree, and fixed the penalty at death. O'Connor was sentenced to be hanged at one o'clock on June 20.

During the month before the execution an effort was made to secure a pardon for the prisoner. The governor of Missouri said he had no authority over the case. President Jackson sent word that the laws of the United States

had not been extended over the territory which included Iowa, and thus he could not interfere. He suggested that the pardoning power rested in only the settlers who had formed the court.

At the time appointed O'Connor was hanged. The proceedings of this impromptu court created much comment. Congress looked into the matter, and soon Iowa was under the control of Michigan Territory.

Out of the Territory of Indiana the States of Indiana and Illinois had been made. Indiana was admitted in 1816; Illinois in 1818. In 1805 the Territory of Michigan had been set off. With Indiana, Illinois and Michigan formed from Indiana Territory, there was left the northern quarter to be dealt with. In 1823 Congress took this tract, lying north of Illinois, and between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, divided it into three counties, and attached it to Michigan Territory, which is to-day the State of Michigan.

Counties in those days were much larger than we now understand by the word. Once all Illinois was but a county of Indiana Territory. In 1829 all the land south of the Wisconsin River, north of Illinois, and between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan, composed a county, named by the Michigan Territory Legislature, Iowa County. Here, in 1829, we first hear the name Iowa applied to a political division.

Thus the land east of the Mississippi was fairly well provided for in the way of government. But all this time, since 1821, the country west of the river, and north of the State of Missouri, was obliged to get along as best it could. Now the miners at Dubuque had directed attention to the condition of affairs. Congress divided what are to-day Iowa,

Minnesota west of the Mississippi, and the Dakotas east of the Missouri and White Earth Rivers, into two counties, Dubuque County and Des Moines (or, as it was then spelled, Demoine) County. Dubuque County was all that region north of a line drawn from the lower end of Rock Island to the Missouri; Demoine County was the district south of the line.

These two counties were joined, for judicial purposes, to Iowa County east of the Mississippi. As Iowa County was a part of Michigan Territory, the two new counties were attached to Michigan Territory.

Dubuque County and Demoine County were referred to as the Iowa District. The name Iowa had at last passed to the west side of the Mississippi, where it finally became a permanent title.

Michigan Territory then covered a great deal of ground; too much, in fact. So in 1836 Congress determined upon another Territory, and called it Wisconsin Territory. This extended from Lake Michigan, north of Illinois, clear to the White Earth River in what is now North Dakota, with the southwestern boundary running from the White Earth River down the Missouri channel to the state of Missouri. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and half of the Dakotas formed Wisconsin Territory.

Dubuque and Demoine Counties, which had been known as the Iowa District, now became Western Wisconsin. In September, 1836, the population of this region of Western Wisconsin was 10,531.

The first legislature of Wisconsin Territory met at Belmont, in Iowa County, in the fall of 1836. In 1837 Flint Hills, now Burlington in the State of Iowa, was the tem-

porary capital of the Territory, and the Legislature of 1837 met here. When a separate organization from that of Wisconsin Territory was asked for by the people of Western Wisconsin, Congress granted this request, and in 1838 a new Territory was made, and given the name Iowa Territory, suggested by the former name, Iowa District.

Iowa Territory was composed of the present States of Iowa, Minnesota west of the Mississippi River, and the Dakotas east of the White Earth and the Missouri Rivers. The act of Congress approving the new division went into effect July 4, 1838. The population of the Territory taken this year, was 22,860. It had doubled in two years!

CHAPTER III.

THE BIRTH OF A STATE.

For eight years, from 1838 to 1846, Iowa remained a Territory. Long before it was even a Territory, Missouri on the south and Illinois on the east were settled and admitted into the Union.

The Indians were being pressed westward by the whites and were losing their homes east of the Mississippi. Finally they were pushed into what is now Iowa, and given reservations here. Until 1833 they were practically the sole owners of Iowa. For over a century and a half after civilization penetrated the Mississippi Valley—ninety years of French control, forty years of Spanish, and thirty of United States—Iowa was allowed to be a wilderness, traversed only occasionally by fur traders and army detachments.

The land was considered as belonging to the Red Man. Whites were required to obtain permission from the Indians before trapping and trading could be indulged in in this territory.

June 1, 1833, five years before Iowa Territory was made, the first section of country within the present limits was thrown open for settlement. The Indians had opposed the government, and had created trouble that led to a short war called the Black Hawk War, and as a penalty a tract of land was taken from them.

This was the strip known as the Black Hawk Purchase, so named because Black Hawk was the chief who conducted the Indian forces in the war. The Black Hawk Purchase extended along the west side of the Mississippi River from the north boundary of Missouri north to the Upper Iowa River. The Upper Iowa River is in the northeast corner of Iowa, and must not be confounded with the Iowa River in the southern half of the State. Therefore this tract extended from Missouri nearly to Minnesota. It was fifty miles wide at the ends, and forty in the middle.

Onto this area of six million acres poured the settlers.

The treaty transferring the land was made at the spot where now stands the city of Davenport. On Rock Island, opposite the point, was Fort Armstrong, garrisoned by United States soldiers. Cholera was raging there, so it was impossible to have the treaty conference occur in the fort. The council was held in a large tent on the west bank of the river. The United States was represented by General Winfield Scott and Governor John Reynolds of Illinois. Keokuk, Pash-e-pa-ho, Black Hawk and other prominent Sac and Fox chiefs represented the tribes.

The scene of this first transfer of Iowa land from Indians to settlers was inspiring. The Indians were clad in their brightest colors, and their whitest deer skin; but their clothes were by no means more brilliant than the uniforms of the soldiers, at that time gay with gilt and glittering lace. Rough hunters and trappers, mingling with the swarthy braves, crowded to watch proceedings. Below flowed the beautiful Mississippi, its banks rich in autumn foliage.

The council was concluded on September 21, 1832. The treaty was ratified in February, 1833, and on June 1, follow-

ing, the Black Hawk Purchase was turned over to the settlers.

The United States agreed to pay to the Indians, each year for thirty consecutive years, twenty thousand dollars, and assume debts which had been accumulating for seventeen years. These amounted to forty thousand dollars, due to Davenport and Farnham, Indian traders.

The government gave to the widows and children of the Sac and Fox braves killed in the Black Hawk War, cattle, salt, pork, flour, and corn, in considerable quantities.

The Indians had lived for many years on the banks of the Mississippi, and hated to leave scenes so endeared to them. So the United States allowed them to retain four hundred square miles of territory in the purchase. This ground was about what is now Louisa County. Through it flowed the Iowa River. The tract was termed the Keokuk Reserve, because Keokuk was the principal chief of the Sacs, here.

In the Black Hawk Purchase the United States, at request of the Indians who wanted to show their friendship, set apart a section of land at the head of the first rapids, above Rock Island, for Antoine Le Claire, a noted interpreter. This section is now occupied by the town of Le Claire. Where Davenport stands another section was set apart for Le Claire's Indian wife.

The announcement that the government had acquired land which would be given over to settlement excited much interest among the whites who were then living across the river, in Illinois. They had heard of the marvelous loveliness of the country to the westward, and were eager to try their fortunes here. Some impatient ones had endeavored to establish their cabins in the territory while it was yet In-

dian property, but had been driven out by the soldiers, and with their friends were waiting another opportunity to take up claims—this time under government protection.

By June 1, 1833, the Indians had quietly withdrawn to the banks of the Iowa River. On the day appointed the whites hastened in, treading on the heels of the former owners of the country. Thus Iowa's future began to assume definite form.

When, July 4, 1838, the act of Congress organizing Iowa Territory went into effect, the settlers had spread beyond the Black Hawk Purchase. The four hundred square miles saved for the Sacs and Foxes had been bought by the government, and another strip of land bordering the purchase on the west had been obtained. The Indians had been forced away from the Mississippi, into the interior.

A great tide of people was surging into Iowa. The New Lands, as the Territory was popularly known, attracted settlers clear from the Atlantic coast. So rapidly did the population increase that in 1840 Statehood was talked of.

At this time the most thickly settled portion of the Territory was along the Mississippi, and in width fifty or sixty miles. North of Dubuque the country was but sparsely occupied. Clayton County had been organized in 1837. In 1840 the population of Iowa Territory was about 42,000. In 1844 it was 82,500.

In 1840, when the people were called upon to vote on the question of Statehood, they had a majority against the proposed petition. In 1842 the topic was again agitated, and again was voted down. The settlers voting "no" said that the laws of the United States and of a Territory were

good enough, and that Statehood was unnecessary. They were of the opinion that expenses would be greater under a State government.

But in 1844 the Territorial Legislature again asked the citizens to signify whether they wished a convention for the purpose of drawing up a constitution. This time those in favor of Statehood carried the day. In October, 1844, a constitutional convention met at Iowa City, the capital of the Territory. A constitution was prepared. Had it been approved by Congress Iowa to-day would be larger than it is. It would include a portion of Minnesota.

This constitution in 1844 fixed the eastern, western and southern boundaries practically as they now are. The northern boundary, on the other hand, was a line connecting the mouth of the Big Sioux or Calumet River, at the Missouri, with the sharp bend in the St. Peter's, now the Minnesota River, in the present State of Minnesota; the St. Peter's from this point to the Mississippi was to complete this boundary. Iowa would be a different shape, and the northwest corner would have been cut off, had the boundaries selected in 1844 been allowed to stand.

But Congress in March, 1845, not only rejected the proposed limits, but offered suggestions that were a radical change from those of the constitutional convention. Congress presented for the approval of the people of the Territory a new western boundary which passed from north to south on a line about forty miles west of Des Moines. The northern boundary was on a line with the juncture of the Blue Earth and St. Peter's Rivers, in Minnesota. Had Congress prevailed, Iowa to-day would be but little more than half as wide from east to west as it is, and would extend thirty miles farther north, into Minnesota.

Then ensued a warm discussion. The settlers were divided on the question of boundaries. Those in favor of the constitution of 1844, as amended by Congress, claimed that the western portion of the Territory was as uninhabitable as a desert, and would prove a burden to any State. The rumor went about that a committee sent out to look for a location for the capital and to see into the country beyond the Des Moines River, returned, with the advice that the capital be established at about Oskaloosa, saying that forty miles beyond Fort Raccoon (now Des Moines) the region was not fit for settlement! Some of the settlers maintained that if the suggestions of Congress were not accepted the people would be given nothing.

A campaign of education set in. The opponents of the proposed boundaries put stump speakers into the field, who demonstrated to the settlers the worth and importance of the Missouri Slope. "Westward the course of empire takes its way" was the war cry. It won, for the constitution, as amended, was defeated in April, 1845.

The Territorial Legislature asked the people to vote again, this time not on the whole constitution, but simply on the portions that did not deal with boundaries. At this election, in August, 1845, the constitution was once more defeated, by a close vote of 7,656 to 7,233.

In May, 1846, another Territorial convention assembled, to discuss the boundary problem. It deliberated for fifteen days, and finally selected the limits that to-day confine the State of Iowa. Congress approved of the work. The constitution, practically the same as that of 1844, save as to boundaries, was submitted to the popular vote August 3, 1846, and was adopted by a vote of 9,492 to 9,036.

The census of 1846 gave Iowa a population of 102,388. Ansel Briggs, the first State governor, was elected October 26, 1846. The first State general assembly met at Iowa City, November 30, in this year, and in December Governor Briggs took the oath of office. The act of Congress, admitting Iowa into the Union, was passed December 28, 1846.

At this time there were some thirty counties, forming the eastern third of the present State. Many towns were spelled according to the Indian way, as Ouskaloosa, Ottumwah, Keosauque. Des Moines city was Fort Raccoon.

Only a few Indians were in the limits. Some bands of Sioux roamed in the northwestern corner, and the Musquakies were in Tama County.

Iowa was given over to the whites. Civilization had conquered.

WAPELLO. (Fox Chief.)

CHAPTER IV.

IOWA'S INDIANS.

Ages ago, when Iowa was much different in aspect from that which it bore when the whites first saw the country, a race of human beings not unlike the Eskimos inhabited this territory. The great glacier of the Mississippi Valley was at that time receding toward the north. On its edge lived a race of short, stout, flat-featured men and women. Of them we know little. We know more of the Mound Builders, who succeeded this short people.

The Mound Builders were superior in intelligence and civilization to the glacier dwellers. They are termed Mound Builders, because all through the Mississippi Valley, and in other portions of the United States, especially east of the Mississippi, are to-day visible mounds supposed to have originated with this ancient people.

In Jackson and Louisa and Clayton and Scott Counties, and in other counties in Iowa, groups of mounds are found. The Mound Builders evidently preferred the banks of the rivers for their works. Along the Iowa and the Des Moines rivers, and bordering other streams tributary to the Mississippi, the strange elevations of earth are to be seen.

The favorite location is the crest of a hill, or well up toward the top, on terraces. An elevation was chosen, perhaps because of fear of floods, or perhaps because of security against attack.

The mounds contain skeletons, stone weapons, pottery and rude engravings on stone. Stone images of the ele-

phant and other animals now foreign to Iowa are unearthed.

It is conjectured that maybe the mounds originally were fortifications. The question arises, from whom was assault expected? Very likely from the Indians.

After the Mound Builders had been for some time in possession of the Mississippi and Ohio River Valleys, savages from the east and the west pressed upon them. For centuries the great Algonquin family of Indians had occupied the Atlantic Coast. They were encountered by the Norsemen who touched at Cape Cod in the year 1000, and when nearly five hundred years later the English under the Cabots landed the Algonquins were still there.

Some time, no one knows when, tribes of the Algonquins pushed westward, and by way of the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes overflowed the country to the south and into the Mississippi Valley. At the Upper Mississippi they met the bold Sioux, or Dakotas (Dakotahs), from the Rocky Mountains.

The Dakotas had crossed the Rockies, and had followed the Missouri River and its branches eastward. These western Indians were even more savage than the Red Men of the Atlantic Coast. When the two families clashed the Mound Builders were crushed.

In vain they tried to oppose the fierce strangers invading the territory. Perhaps but slight resistance was made. Perhaps the fighting was valiant, and from their fortifications, now called mounds, the older people made long defense. Iowa was a battle ground, but the records are lost, save as the mounds would furnish mute testimony to the deeds that were.

It is possible that the Mound Builders fled southward,

and that in Arizona and New Mexico and vicinity they built new homes.

The Indians were left in possession of the Upper Mississippi Valley. Iowa was now the field of a long struggle. The families overlapped here. The Sioux held the region in the north of Iowa and in Minnesota, and penetrated into Wisconsin.

The Algonquins surged below them to the Missouri, occupying the rest of Iowa and the north of Missouri. The line between the rivals reached about from the mouth of the Upper Iowa River to the mouth of the Big Sioux.

The two families were bitter enemies. Whether the hatred began then, or has an origin farther back, is an unanswered problem. But always we find the Sioux, cruel and bold, and the Sacs and Foxes, crafty and brave, killing each other on every occasion possible; and this animosity prevails to-day between all representatives of the Dakotas on the one hand and the Algonquins on the other.

It is no wonder that the Indians refused to abandon, until forced to by a superior power, this beautiful region they had invaded. Iowa was an ideal home for them. On the hills and in the valleys were the deer; on the prairies the buffalo. The noble wild turkey dwelt in the woods, and the prairie chicken and ruffed grouse were on every side, in meadow and in thicket. The numerous lakes and streams furnished fish, and afforded passage for the bark canoes. The plum and grape were to be had for the picking. The hickory nut and the hazel nut were plentiful, and maize waved in the fields.

The Mississippi on the east and the Missouri on the west, with the smaller rivers traversing the interior between, were

highways from district to district. The climate, cold in winter, warm in summer, never was monotonous. The blue of the sky and the clearness of the air were not burdened as now with smoke from cities, but were just as nature has intended they should be.

It is easy to understand why the poor Indians, removed to other places, returned in little bands time and again, to look once more upon the scenes they loved so well. Even the Indians of Michigan and Wisconsin, when brought to Iowa by the government, preferred their new surroundings to the old.

The first Indians seen in what is now Iowa by a white man were Illinois Indians. In 1673 Marquette and Joliet, the French explorers, coming down the Mississippi, landed in southeastern Iowa, and encountered savages, who said they were Illini, or as we term them by the French rendering, Illinois. Illini means "men," and when these Indians proudly said, "We are Illini," they meant they were very brave and superior to all other people.

There are references in records dating about this time to Mas-coutins. The name Muscatine evidently is derived from this word. The Mas-coutins at one time lived on Muscatine Island, and on other territory in that locality. The name is said to signify "place having no woods," or prairie; some authorities state the true translation is "fire prairie," and that great fires used to sweep over the country in Muscatine County.

Long before whites came to Iowa the Mas-coutins had disappeared, and either were extinct or had united with other tribes. They are said to have been cruel and treacherous, and unfriendly to the Sacs and Foxes, whom they

defeated in a great conflict near the mouth of the Iowa River.

Illini and Mas-coutins were Algonquins. But in the midst of the Algonquins dwelt for many years a Dakota tribe, the Iowas. The name is spelt in various ways, for example Ayouas, Ayouways, Ayoas and Aiouex, but the English style is Iowas. Because the State has the same name, these Indians are of especial interest to us.

The Iowas were in Southern Iowa when the first explorers penetrated to that section. Their principal village was in the extreme northwest corner of Van Buren County, where the town of Iowaville now stands. Other villages were in Davis and Wapello Counties, and in Mahaska County, which bears the name of an Iowa chief.

The Iowas called themselves Dusty-noses, claiming that they once dwelt on a sandbar, where the wind blew dust into their faces. They were brave and intelligent Indians, and were enemies of the other Dakotas because an Iowa chief had been treacherously slain on the Iowa River by a band of Sioux.

The Iowa Indians were divided into clans, designated Eagle, Wolf, Bear, Pigeon, Elk, Beaver, Buffalo and Snake, and distinguished one from another by the fashion in which the hair was cut. Pestilence and war reduced this tribe, until, after a massacre by the Sacs and Foxes in 1823, it ceased to play an important part in the farther history of this region.

The Sacs and Foxes hold the most prominent place in the story of the Algonquin family in Iowa. The Musquakies, on their reservation in Tama County, are Fox Indians and are the only Red Men in the State.

About 1712 the Sacs and the Foxes became close allies. Formerly they lived with other Algonquins in Wisconsin and Michigan, but together moved to the Mississippi. In 1805 the Sacs had four villages on the Mississippi. One was at the head of the Des Moines Rapids; another about sixty miles above, across the river; another on Rock River back of Moline's site, and another on the Iowa River.

Fox villages are known to have been at the mouth of Turkey River; where Dubuque now stands; at Rock Rapids, and where Davenport is located. The village on the site of Davenport was one of the oldest Indian towns on the upper Mississippi.

At the mouth of the Wapsipinicon River, in Clinton County, once was a Sac village, but the largest community of Indians in all this part of the country was at an angle of the Mississippi and Rock Rivers, in Illinois. It was known as Black Hawk's Town, and was called by the Indians Saukenuk. Foxes as well as Sacs dwelt there. Its precise location was on the north bank of the Rock River, about a mile from the mouth.

As a rule the Foxes frequented the west side of the Mississippi, the Sacs the east. Finally all were sent by the government into Iowa.

The word Sac is asserted to be a corruption of Sau-kie, or Sau-kee. The Sacs pronounced it with a strong gutteral accent on the last syllable. One meaning given to the name is "man with the red badge," it being maintained that the Sac covered his head with red clay when he mourned. Accordingly the word Mus-qua-kie is held to mean "man with a yellow badge," because this tribe covered the head with yellow clay. On account of their thieving habits the

Mus-qua-kies were styled by the French, Renards, or Foxes.

The Sacs and Foxes, after they had established themselves along the Mississippi, proved to be the strongest of the Algonquins in and around Iowa. In other chapters we shall read more about them.

The Sioux Indians were the sole possessors of Iowa north of the Upper Iowa River, and in the northwest portion above the latitude of the mouth of the Big Sioux. They were the Arabs of the Iowa prairies, and their hand seems to have been against everyone not a Sioux. The trouble constantly occurring between the Sioux and the Indians south of them compelled the government to interfere. In 1825 a council of all the Indians in Iowa was called at Prairie du Chien. The chiefs gathered, decked in paint and feathers, each tribe striving to outdo the others. The Sioux came on horseback; the Sacs and Foxes dashed up the river in their war canoes, singing their songs and boasting.

At the council the ancient foes glared at one another, but order was kept, and no encounters resulted. A boundary line was fixed, to which the tribes agreed. The Sioux were to hunt north of a line passing from the mouth of the Upper Iowa River through the upper fork of the Des Moines River to the fork of the Big Sioux, and down the Big Sioux to the Missouri. The Sacs and Foxes were to keep south of this line. They gave permission to the Iowas and the Otoes, both of the Dakota family, to live in this territory, with them.

However, it was soon seen that the Indians were fond of sending war parties across the line, back and forth, hunting scalps instead of deer. Therefore, in 1830, the United

States secured on either side of the line ground twenty miles wide, extending from the Mississippi to the Des Moines. This strip, forty miles wide, was termed the Neutral Ground. Indians of any tribe were to hunt and fish here, and no charge of trespassing was to be set against them.

This answered the purpose of decreasing the encounters between Algonquins, Iowas and Otoes on one side and the Sioux on the other. Then, in 1841, the government removed onto the Neutral Ground the Winnebagoes, who had been living in Wisconsin. In Algonquin the name Winnebago means "turbid water." The Winnebagoes were Dakotas, and claimed to be the people from whom sprang the Iowas, Otoes and others. They disliked to go onto the Neutral Ground, because on the south were the Sacs and Foxes, and on the north were the Sioux, and thus they were between two fires.

However, they grew to love the Iowa reservation. After they were taken to Minnesota in 1846 they persisted in coming back, until civilization shut them out forever. In Iowa the Winnebago hunting grounds were along the Upper Iowa River, the Turkey, the Cedar and the Wapsipinicon.

In 1833 the Pottawattamies, with some Chippewas and Ottawas, all Algonquins, were removed from Michigan to the southwestern part of Iowa. The name Pottawattamie signifies "makers of fire," denoting a free and independent people who had their own council fires. The agency for the Pottawattamies was in Mills County, at Trader's Point. A village stood on the bank of the Nishnabotany River. It was called Miau-mise, and was not far from Lewis, Cass County. Here also was a burying ground.

It 1846 the Pottawattamies and the other tribes mingling with them were sent farther west, but like the Winnebagoes they returned to Iowa time after time.

Long ago the Sioux had a large summer camp near where Dubuque is. They called themselves Dakotas, meaning a "united band." Their favorite haunts in Iowa were the headwaters of the Des Moines and Iowa Rivers, and around the northern lakes. They placed their dead in trees or on scaffolds. The Algonquins buried theirs.

To-day along the rivers we find Indian graves, marking the resting place of some Indian of the Algonquin family.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE INDIANS LOST IOWA.

After the strip of land called the Black Hawk Purchase was acquired by the government for use by the settlers not many years passed ere the Indians had lost every inch of the woodlands, hills and prairies they once had owned.

The transfers of ground were made through treaties. Delegates representing the United States and delegates representing the Indians met and agreed on terms. The government paid for the territory, and the amount and all other details were put in writing. The chiefs made their mark as signature.

In a matter of business involving the sale of such extensive areas of valuable soil the Indians were unable to cope with the white man's shrewdness. Payment was made in money, merchandise, domestic animals, and gifts to half breeds. Sometimes the government also promised to lay out farms, establish shops, and bear expenses of removal to new reservations.

While it was not the intention of the government to defraud the Indians, it is true that a mere pittance, compared with the actual value, was paid for the lands, and that after the exchange had been effected and the whites had obtained possession, the provisions of the contracts entered into by the government were not altogether carried out as agreed.

The promises did not prove so satisfactory as the Indians had been led to expect they would.

The Indians themselves were partly to blame for this, because they were easily influenced by unscrupulous whites. Whisky and gambling proved too fascinating.

What appears to be the most unjust of the treaties made with Indians we know was that of 1804, when the government acquired from the Sacs and Foxes their lands east of the Mississippi from the mouth of the Wisconsin to opposite the mouth of the Missouri, all for the ridiculous sum of $2,234.50 down in goods, and annually goods to the value of $1,000.

This treaty was so one-sided and the government violated its promises so openly that the result was the Black Hawk War and the downfall of the Sacs and Foxes.

The first step towards dispossessing the Indians of their territory in what is now Iowa was made in 1830, when the United States bought from the Sacs and Foxes, Sioux, Omahas, Otoes and Missouris a portion of present Western Iowa, paying a small sum to each tribe. It was provided in the treaty that the Indians should not be disturbed, and certain advantages were given the tribes signing the paper. However, the government now owned the land.

Then followed the Black Hawk Purchase, which went into effect June 1, 1833. In 1836 the four hundred square miles reserved for the Sacs and Foxes, and comprising Louisa County, was secured by the whites, and by a treaty made in October, 1837, the two tribes were induced to part with a tract adjoining the Black Hawk Purchase on the west. The western line of the Black Hawk Purchase was crooked, following the general course of the Mississippi.

This Second Purchase, as it was termed, made the boundary between settler's country and Indian country almost straight. Therefore, the addition was about twenty-five miles wide in the middle, but tapered off at either end.

In gaining the Second Purchase the whites advanced a little west of Johnson County. Still they wanted more land. They looked with covetous eyes on the country to the westward held by the Indians, and they thought it was even more beautiful than that already under their feet. Only a short time and the Indians surrendered this, the last of their territory in Iowa.

In the fall of 1842 occurred the treaty that stripped the Indians of the lands which remained to them after the Black Hawk Purchase and the Second Purchase. The Sacs and Foxes ceded to the United States all their territory west of the Mississippi, and agreed to leave the locality and go to a reservation in Kansas. The eastern portion of the territory stipulated was to be thrown open to the settlers May 1, 1843; that portion west of a line running north and south, about the longitude of Redrock, Marion County, was to be used by the Indians until October 11, 1845.

The winter of 1842-43 was an unusually severe one. The prophet, or chief medicine man of the Sacs, had strongly opposed signing the treaty relinquishing the land, and now said to the Indians:

"This cold weather and these hardships have come upon you because the Great Spirit is angry at you. You have parted with the last of your possessions. You have sold the homes of your fathers. Manitou is displeased."

The Indians believed their prophet, and, when April was drawing to a close, with heavy hearts they prepared to leave

for hunting grounds farther west. They went through a number of solemn ceremonies, to appease the Great Spirit and to bid farewell to the graves of their relatives. Some of the Indians could not keep back their tears as they mounted their half-fed ponies and turned their heads for a last look at their former dwelling place. All were sad and downcast.

This treaty of 1842, by which the Sacs and Foxes surrendered their territory, termed the New Purchase, was transacted in a council held at Agency City, six miles east of the present city of Ottumwa. The deliberations took place in a large tent. Captain Allen, with a troop of dragoons from Fort Des Moines, was present to maintain order.

John Chambers, governor of Iowa Territory, conducted the matter for the government. The governor was attired in the showy uniform of a brigadier general of the United States army, so that the Indians, who loved display, might be impressed. He and his aides were on a platform, elevated slightly, at one end of the tent. In front of the platform was a row of seats for the chiefs. Between the governor's party and the chiefs stood the interpreter.

The Indians wore their best. Each had a new blanket, purchased at the agency store, and paint, feathers and beads added to the array of colors. Leggins were of white deerskin. Bracelets on wrists and rings in ears jingled when the savages moved. As a mark of dignity the chiefs bore elaborately decorated war clubs.

The Indians talked, and the governor talked. The words of each speaker were translated that all might understand. The Indian orators spoke of the beautiful meadows, the running streams, the sycamore and walnut trees, and all

other dear things they were called on to deliver over to the white man. They told of moon and stars, wind and rain and sun, better than any other country afforded. They asserted no land was as attractive as Iowa.

Governor Chambers gave the Red Men good advice. He requested that they live peaceably on their new reservation, and indulge in industrial pursuits so that they might become self-supporting and a credit to the nation. Thus they would be able to buy for their squaws and pappooses useful articles, such as blankets and calico and coffee. He told them to leave liquor alone.

Then, after more talking, for the Indian delights to make speeches and to listen to them, the treaty was signed.

While the treaties made with the Sacs and Foxes were the most important of those dealing with Iowa land, because these tribes possessed more territory here than did the other Indians, the Iowas and the Sioux also signed treaties. In 1838 the Iowas transferred to the government all land which they claimed to own in Iowa, and in 1851 the Sioux did likewise. When the country in Western Iowa was wanted by settlers, no one disputed their right to take it under the provisions of the treaty of 1830.

Probably it was best for the Indian that he left Iowa instead of staying here in a vain endeavor to combat civilization. Even had he retained his territory, soon he would have been surrounded by the white settlers, whose ways were not his ways. He would have been out of place, and would have been a tool in the hands of scamps and liquor peddlers. The weakness of the whites became vices in the Indians.

With the advent of the settlers the wild animals on which

the Indians depended for food and trading decreased greatly in numbers. Deer, wild turkey and buffalo soon disappeared entirely.

A reservation of government land, watched over by government officials, was the only place proper for the Indian after his haunts had been over-run by the whites. Civilization demanded his removal. But this picture of the Sac and the Fox, with bowed head half enveloped in a blanket, leaving behind them familiar valley and stream, and filing sadly over the Iowa prairie, bound eventually beyond the borders and into a strange country, is one that we must not forget when we say:

"Lo, the poor Indian."

BLACK HAWK. (Sac War Chief.)

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT BLACK HAWK DID.

Among the Indians who helped make history in Iowa, two stand out with especial prominence, because of the part they took in the first settlement of the country along the west bank of the Mississippi River. These two are Black Hawk and Keokuk, Sacs.

Black Hawk was the leader of the war party of the Sacs and Foxes; Keokuk was the leader of the peace party. Because of Black Hawk's actions whites were permitted to occupy Iowa land sooner, perhaps, than otherwise they would have been.

Black Hawk's Indian name was a long one. It was Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak, meaning a hawk, black hawk or sparrow hawk. He was not born a chief, but became prominent because of his deeds. As a boy in battle with the Osages he killed an enemy, and in other encounters he won so much glory that he was admitted to the circle of the braves, and to the scalp dance.

When Black Hawk was nineteen his father, Py-e-sa, was killed by the Cherokees, in a great engagement in which the Sacs and Foxes finally were victorious. Black Hawk came into possession of the medicine bag of the tribe. The Indians believed this had been given to his grandfather by the Great Spirit, and it was considered the most precious thing the Sacs had.

Black Hawk now blackened his face and retired into the dense woods. He lived apart from his companions five years, seeking solitude, where he might pray and talk with the Great Spirit. When he returned to active life he was looked upon as a very important person.

The Sacs, with a few Foxes, were then living in Saukenuk, the noted Indian village at the angle of the Mississippi and Rock Rivers, not far from Rock Island City. Black Hawk was born here in 1767, and he dearly loved the place. The vicinity is beautiful now, but was ten times more attractive when the Indians possessed it.

On one side of the village flowed the sparkling, singing Rock River; on the other side swept the majestic Mississippi. Maize fields rippled in the breezes. Heavy woods clothed the hills. Islands dotted the rivers. Game and fish were abundant, and when hunting was not occupying the young braves, and war excursions were not called for, the Indians gathered on the prairie to play ball—not base ball, but a game more like la crosse.

The island in the Mississippi now called Rock Island, was the Indians' garden. Here grew their fruits, and along its shores were the finest fish. In a cave under the rocks, at the northwest side of the island, dwelt a good spirit, who protected the people. The Indians who had been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of it said it had white wings, like an immense swan.

The village, the island, the graves of their ancestors—all this loved country, the Sacs and Foxes were called upon to surrender to the United States.

In 1804 a delegation of Sacs and Foxes visited St. Louis, and on returning to the village shamefacedly informed the

other Indians that a treaty had been signed giving up the territory east of the Mississippi. The signing of this treaty was kept quiet, it is said, for some days, but when the act became known Black Hawk and others in the tribes were very angry. They claimed the delegates had not been authorized to sign such a paper and even asserted that the men had been drunk and then had been tricked into attaching their names to the treaty. A great protest went up, for the Indians did not wish to lose their homes, especially when so little compensation was received from the government.

However, Congress ratified the treaty, and the protest of Black Hawk and his followers went for naught. Had the Indians been given an opportunity to reconsider the treaty they would have refused to support their delegates' action. But while the government always had a chance, through Congress, to decline to accept a treaty, at the council was the only occasion accorded the Indians to act on the matter.

Although in succeeding treaties this treaty of 1804 was referred to by the Indians as legal, Black Hawk never admitted it was right or just.

In the treaty the government said that so long as the lots were not sold to settlers the Indians could live and hunt in the territory, as they always had.

This would have been some satisfaction to the Indians had the United States kept faith with them. But in 1808 a detachment of soldiers arrived at the place where the city of Fort Madison now is, and prepared to build a fort. This was then Indian land, and the Indians claimed the government was doing wrong in erecting a fort west of the Mis-

sissippi, in this region. The presence of the fort and the garrison irritated the Indians, and finally they forced the soldiers to flee for their lives.

When the War of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, broke out, inducements were offered Black Hawk to join the English. The English had proved better friends to the Sacs and Foxes than had the Americans. The Indians had been told they could obtain goods at government stores on credit, paying for them when the hunting season was over, but at the opening of the war a number of Sacs, having visited a trader's establishment, were refused goods for which they asked. When they returned a shrewd British agent sent word that he would give them whatever they desired. This contrast in treatment made the Indians like the English more than ever.

The British sought out Black Hawk, flattered him, called him "general," and told him that if he would aid them the Americans would be driven back to the Atlantic Coast, and the Indians would possess the country, as formerly. So Black Hawk and two hundred braves left to help England. They were termed the "British band." Keokuk and the Indians who favored remaining neutral stayed at home.

During Black Hawk's absence from the village brutal whites murdered his adopted son, a mere boy, and the support of an aged father. This greatly increased Black Hawk's bitterness against the Americans.

He and his band did not stay long with the British armies, but within a year returned to Saukenuk. Here Black Hawk took part in several skirmishes on Iowa's very border. Two furious little battles were fought on the Mississippi, not far from the present cities of Davenport and Moline.

In the summer of 1814 a detachment of United States regulars and volunteers left St. Louis, in three barges, bound for Prairie du Chien, to reinforce the fort there. When they had passed Rock Island (the island) a violent gale forced the boat under the commanding officer, Lieutenant Campbell, onto a small island ever since known as Campbell's Island. The Sacs and Foxes and Winnebagoes attacked it, and only a brave rescue by one of the other boats averted great carnage. As it was, after severe fighting, the whole expedition was sent hurrying back, in disorder, to St. Louis, with a number killed.

Major Zachary Taylor, afterwards President Taylor, then set forth from St. Louis to punish the Indians and establish a fort on Rock Island. By this time the British had reached the point, with cannon. The British and the Indians forced Major Taylor to retreat. The cannon assailed him from the shore, while the Indians swam or paddled out to the little islands in the channel, and from the willows kept up a deadly fire with rifles and muskets.

In 1816 Fort Armstrong was built at the foot of Rock Island, right over the sacred cave. The Indians complained that the noise frightened away the good spirit, and that they did not want soldiers so near. The fort attracted a number of whites, who quarreled with the Indians, and demanded that the lands be thrown open for settlers.

In 1828 President Adams declared that lots should be sold. The Keokuk faction left quietly, but Black Hawk and his band refused to go. They said the Great Spirit had given them the land, to use. In the spring of 1830 they returned from a winter hunt to find the site of their homes had been sold. This was a blow to them. The hunt of the

next winter was unsuccessful, and they were disheartened. Their squaws planted corn, and the settlers at once plowed it up. The militia was called out to expel the Indians. Before the arrival of the soldiers Black Hawk's people crossed the river, and all that the troops could do was to valiantly burn the ancient town.

Black Hawk established headquarters at the site of Fort Madison, the fort having been burned some years before. The season was too far advanced for a new crop of corn or beans, and when one night some young Indians swam the river in order to get ears from the old fields the whites tried to shoot them.

When fall came the Black Hawk faction was destitute. A Winnebago-Sac prophet named Wa-bo-kie-shiek had sent word to Black Hawk advising him to resist the whites, and promised the Winnebagoes and British would aid him to regain his lands. The prophet's village was thirty-five miles up the Rock River. Black Hawk decided to visit it. He always insisted that his people started out merely to join with their friends in raising a crop of beans and corn, to prevent starvation. But the government did not trust him, and when in this spring of 1832 he and his braves, on horseback, went up the west bank of the Mississippi, and the squaws and pappooses in canoes ascended the channel, and all crossed to the Rock River, they were ordered back. They refused, and the Black Hawk War ensued.

In this war the Indians under Black Hawk were terribly defeated. They were not allowed the privileges of a flag of truce, but in spite of offers to surrender were shot down by cannon and muskets. The war ended in an encounter August 2, 1832, at the mouth of the Bad Axe River, in

Wisconsin, where the principal band of fleeing Indians was overtaken and men, women and children were slaughtered. Black Hawk was captured by treacherous Winnebagoes and conveyed to Prairie du Chien. From there he was sent to Jefferson Barracks, at St. Louis. Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, afterward president of the Confederacy, guarded him on the trip. After a long confinement, he was taken on a tour of the East in order to show him how powerful was the United States. In August, 1833, at Fort Armstrong, Black Hawk was released.

He then lived for a time near Keokuk's village on the Iowa River. The government had recognized Keokuk as principal chief, and Black Hawk felt the humiliation. For a short period he had a cabin on Devil Creek, in Lee County. In 1838 he followed the other chiefs to the new quarters on the Des Moines River, near Iowaville. His cabin stood about one hundred feet from the north bank. Nearby were two trees, an elm and an ash, with roots intertwined. From under these roots flowed a spring known as Black Hawk's Spring.

In the fall of 1838 the old warrior became ill; in October he died. During his illness his wife was very devoted, but she said, with resignation:

"He is getting old; he must die; Manitou calls him home."

He was buried about half a mile from the cabin, at a place where the Sacs had fought a great battle with the Iowas. He had selected the spot before he was stricken.

His grave was unusually large. The body was interred in a sitting posture, facing the southeast. In the left hand was a cane given to the chief by Henry Clay. All the best

things Black Hawk had, when he died, were buried with him, together with clothing, provisions and tobacco sufficient to last him to the spirit land, supposed to be three days' travel.

A physician dug up the skeleton, but the government regained it and deposited it in a historical collection at Burlington. Here it was burned in a fire that destroyed many other valuable articles connected with Iowa's history.

Black Hawk was a true Indian, and had a remarkable number of good traits. He never drank liquor, and tried to prevent the whites from supplying it to other Indians. He had only one wife, and dearly loved his family. He was not cruel, and practiced none of the tortures of which savages are fond.

While he was not a chief by birth, he was looked upon as a leader because of his great qualities of mind and person. In appearance he was dignified, but he was not a large man. He was of medium stature, and his frame was spare and wiry. His countenance was kindly, his head was finely shaped, and his eyes were extraordinarily black and piercing.

When he lived on Devil Creek, near Fort Madison, he frequently visited the town. In 1837, and during the time immediately following, Fort Madison was a gay frontier settlement. The social life was brightened by a number of light-hearted young ladies who formed an attraction for the young men, far and near. Dances on the long veranda of the hotel overlooking the Mississippi were frequent occurrences.

The Indians attended these dances. Nes-se-as-kuk, a son of Black Hawk, was a handsome fellow, and received much

attention from the belles. Sometimes the young people rode out to Black Hawk's lodge, and took tea with Mrs. Black Hawk. She was proud of her little grandchild strapped on a board. When the visitors praised the baby the grandmother was highly delighted.

At one ball given at the hotel, Black Hawk appeared attired in the uniform of a British general, while Mrs. Black Hawk wore a hat of wonderful construction. Black Hawk at this time had no hair save his scalp lock.

The old warrior had a strong appreciation of the beauties of nature. At his favorite spot, the summit of a lofty promontory overlooking the Rock River, not far from Saukenuk, he used to sit and smoke and gaze out over the landscape. The place is now called Black Hawk's Watch Tower.

A Frenchman, who lived in the village, was playing his violin on this height, one night, for the amusement of the Indians, and fell backward, off the cliff, to his death. According to the Indians, the sounds of the violin can be heard each year, on the anniversary of the fatality.

Black Hawk was honest in his opposition to the whites. He endeavored to preserve his native land. But he only hastened the onward march of civilization, for he afforded opportunity to the government to exact territory as a penalty.

The name of the chief is alive to-day as the title of an Iowa county—Black Hawk County.

CHAPTER VII.

KEOKUK, FRIEND OF THE WHITES.

Keokuk was Black Hawk's rival, and was placed over him by the government. He was not so great a warrior as Black Hawk, but he was a finer orator, and was shrewder. His name means "watchful fox." In a treaty which he signed it is spelled Keeokuk, and after it is written, "he who has been everywhere." He was born about 1780, in the Rock River village.

He was not a chief by birth. He gained a high position on account of his qualities, and because of government influence. But he showed he could fight, when in a battle he gallantly killed a Sioux brave. Both were on horseback, and as the Sioux were considered to be better horsemen than other Indians, Keokuk was thought to have done a great feat. In other conflicts with the Sioux, Keokuk proved to be such a strategist that he won much admiration. He overcame the foe by trickery as much as by arrows and spears.

We have seen that he and his people moved peaceably across the river when ordered by the government. Keokuk probably felt that opposition would be of no use. He looked ahead. His reason, which was of such advantage in fighting, enabled him to see that the wisest plan was to yield to the superior force of the whites.

Before this time he had attracted favorable notice from a considerable part of the Sacs and Foxes. When Black

Hawk and his band were away during the War of 1812, the Indians remaining in the village discussed the question of defense thinking the village was to be attacked. Keokuk volunteered to be leader, and this readiness to be in the front in danger earned him great praise.

After Black Hawk returned from the war Keokuk was recognized as head of one faction. When the surrender of their lands came up, Keokuk argued it was better to obey the government, and have peace. In this he opposed Black Hawk, and was called coward by the more warlike Indians.

So Keokuk and his followers went across the river, and settled in Iowa. Black Hawk and his discontented people stayed in Illinois. We know what happened because of the course they took.

They tried in vain to induce Keokuk to join them in their contest. For a time Keokuk's people were eager for war, and their minds were inflamed by Black Hawk and his messengers. Keokuk addressed them and put the matter in such a light that they decided it was wiser to keep peace.

In the speech which he made he said he would lead them against the whites, but on the condition "that we first put our wives and children and old men gently to sleep in that slumber that knows no waking this side of spirit land, for we go upon the long trail which has no turn."

The advice to kill those who could not fight showed the case was so desperate that the Indians determined not to assist Black Hawk.

When Keokuk left the Sac village on the Rock River, he established a new village on the west shore of a lake about six miles southwest of Muscatine City of to-day, along the slough. It occupied nearly all the bottom land there, about

forty acres. In 1834 the Indians raised their last crop of corn on this land, and thereafter confined themselves to their territory immediately about the Iowa River, until they gave up their reservation and went to the Des Moines River.

Keokuk had been recognized, instead of Black Hawk, by the United States as in authority over the Indians. His village was on the right bank of the Iowa River, in the midst of the tract of four hundred square miles reserved for the Indians when they transferred the Black Hawk Purchase to the government, at the close of the Black Hawk War.

When this reservation was sold, in 1836, the Sacs and Foxes moved to the Des Moines River, and Keokuk had his lodge near Iowaville, on the south bank of the stream.

In 1837 a son of Keokuk died. Just before he passed away he asked that his fine horse be sent with him to spirit land. So the horse, all saddled and bridled, was led to the grave, and shot through the head. For several years after the remains of the animal, and of the trappings, were to be seen on the ground beside the grave. Traces of Keokuk's lodge, also, could be discerned for a long time after all the Indians had left the region.

About the last village of the Sacs and Foxes under Keokuk was near the mouth of Sugar Creek, not far from where Ottumwa now is. After Black Hawk's death bad feeling between his band and the Keokuk people increased. Hard Fish succeeded Black Hawk as leader of the faction. He and his men accused Keokuk of stealing money which was being paid each year by the government in accordance with treaties. Keokuk distributed the money, and it was claimed

he dealt wrongly with portions of it. Once he was stabbed by Nes-se-as-kuk, one of Black Hawk's sons, and was conveyed up the Des Moines River in a canoe to his home.

Keokuk was not so great an Indian as Black Hawk. He was addicted to the use of liquor, and drank to excess. It is claimed that he died because of these indulgencies. At any rate, after he had gone to Kansas, with his tribe, he became very dissipated. In other habits of life, also, he was less high minded than was his rival.

Keokuk was a well proportioned man, rather tall, and of splendid appearance. He had an open, intelligent countenance. He prided himself on his horsemanship and his dancing. His passion was for horses, next to whiskey, and he owned a number of fast animals.

He was fond of display. When he moved about from clan to clan he was attended by three or four wives, and a company of favorites, all elaborately attired.

His position as friend and especial pet of the government gained him many privileges, and created jealousy, so that we cannot tell how true were the charges made against him of swindling and theft.

We must remember Keokuk as a great orator, one of the greatest among all the Indians, and as a diplomat. He had rare ability to take the wisest and safest course, and to do what would have the best effect. But morally he was not great.

Keokuk County and city bear the name of the chief.

CHAPTER VIII.

OTHER INDIAN CHIEFS.

Of course besides Black Hawk and Keokuk there were many Indians in Iowa who were well known to the early settlers, and whose names are closely associated with the growth of the State.

There was Mahaska, chief of the Iowas, and Rant-che-wai-me, his beautiful and gentle wife. Mahaska means "white cloud," and Rant-che-wai-me means "female flying pigeon"; the people of her tribe also called her "beautiful-female-eagle-that-flies-in-the-air." For a long time Mahaska's lodge was on the Des Moines River, about one hundred miles from its mouth.

In 1824 he, with some of his braves, visited Washington. His party had gone ahead of him. He was overtaking them, and one night stopped to roast some venison. A blow on the back startled him. He turned around and saw his wife, Rant-che-wai-me, with uplifted tomahawk. She said:

"Am I your wife? Are you my husband? If so I will go with you to Maw-he-hum-ne-che (the American big-house) and see and shake the hand of In-co-ho-nee (great father)."

Mahaska replied: "Yes, you are my wife; I am your husband; I have been away from you a long time; I am glad to see you; you are my pretty wife, and a brave man always loves to see a pretty woman."

POWESHIEK. (Fox Chief.)

So Rant-che-wai-me went with her husband to Washington, and attracted great attention there. She saw much in the white women that she thought was wicked, and when she returned to her village she called all the squaws around her, and told them about it, as a warning, that they should not try to imitate their white sisters.

Rant-che-wai-me appears to have been a very noble woman. She was benevolent and tender hearted and charitable, and prayed much to the Great Spirit. Her husband had six other wives, but he liked her best of all.

Mahaska was a famous warrior. His father, Man-haw-gaw (Wounding Arrow) was slain treacherously by the Sioux, near the mouth of the Iowa River. The son was then quite young, but he immediately avenged the chief's death, for during a battle he slew the Sioux who had murdered Man-haw-gaw.

Mahaska himself was shot from ambush by some of his own men whom he had caused to be arrested on complaint by the government. The deed was committed in what is now the southeastern part of Cass County. Mahaska was then fifty years old. The murderers were caught and executed by the Otoes and Omahas.

Before this Rant-che-wai-me had been killed by a fall from her horse. Her son, young Mahaska, succeeded his father as leader of the Iowas. Other Iowa chiefs were Nache-wing (No-heart-of-fear), Neu-mon-ga (Walking Rain), and He-wa-tho-cha (One-who-sheds-his-hair). But old Mahaska was the greatest of all. Mahaska County preserves his memory.

Winneshiek was a noted Winnebago chief. His true Indian name was Wau-kon-chaw-koo-kah. He was not very

friendly toward the whites, but was popular with his people, and was brave in danger. When he was a boy of fifteen, during hostilities with the whites, he was captured by troops, in Wisconsin. He refused to surrender, but sat defiantly on his horse, his gun in his hands. Colonel Dodge, in command of the soldiers, rode up to him and took away the gun.

Winneshiek was with Black Hawk's forces in the Black Hawk War. When made prisoner he declined to tell where Black Hawk was. Colonel Dodge reminded him of the former time when his life had been saved, but Winneshiek replied that it would have been better had he died then.

He was made head chief in 1845. He used liquor moderately. He was a thorough Indian, in religion and in all the ways of life. Winneshiek County is named after him.

Waukon-Decorah was another distinguished chief of the Winnebagoes. His name means "white snake." He was only about five feet in height. He was an orator, and at times when trouble seemed at hand he persuaded his people to remain at peace with the whites. In Iowa his village was on the banks of the Upper Iowa River, near the site of the present town of Decorah. It was on this spot he died, when very old, and his grave is in the public square of Decorah.

His son, termed "One-eyed Decorah," had only the left eye. He was one of the Winnebagoes who delivered Black Hawk to the authorities, after the great Sac's conflict with the United States.

"One-eyed Decorah" was a drunkard, and unworthy of his father.

Among the Pottawattamies when they lived in Iowa the most prominent man was Sau-ga-nash (Englishman), a half

breed whose father was an English colonel named Caldwell and mother a Pottawattamie. He was near Tecumseh when the chief was killed, and was a captain in the British army. He also was a justice of the peace of Chicago in 1826. Besides, he was chief of the Pottawattamies. He was commonly called Billy Caldwell. He died in what is now Pottawattamie County, Iowa, September 28, 1841. He was about sixty years old.

Pash-e-pa-ho was a head chief of the Sacs. He signed the treaty of 1804, which so angered Black Hawk and other Sacs. His name signifies "stabber." He was so titled because he was ready with the knife and spear, and took revenge by those methods. He was exceedingly vindictive in disposition, and not a pleasant man to have around. But he was a skillful warrior, and under his leadership the Sacs and Foxes won a great victory over the Iowas. He was intemperate, and died in Kansas, after his tribe had removed there from Iowa.

Wapello was a head chief of the Foxes. The name means "chief," but a treaty he signed as "Waupella" gives the definition "he-who-is-painted-white." In Iowa his village was at first on Muscatine Slough, and later near the present town of Wapello, in Louisa County, where he lived until the summer of 1836.

He was in favor of peace with the whites, and while not so fine in appearance as Keokuk, he was almost as great an orator in his manner of speech. He was quite short and stout. His son was killed by the Sioux. When Wapello heard the news he was on the Skunk River opposite the mouth of Crooked Creek, in the northeastern part of Jefferson County. He swam the river, traded his horse for a bar-

APPANOOSE. (Sac Chief.)

rel of whisky, and invited all his people to aid him in drowning his sorrow.

He was not a bad Indian, however, and was much beloved. His favorite hunting grounds were along the Skunk River. After he had removed his village to the Des Moines River, near Ottumwa, he left it, to visit the Skunk again. But he died in camp on Rock Creek, in Jackson Township, Keokuk County, in March, 1842.

He had requested that he be buried beside Gen. Joseph M. Street, an Indian agent whom he had liked, and so his remains now rest in Wapello County, not far from Agency City. Keokuk and other chiefs attended the funeral. Wapello County and city remind us of him.

Ap-pa-noose means "a chief when a child," and the owner of the name presided over a band of the Sacs. He was a quiet man, and friendly with the whites. He had a village near the present city of Ottumwa, and the limits of the municipality now include what formerly were the Indian corn fields. Ap-pa-noose went to Washington, and while stopping in Boston, in the course of a speech, replying to the governor, he said:

"As far as I can understand the language of the white people it appears to me that the Americans have attained a very high rank among white people. It is the same with us, though I say it myself. Where we live, beyond the Mississippi, I am respected by all people, and they consider me the tallest among them. I am happy that two great men meet and shake hands with each other."

Then he reached out and shook the hand of the governor.

Appanoose County bears his name.

One of the head chiefs of the Foxes or Musquakies was

Poweshiek (Roused Bear). He was superior in rank to either Wapello or Appanoose. He was quite a large man, weighing over two hundred and fifty pounds. He was of good character, truthful and just, and ruled his Indians with an iron hand. For many years his villages were on the Iowa River, in what are now Pleasant Valley and Iowa City Townships, Johnson County. He was one of the last to leave the Iowa River for the Des Moines, after the Sacs and Foxes had been ordered there. It is believed he died in Kansas.

He is called to mind by the County of Poweshiek.

Tai-mah, or Tai-o-mah (Man-whose-voice-makes-the-rocks-tremble) was a minor chief of the Foxes. He was at the head of a secret society among the Sacs and Foxes, and was the medicine man of the fraternity. He lived in a village above the mouth of Flint Creek, near Burlington. The village was there in 1820, and afterwards for some years.

Hard-Fish, or Wish-e-co-ma-que, succeeded Black Hawk as leader of the band of turbulent Sacs and Foxes, and exercised considerable judgment in controlling the braves. On the Des Moines River his village was in Wapello County, where Eddyville now is. From 1843 to 1845 he lived at the mouth of the Raccoon River.

Formerly there was a county named Kish-ke-kosh. Now it is Monroe. It was called Kish-ke-kosh in honor of a noted Fox brave and chief. The word means "man-with-one-leg," but Kish-ke-kosh had two legs, and very good ones. Once, in a fight with Sioux, he, with a single companion, charged into the midst of the enemy, killed several warriors and bore back as a trophy a Sioux headdress of a buffalo head. This feat made him much respected. In

a council at Washington he donned this headdress, and stood before a party of Sioux delegates. The act caused the Sioux to scowl and whisper together.

Kish-ke-kosh was an athlete, and possessed a fine figure. He was swift of foot, and a famous dancer. He had a village in the eastern part of Mahaska County, and later, in 1843, 1844 and 1845 he and his band lived on the bank of the Skunk River in Jasper County, on the Des Moines in Marion County, and near the present city of Des Moines.

Quash-qua-me, or Jumping Fish, was a Sac chief who used to hunt in Southeastern Iowa before the Sacs and Foxes were removed from their territory east of the Mississippi. He was not a great chief, nor a very good Indian, but he was friendly with the whites.

Chief in the Fox village that was located where Dubuque city now stands was Pe-ah-mus-ka, a peaceable and well-disposed Indian. He did not pick quarrels, and wished to live without fighting, but he and many braves were killed treacherously by Sioux and Menomonies in 1828, east of the Mississippi just below the mouth of the Wisconsin River. In return, a few days after, the Foxes killed twenty-five Menomonies.

Wa-pa-sha-shiek was village chief under control of Poweshiek, and had a village on the Iowa River near that of his superior. He was respected by the whites because of his honesty and sobriety.

One of the latest chiefs of the Sacs in Iowa was Pa-sish-a-mo-ne, who came into notice just before the tribes moved into Kansas. He spent a summer on Skunk River, in Jasper County, and then had an encampment on Four Mile Creek, east of Fort Des Moines, now Des Moines City.

Of the Sioux Wa-na-ta was a chief whose territory was what is now Northern Iowa. He was recognized as the grand chief of the Sioux nation. He was born in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. He was over six feet high, and was very fond of bright colored garments. Mon-ka-ush-ka (Trembling Earth) was another Sioux of renown. He and Wa-na-ta led in many encounters with the Iowas and Chippewas. Hu-yom-e-ka (War Eagle), also must be remembered. He died in 1851, and with two daughters lies buried on a lofty bluff near the mouth of the Bix Sioux River. War Eagle was a pilot on the Mississippi River in 1830. He was a fine man physically, but drank to excess.

The worst Sioux chief was Si-dom-i-na-do-tah, of the Sisseton tribe or clan. He was leader in a roving band that created much disturbance in Northern Iowa after the settlers began to enter that territory. His name means "two fingers." At first his followers were four or five desperadoes who had been exiled from their own people because they were so wicked and mean. Then others joined them, until the party contained five hundred. Si-dom-i-na-do-tah and his Indians frequented the country in Webster County, and Woodbury and Cherokee Counties along the Little Sioux. Ink-pa-du-tah was second in command. He was Si-dom-i-na-do-tah's brother, and was responsible for the only Indian massacre Iowa ever had. Ti-kon-ka (Big Buffalo) was another chief. Ink-pa-du-tah had a village where Algona, Kossuth County, now is, and the settlers forced him and his men to leave.

Si-dom-in-na-do-tah was murdered in January, 1854, by two dissolute whites, Henry Lott and his step-son. Near the mouth of a creek know as Bloody Run, on the west side

of the east branch of the Des Moines River, in Humboldt County, the old chief had his cabin. Lott and step-son told him there were some elk in the timber, and induced him to mount his pony and go after them. Having decoyed him into the woods, the two men shot him. Then they disguised themselves as Indians and returning to the cabin murdered the chief's mother, his wife and four children.

The settlers would have made short work of Lott and step-son, even though Si-dom-i-na-do-tah had been a bad Indian, but the murderers fled from the State.

CHAPTER IX.

INDIAN BATTLE GROUNDS.

Like all other Indians, the Red Men in what is now Iowa were constantly engaged in battles. Rarely did whites witness these conflicts between tribes. In fact, while doubtless every section of Iowa has been the scene of an encounter, great or small, only a few accounts are on record.

One of the most important battles was that between the Sacs and Foxes, and the Iowas, in which the Iowas were completely put to rout. The Iowas, in fact, were surprised, and made only slight resistance.

This fight occurred early in May, 1823—May 1 is the generally accepted date. The Iowas had their principal village on the Des Moines River, about where to-day the town of Iowaville is. The Sacs and Foxes, and the Iowas, had been good friends, and had agreed that if an Indian of one tribe was killed by another tribe, the murderer or murderers were to be delivered to the offended people.

So in 1819, or thereabouts, when, during a hunting trip, a Sac killed a young Iowa, the Sacs prepared to hand over their tribesman, according to the compact. Black Hawk, then a stripling, was with the party that stopped at the Sac's lodge to get him. The Sac was ill, and his brother nobly volunteered to go instead.

After a journey of seven days the party came in sight of the Iowa village, and the Sac, brother to the murderer, was sent on ahead, alone. He went forward, singing his death song. The Iowas closed about him, threateningly, and his companions thought him lost.

But soon he surprised them by approaching on horseback, leading a second pony. He reported that the Iowas were so struck with his action, in taking his brother's place, that they dismissed him with presents.

Bad feeling, however, increased between the tribes, and the Sacs and Foxes determined to attack the Iowa village. This battle was fought in the daytime, although night is the Indian's favorite season.

On the bank of the river at the lower end of a prairie of bottom land four miles long, two miles wide at the middle, and tapering at either end, was the village. Pash-e-pa-ho, head Sac chief, led the attacking forces. The Indians crawled through woods above the village to some tall swamp grass at the rear of a mound about the middle of the prairie. From here they watched the Iowas. They intended to lie in hiding all day and make a sally at night.

But this mound was the race course for the Iowas, and unluckily this was the day when they were to engage in their favorite sport. The braves left their arms in the village and started for the mound. Then Pash-e-pa-ho sent Black Hawk in a circle behind the trees to attack the village. The Sacs and the Foxes rushed out from ambush on the defenseless men at the race course, and at the same time Black Hawk's party poured into the village. Slaughter was on all sides. The poor Iowas had no place where they could make a stand. Tomahawk and knife were at work everywhere. But they fought gallantly, the Sacs and Foxes admit, and only a few were left when they yielded.

The Iowas became subject to their conquerors. This position was very distasteful to a people so proud and independent. They asked the government to separate them

from the Sacs and Foxes, and in other ways they showed their unhappiness. Finally, in 1825, they sold their property in order to leave the country.

Unnumbered battles between the Sioux and their neighbors on the south—the Sacs and Foxes and the Pottawattamies—have occurred on the headwaters of the Des Moines, Iowa, Skunk and Cedar Rivers, and along the Upper Iowa River. Many of these happened after Iowa was a Territory; some after Iowa was a State.

The shores of Mud Lake, southeast of Webster City, were the scene of an engagement in which a Musquakie chief, Big Bear, was killed. Again, in 1841, a bloody encounter took place on the Raccoon River, in Dallas County, not far from where Adel is now located.

Sixteen hundred Sacs and Foxes were in camp above the mouth of the Raccoon, within the limits of the present city of Des Moines, when a Delaware warrior, exhausted and faint, rushed into the midst of a war-dance in progress and shouted that the Sioux had murdered all his companions. The Delawares had been on their way from across the Missouri to visit their friends, the Sacs and Foxes.

The Sioux had surprised them at Adel, but not until twenty-six Dakotas were slain did the battle cease. Only one Delaware out of the twenty-four escaped.

The Sacs and Foxes immediately prepared to avenge the massacre. Pash-e-pa-ho was eighty years old, yet he mounted his horse to lead six hundred warriors. Keokuk and Kish-ke-kosh were with him. The Indians, armed with bows and war clubs, tomahawks and knives, guns and spears, pursued the Sioux, who were retreating toward the Missouri. About a hundred miles from the scene of the first battle the enemy was overtaken.

A desperate struggle ensued. The Sacs and Foxes claimed they slew three hundred Sioux, and lost only seven of their own number. Where the Sioux had attacked the Delawares the body of brave Nes-wa-ge, the Delaware chief, was found, lying at the foot of a tree. The trunk of the tree was gashed with tomahawk blows, and around it were four dead Sioux whom he had killed. Nes-wa-ge was a great warrior.

In 1836 the few traders at what is now Council Bluffs and vicinity saw a large band of Sioux pass down the river, on their way to the Lower Iowa River, where they attacked five lodges of Fox Indians, about fifty miles from the Mississippi. They killed all the Foxes but one.

So bold were the Sioux, that in 1837 the Fox chief Wa-cosh-au-shee went to St. Louis to see if he could not get protection for his people. When he returned he found them starving. So he divided them into two bands. One band went on a hunt northward between the Cedar and Iowa Rivers, and the other band, with himself as leader, followed the east bank of the Cedar, up stream. This band numbered one hundred and seventy persons. Game was scarce. Fish were all that furnished food.

Wa-cosh-au-shee sent some young braves across the Wapsipincon River to look about, and they reported that the Winnebagoes were hunting there, which was in the vicinity of Anamosa, Jones County.

Then Wa-cosh-au-shee learned that a party of Sioux were not far away. He knew he could not retreat, with the women and the old men, so he placed all those who couldn't fight in a camp, and with his braves went ahead to surprise the enemy.

The Foxes crossed Otter Creek, in Buchanan County, and shortly after midnight of August 3 they made a rush upon what they supposed was a Sioux encampment. But the wigwams proved to be only sandhills.

The Sioux were in a ravine close by, and suddenly attacking the Foxes, drove them back with great loss. The Foxes did their best, and fought hard, but eleven were killed and sixteen wounded. This was near the mouth of the Otter.

It April, 1852, occurred the last conflict with the Sioux. The scene was the west bank of the east branch of the Des Moines River, some six miles north of Algona, Kossuth County. A band of Musquakies had gone from Tama County to Clear Lake. The chief was Ko-ko-wah. These Indians heard that a party of Sioux was encamped on the Des Moines. The temptation was too great, and it was determined to attack the old-time foe. So the Musquakies donned their war paint, and after surveying the ground they descended on the unsuspecting Sioux.

A number of Sioux braves had left the camp, on a hunt, but the remaining persons in the camp were cut to pieces.

The Musquakies lost four warriors, two among them being noted braves named Kear-kurk and Pa-tak-py. Pa-tak-py was slain by a Sioux squaw, who shot him in the breast, and then when he was running away shot him again, this time through the body, with an arrow. Then a Fox killed her, in turn.

At Twin Lakes, and on the South Lizard in Webster County, the Pottawattamies and the Sioux met in battles, and the Sioux had a little the best of it.

Along in 1830, when some whites crossed the river into Iowa, about where Dubuque now stands, a few miles below

the present city, they saw at the foot of a high bluff a quantity of bones, and shreds of blankets, evidence that once bodies had lain there. This spot was called Sioux Bluff. The Sacs and Foxes said that here was the scene of a battle in which the Sioux were defeated and forced over the cliff.

The bluff is two hundred feet high, perpendicular on the river side, and standing alone. The Sioux had retreated to the crest, and had fortified themselves by building a barrier of trees and brush. At night the Sacs and Foxes crept up the steep ascent, and early in the morning attacked the outposts. The brush was set on fire, and the Sioux, exposed to the light, were shot down. The enemy burst over the bulwarks, and the defenders who survived jumped or were hurled over the precipice.

Sacs and Foxes thereafter looked on the locality with awe. They claimed that at full moon the cliff was haunted by the spirit of a young Indian maiden, who bewailed her lost lover.

Just out of Iowa, on her borders, the Indians contended in battle, interesting to Iowa because people from her confines were engaged. Long, long ago the Sacs and Foxes, and Mas-coutins fought all day, opposite the mouth of the Iowa River. The Sacs and Foxes in canoes had gone down the Mississippi, from their village, and were attacked in the channel by Mas-coutins, and defeated. The Mas-coutins pursued them up stream, and but few of the vanquished party escaped to bear the news to their friends at home.

It will be remembered that Pe-ah-mus-ka was chief of the Foxes when they had a village on the site of Dubuque, and it has been stated he was killed treacherously by the Sioux. The Sioux, Winnebagoes and Menomonies were in alliance

for a time against the Sacs and Foxes, and in 1828 they asked the Indian agent at Prairie du Chien to invite the Foxes to a council, where the hatchet would be buried forever.

So the message was sent, and a delegation of Fox braves left their village at Dubuque to attend the meeting. The second night after their departure they encamped a little below the mouth of the Wisconsin River, on the eastern shore of the Mississippi. While they were lounging around, at supper time, a war party of Sioux and Menomonies, sent for the purpose, surprised them and only two Fox Indians escaped. Pe-ah-mus-ka and the other warriors were slain mercilessly.

The two Indians carried the tidings to the village, and at once, under the lead of a half-breed, Morgan, otherwise Maque-pra-um, all the Foxes who could be mustered set out to get revenge. They went up the Mississippi in canoes, and lay in ambush on the Iowa bluffs opposite Prairie du Chien. At night they threw off everything but tomahawk and knife and swam the river. Slyly they crept upon the encampment of Menomonies, right under the cannon of Fort Crawford, and killed seventeen warriors, besides women and children and old men.

Then the Foxes abandoned their Dubuque town forever.

An Indian duel occurred on an island in the Mississippi, below Davenport, in the spring of 1837. A Sac and a Winnebago had quarreled, and met to fight it out. The Winnebago had a shot gun, and the Sac a rifle. Of course the rifle proved the more useful, and the Winnebago was slain.

The Sac afterward felt very badly, for he knew that he must give himself up to the Winnebagoes, in accordance

with Indian regulations of honor. His sister told him that he must go to the Winnebago camp, on Rock Island, and be killed. He entered his canoe. His sister herself paddled it. On the way the Sac sang his death song. At the lower end of the island the Indians from all around formed a circle, in the center of which was an open grave.

The Sac was led to the edge of the grave by his sister, and when he calmly seated himself here a Winnebago brave, the nearest male relative of the dead man, executed him by striking him with a tomahawk. Thus good will was re-established between the tribes.

A short distance below the mouth of the Upper Iowa River is a cape called Winnebago Cape. Just above is a cape which has been known as Cape Garlic. Many years ago the Winnebagoes set out to invade the territory of the Sioux. They crossed the Mississippi, but while they were landing the Sioux attacked them. The Winnebagoes were crowded between the two points of land, and were utterly defeated.

These are only a few of the encounters which occurred when Indian fought Indian in and around what is now Iowa. When in the woods and fields, and along the banks of streams, we pick up arrowheads and spearheads, tokens of Indian battle and hunt, let us bear in mind that the Sacs and Foxes, the Iowas and the Sioux, and all the rest were but men and women, as are the white people. They loved their homes; they loved their relatives and friends; they were brave in defense of their rights. We cannot learn too much about the Indians, and the more we learn, especially of their life before the whites corrupted them with liquor and false promises, the more we will respect them.

Every arrowhead has its history.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST WHITE MEN IN IOWA.

On June 17, 1673, two canoes bearing seven Frenchmen swept out of the Wisconsin River onto the bosom of a mighty stream unknown to voyagers. On the right of these men were the broad meadows, fringed by hills where now stands the city of Prairie du Chien. Across the water were lofty cliffs and rugged elevations, with dense woods covering them and extending clear to the shore.

For the first time, so far as records show, the eye of a white person rested on the soil of what is to-day Iowa. The pretty town of McGregor was not then hereabouts; no smoke curled up toward the sky; not a sign of human life was visible. Only the eagle circled above the trees, the deer browsed in the valley, and the buffalo was dimly outlined on a distant prairie.

The Frenchmen were Jacques Marquette, a Jesuit priest, Louis Joliet, a fur trader, and five companions whose names have not been handed down. But all were brave, else they would not have started on a journey which even the friendly Indians who guided them refused to continue.

Marquette was a monk of the Order of St. Francis. He was a noble missionary, who labored faithfully to teach the Indians the religion of Christianity, and finally laid down his life for his work. His station in the New World was at Point St. Ignace, in the present State of Michigan, on the north shore of the Mackinaw Straits, about half way between Lakes Huron and Michigan.

Rumors had come to his ears, as to the ears of many others in New France, of the existence westward some miles of a great river that perhaps flowed into the South Sea, or into the Pacific Ocean. When Jacques Cartier has discovered the St. Lawrence, a chief had said to him:

"Still farther toward the setting sun is another great river, which flows to the land from which the sweet winds of the southwest bring us health and happiness, and where there is neither cold nor snow."

Romance has it that in 1528 a Spaniard, by name Cabeza de Vaca, with a company of adventurers, set out to conquer all the lands on the northern shore of the Mexican Gulf. He was captured by the Indians, and was worshiped as a god. It is claimed that going from tribe to tribe he crossed the continent from ocean to ocean. He must have seen the river; maybe he was in Iowa; but his reputed journey is not recorded in a manner that indicates clearly his course.

The Mississippi Valley still awaited exploration. The Mississippi River still was called the Hidden River and the Inland Sea. Then, in 1541, Ferdinand de Soto, having resigned his governorship of Cuba, and having landed an army in Florida and marched from the gulf to this stream for which he was seeking, died on its banks.

De Vaca and de Soto were but adventurers. Marquette was inspired solely by a wish to spread the gospel. His companion, Joliet, was moved by a desire to profit in his trading.

On May 17, 1673, the two leaders and party of five left St. Ignace, and paddling through the straits of Mackinaw entered Lake Michigan. In Green Bay they

passed into the Menomonie River, which they ascended. They stopped with the Menomonies, or "Wild Rice Indians." It was the Menomonies who assisted the Sioux in the massacre of Pe-ah-mus-ka and his band of Foxes, at the mouth of the Wisconsin, in 1828, and we have read of the revenge the remaining Foxes took.

The Menomonies tried to dissuade the Frenchmen from going to the Mississippi. They said the banks were inhabited by ferocious people, who put to death every stranger; there was a demon in the river whose roaring could be heard for miles, and who would swallow all who came near; the heat of the climate was so great that no one from the north could survive it.

But Marquette told them he was not afraid, and after he had taught the Indians a prayer he and his men set out again, southward along the western shore of Lake Michigan. Then they entered the Fox River. Wild rice surrounded them, birds filled the air and swam on the water, and on the prairies bordering the stream grazed deer and elk.

The explorers crossed Winnebago Lake, and on the seventh of June reached a great village of Mas-coutins, Miamies and Kickapoos. The Mas-coutins, it will be remembered, at one time lived on Muscatine Island, Iowa.

In three days the party again embarked, having been furnished with two Indian guides to show the way to the Wisconsin River, which was said to flow into the big river for which the Frenchmen sought. All the village flocked to the bank to see the voyagers off, and marveled at the wonderful bravery of the white men. Now on up the Fox they went.

At last Wisconsin—on maps of early date called Mes-

consin and Ouisconsin—was attained, the canoes being carried overland across the strip of country separating it from the Fox. The guides would go no farther, so unattended by any Indian the little party glided out into the current. The members of the company did not know what was ahead. Nobody save Indians had been down the Wisconsin. Marquette and Joliet had only been informed that it emptied into what they hoped was the Hidden River. Their followers trusted them.

At night all slept on the shore beneath the canoes turned bottom up. Smoked meat and Indian corn supplied food. The scenery that surrounded them, afloat and ashore, was exquisite.

Suddenly, after they had been traveling a week since leaving the village, they saw before them, through the trees lining the course of the stream, a broad expanse of water. Quickly, almost without realizing what they had done, they were out of the Wisconsin and into a current flowing nearly at right angles with it.

"With a joy," writes Marquette, "which I cannot express" they turned southward, for they had found the Mississippi. This was June 17, 1673.

They paddled down the Mississippi for a week. We can imagine what sights they saw. The river then was much wider than it is now. Within the memory of living persons the volume of water has decreased, so what must it have been centuries ago? Possibly the annual June freshet was raging, and the melting snows of the north had added to the stage. The tales of the Indians had excited the fancies of the party, and they were watchful for new sights.

High hills along the banks were interspersed with mead-

ows and prairies. Buffalo stood and stared at the canoes, and one savage, yet stupid, old bull attracted especial attention from Marquette. When a huge cat fish rose under Marquette's craft, nearly capsizing it, he was considerably startled, and all were amazed when in the net they caught a "spade fish"—a sturgeon, or maybe a spoonbill cat fish—an animal of which they never had heard.

At night they landed, made a fire just long enough to cook with, and quickly extinguished it lest it should draw attention from enemies. They then paddled away from the spot, and anchored in the stream, and slept, with one man on watch. Where they landed, we do not know. Without doubt some places were on the west bank of the river, in Iowa.

By June 25 they had almost reached the southern boundary of Iowa, where the Des Moines River empties into the Mississippi. Thus far they had not encountered a human being. The whole country seemed deserted. Marquette was looking out for Indians with whom he could converse, and to whom he could teach Christianity. On this day on the west bank they found in the mud prints of feet, and saw a path leading inland through the grass. Joliet and Marquette, leaving the other five to guard the canoes, started along this path.

The spot of land was in Lee County. River men say that taking Marquette's description of the vicinity and the journey, the mouth of Lemoiliese Creek, or Bloody Run, is the only place that answers in all particulars. Old settlers assert that an Indian path, similar to the one followed by Marquette and Joliet, was here when the earliest settlements were made. Montrose also has been selected as a probable

point of landing, and Sandusky is a third location spoken of. Whatever the exact spot, history marks it as the first bit of Iowa soil pressed by the foot af a white man.

The two Frenchmen walked inland for six miles, through forest and over prairies, ever peering ahead to see Indians, or a village. They did not know but that they might even find an entirely new race of beings. Finally they came to a place where they beheld an Indian village on the banks of a river. A mile and a half away were two other towns, on a hill.

Marquette and Joliet were greatly excited, and quite nervous, because they could not foretell the kind of reception they would get. But they boldly advanced until they could hear the Indians talking among the huts. The Frenchmen stood forth in plain sight and shouted. Instantly the village was in an uproar. The inhabitants poured out of their houses.

Four chiefs came forward to meet the visitors. They held in their extended hands calumets, or peace pipes, gay with feathers.

Marquette was rejoiced to see French cloth in the clothing of the chiefs, and he was still more rejoiced when he ascertained he could talk with them. He spoke the dialects of the Algonquins, and the chiefs were of this family. They said they were Illini, an Algonquin confederacy.

Marquette named the village Moingoeuna; one of the other villages he christened Peouaria. From the first word comes Moingona, an Iowa town; Peoria, Illinois, has its derivation from the other word, which refers to the Peorias, a tribe in the Illini. The river on which this village stood was the Des Moines.

Marquette and Joliet were royally treated. After smoking the pipe of peace they went with their friendly hosts into the village. The chief stood naked at the entrance to his wigwam, and pretended to shield his eyes with his hands. While so doing he exclaimed:

"Frenchmen, how bright the sun shines when you come to visit us! All our village awaits; and you shall enter our wigwams in peace."

The two explorers were very glad to hear such hospitable greeting. They were escorted by the chief into the wigwam, and in the midst of a dense crowd of savages, who gazed at them in silence, they smoked again, this time with the old men and other dignitaries. Then they were taken to the great chief of all the Illini, in one of the villages on the hill.

Here they smoked once more, the Indians gathering around in throngs. All the people from all three villages seemed to be collected in that spot, and were very curious. The chief was asked by Marquette for information concerning the Mississippi, and replied with a speech full of flowery compliment. He said the guests made his tobacco taste better, made the river calmer, the sky more serene and the earth more beautiful. He presented them with a slave and a peace pipe, but he did not tell them what they wanted to know. On the contrary he begged them not to descend farther.

A feast of four courses was set before the Frenchmen. A master of ceremonies fed the visitors as though they were babies, by dipping a large spoon into a porridge of Indian meal, boiled with grease, contained in a wooden bowl. From a platter of fish he picked pieces, removed the bones, blew

on the morsels to cool them, and thrust them into the mouths of the priest and the fur trader. Dog and buffalo meat concluded the entertainment.

After spending the night with the Indians the two Frenchmen departed, the chief and six hundred of his men attending them to their canoes.

Marquette never again saw this region. He and his companions proceeded past the Missouri and the Ohio and reached the Arkansas. The peace pipe proved a valuable protection. At the Arkansas they were forced to turn back. The weather was proving weakening, and they had ascertained the river discharged, not into the Gulf of California, but into the Gulf of Mexico. They entered the Illinois, and having ascended this river, were guided by Indians to Lake Michigan. Joliet went on to Quebec. Marquette remained behind at Green Bay, to recover from an illness. He made a trip into the interior of Illinois, and soon after died in the woods of Western Michigan. For a long time the Indians worshiped his memory. Voyageurs crossing Lake Michigan, when caught in a storm, called on his name, and it was claimed the waters became still.

Marquette called the Mississippi the Conception. De Soto referred to it as the Great River, or the river of the Holy Ghost. La Salle christened it the Colbert River. Later it was styled the River St. Louis. From the lips of the Indians of the Algonquin language it has come to be known as the Mississippi (missisepe)—the Big River, a word compounded of missi, big, and sepe, or sepo, river. For some years after the partial settlement of the territory adjoining it the stream was termed in books of the day "Missisipi."

Thus Iowa was discovered, but over a century elapsed ere white men sought a home within her borders.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST WHITE SETTLER.

Although the beginning of the settlement of the present State of Iowa dates June 1, 1833, when the Black Hawk Purchase was thrown open by the government, the settlers who came in then were not the first white people to live within the borders. For some years before 1833 Indians had permitted other whites—mainly Frenchmen—to dwell on Iowa soil. Trappers and hunters were they, and representatives of great fur trading companies. Also, military posts established throughout the country of the Upper Mississippi Valley, in Iowa as elsewhere, were garrisoned by soldiers, who added to the white population.

Therefore when the Black Hawk Purchase was invaded by eager settlers, already Eastern Iowa had a small contingent, not Indians.

Julien Dubuque had lived and died in Iowa before the country had even been thought of as a home for civilization. He crossed into Iowa in 1788, and so far as records show he was the first white man to take up a residence here. He was alone among the Indians, and for all we know was then the only white person north of what is now Missouri and between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains.

Dubuque was born in 1762, in the district of Three Rivers, about sixty miles above Quebec, Canada. During those days the spirit of adventure was in the air. Everybody

traded with the Indians, everybody sought new country and new fields to conquer, and everybody encountered hardships in forest and on stream. Right at the doors of the men of the eighteenth century lay unknown regions. A continent containing all kinds of wonders was each boy's front yard. Dubuque, when only 23, started out to see what he could find in this vast playground.

He went to Prairie du Chien, above the mouth of the Wisconsin River. Prairie du Chien originally meant "dog prairie." This point occupies a prominent place in the history of the settlement of the Upper Mississippi Valley. For a long time it was a trading station of the British, and in the War of 1812 the Americans tried in vain to hold a fort built here by the government. At this trading post young Dubuque stopped, in 1785, and began to traffic with the Indians across the Mississippi, where McGregor, Iowa, now is.

A squaw, one of the wives of Peosta, a Fox warrior, had found lead in the ground near here, and Dubuque heard about it from the Indians he met. The Foxes dug out lead ore, and used the metal in trading and for bullets, etc. Dubuque believed that he ought to have a hand in this, and in 1788 he succeeded in obtaining from the Indians the sole right to work the lead mines.

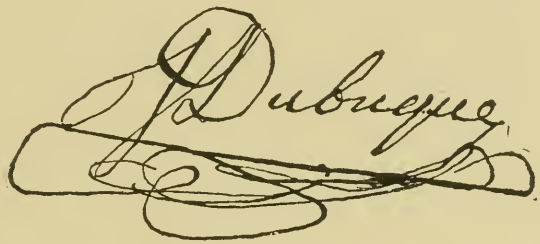
This was a fine thing. He immediately moved over the river, and settled in the camp of the Kettle Chief, or Chief Kettle, a prominent Fox. This village was at the mouth of Catfish Creek, two miles below the present city of Dubuque.

The Frenchman took with him ten companions, French-Canadians, to help him. The treaty by which the Foxes gave him the mining property was signed at Prairie du

Chien September 22, 1788, and it is probable that the new owner lost no time in crossing and taking possession.

Dubuque built himself a cabin, planted corn, and in other ways made himself comfortable in the village. He erected a mill to be run by horse power, and constructed a furnace in which to smelt the lead he mined, and prepare it for market.

Twice a year he loaded his goods onto several boats, and went down the Mississippi to St. Louis. He usually was accompanied by Fox chiefs and braves, as well as by French



AUTOGRAPH OF JULIEN DUBUQUE.

employes. His arrival in St. Louis always created quite a stir, for he was looked upon as a great and wealthy trader from a wild country. He was regarded with much curiosity and admiration, and balls were given in his honor.

Having sold and traded his goods, he loaded what he had received onto his boats, and the fleet proceeded up the river to the mines. We can picture to ourselves the appearance of this flotilla, going and coming. The chiefs and braves we may be sure put on their gayest paint and feathers, and their proudest mein. They had not lived so close to civilization that they had been made dissipated by liquor

and gambling, and so they were fine specimens of the Red Man.

Dubuque himself was a small man, but stout and wiry, with black hair and eyes. He was very courteous and polite, and his manners were extremely gallant, especially when in St. Louis he met some ladies. Living among the Indians as they did, he and his French companions dressed in buck skins—leggins and shirt and moccasins—and wore round caps of fur, maybe with a feather sticking jauntily up from one side. Long, flintlock rifles, and belt with knife and hatchet, and powder horn slung across the shoulder, completed the costume.

The boats would be loaded high with lead and furs, and doubtless when they swept swiftly down the lonely river toward St. Louis the Frenchmen sang a merry song, after the fashion of the race. Leaving St. Louis the furs and lead would be replaced by powder and salt and many other things that could not be procured so easily at Prairie du Chien, not forgetting beads and trinkets used in trading with the Indians.

When the Dubuque fleet arrived at St. Louis, and when it left, salutes were fired from rifles by the Indians, to add impressiveness to the occasion.

Dubuque lived in the village nearly twenty-two years. He mined and traded steadily, and beyond that we know nothing of his adventures. His white employes were overseers, smelters, etc., and the mining was done by the Indians themselves. Dubuque kept a rude general store, where he exchanged cloth and beads and whatever else he thought best, for furs and lead. Only the old men and the women did the mining, the braves considering it undignified

to work. Mining was carried on in a very simple fashion. The Indians dug into the hills as far as they could, and bore away the ore in baskets.

Dubuque claimed that the Indians sold him the land where he mined, and that he paid for it in goods. But the Foxes maintained that they only gave him a permit to mine. In 1796, after he had been west of the Mississippi for eight years, he asked the Spanish government, which then owned Louisiana Territory, to transfer to him the title to all this tract and to some additional country not mentioned in his treaty with the Indians. Baron de Carondelet, governor of Louisiana, at Orleans, granted the request. Dubuque called his mines "The Mines of Spain."

When Dubuque died the Indians would not let anybody else work the mines, because, they said, no white man had a right there, and Dubuque had been there only by special permission. The treaty, which is still in existence, seems to support this claim by the Foxes.

Dubuque was not a good business man, evidently, for he became so indebted to Auguste Chouteau, an important store keeper at St. Louis, that in 1804 he conveyed to the merchant a great extent of land, in order to cancel some of the obligations.

When he died the remainder of the land was to become the property of Chouteau or his heirs.

So in time Chouteau's heirs demanded from the government the possession of much ground where Dubuque city now is. The case was not decided until 1853. By this time settlers were occupying the territory, and Iowa was a State. The supreme court determined the Indians had not sold Dubuque the land, and that it was not his to dispose of, and that the settlers could stay. This created much rejoicing.

Dubuque died a bankrupt, poor in spite of the fact that he seems to have had unusual opportunities to become rich. His mines were a fine success, he was in the midst of the Indians of a fur country, and the savages trusted him. They looked upon him as a great medicine man. His influence over the Foxes and over the Winnebagoes, across the river, was extraordinary.

He was reputed to be a magician. Once he frightened the Foxes by telling them he would set the creek on fire. He instructed some of his men to pour oil on the water above the village, and when the inflammable coating floated down to a point opposite the cabins he touched a match to it. The water appeared to blaze up, which so frightened the Indians that they ever after regarded Dubuque with awe.

Dubuque was named by the Indians "Little Cloud." Evidently he had quite an establishment at the village, for when Lieutenant Pike ascended the Mississippi in 1805 Dubuque welcomed him by a salute from a cannon.

In March, 1810, Dubuque died, in the village of the Foxes. The Indians mourned him deeply, and treated his body with highest honors in their power. Chiefs and warriors from all the tribes to which he was known gathered and escorted his remains to the grave. Women followed, singing funeral songs. At the grave the chiefs spoke, detailing his virtues and praising them. Then sorrowfully the Indians left him in his rude resting place.

His burial occurred on the crest of a bluff projecting 200 feet above the Mississippi, and situated a short distance north of Kettle Chief's village. The Indians erected over the grave an enclosure, with stone sides and a wooden roof. At one end was a cedar cross ten feet high, said to have been

made by Dubuque. The arms were inscribed thus, in French:

"Julien Dubuque, miner of the mines of Spain; died March 24, 1810, aged 43½ years."

It is believed the age is an error, and that he was forty-eight. Beside him was buried a principal chief, who asked this favor. For many years the Indians thought Dubuque would return and dwell with them again. As long as possible the Sacs and Foxes visited the grave every year, and other tribes whenever they could, and each Indian threw onto the spot a stone. Finally there was quite a heap of small stones here.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE EARLY SETTLERS.

Soon after Julien Dubuque built his cabin near where today stands the city of Dubuque, and started in on his twenty-one years of residence in the village of the Fox Kettle Chief, two other Frenchmen obtained grants of land from the government of Louisiana Territory, and became settlers within the present State of Iowa.

They were Basil Gaillard and Louis Honori. In 1795, seven years after Dubuque crossed the river from Prairie du Chien, the lieutenant governor of Upper Louisiana transferred to Basil Gaillard a tract of 5,760 acres in what is today Clayton County. Gaillard had been a close companion of Dubuque at Prairie du Chien, and the two men remained friends in Iowa. They were neighbors, for their estates were a comparatively short distance apart. Gaillard was not far north of Dubuque, and it is presumed the traders exchanged visits.

Gaillard's name is also referred to as Giard and Gayard. Recent investigations tend to establish Gaillard as the correct spelling. So we shall refer to him as Gaillard, although Giard Township in Clayton County, preserves one of the other styles. Gaillard occupied his land for some years, living in the wild scenes of a practically unknown country, trading with the Indians, and frequently going to Prairie du Chien, just across the river, and several times a year to St. Louis. He and Dubuque were barons and lords over a wonderful domain. Could we but find a record of their

doings during their career among their savage retainers, the incidents would make romantic reading.

Louisiana passed from Spain to France, and from France to the United States. In July, 1844, the government issued papers declaring that the "Giard" family owned the original tract. The heirs were foolish enough to sell this immense property for only $300. The town of McGregor is now on the old Giard, or Gaillard, land.

Third of the early settlers in Iowa when it was a part of Louisiana Territory, before the United States acquired the region, was Louis Honori, also styled Louis Honori Fresson, and Louis Honori Tesson, or Fresson Honori and Tesson Honori. Louis Honori is the name generally accepted. He lived in what is now Lee County. In March, 1799, Zenon Trudeau, acting lieutenant governor of Upper Louisiana, granted to Honori a tract a league square, embracing the present site of Montrose. In 1839 the United States issued a title to a portion of this land, and this is the oldest title to any soil in Iowa. It is a strange coincidence that the oldest title should include the spot claimed by some authorities to be the one first touched by a white man.

The grant made by the Spanish official in 1799 read: "It is permitted to Mr. Louis (Fresson) Honori, or Louis Honori Fresson, to establish himself at the head of the rapids of the River Des Moines, and his establishment once formed, notice of it shall be given to the governor general, in order to obtain for him a commission of a space sufficient to give value to such establishment, and at the same time to render it useful to the commerce of the peltries of this country, to watch the Indians and keep them in the fidelity which they owe to His Majesty."

Honori remained in possession of his tract until 1805. He traded with the Indians, and probably lived the same kind of a life as did his nearest white neighbors in Iowa, Dubuque and Gaillard. He was closer to St. Louis than they, and could get his goods to market quicker. We can imagine that when Dubuque and Gaillard passed down the river they stopped off to chat with Honori, and to tell tales and discuss what little news came to them.

Honori improved his land considerably. "Building houses, planting orchards, and a small piece was under cultivation," was the statement made at the time he sold it to a creditor. When the Black Hawk Purchase was made the settlers who located at Montrose found an apple orchard, the trees full grown. This incident excited astonishment, for the Indians did not grow apple trees.

Honori claimed before he died that he had set out the apple trees. But Red Bird, an old half-Indian of the Sacs, asserted that he himself planted the orchard. He said that in 1790 he had his wigwam on the spot, and once when he paid a visit to St. Louis a good white man of St. Charles gave him a little bundle of young apple trees, and told him how to plant them. He stuck them in the ground around his wigwam, attended to them, and in due time they bore fruit.

Black Hawk and other Indians supported Red Bird in his story. So we must choose between the Frenchman and the half-Indian. At any rate, in 1833, the orchard was a fine one, and the settlers who found it were glad enough to eat the apples. After a time the trees were too old to produce fruit, but the remains of the orchard may still be seen.

In 1803 Honori was forced to sell his property to Joseph

Robedoux, to whom he owed much money. Honori continued to occupy the place, however, until 1805, when Robedoux having died his agent sold it to Thomas F. Reddeck. In 1839 the United States issued to the Reddeck heirs documents stating they were the sole owners of a mile square of the original tract.

In this section of the present state lived also a French trader named Lemoiliese. In 1820 he located where Sandusky now is. A mile above him was Maurice Blondeau, also of French blood. Blondeau was a fat, jolly man, and was a trader, like all the rest of the early French in Iowa.

In 1821 Isaac R. Campbell visited Lee County, and in the fall of 1825 he settled at Commerce where Nauvoo, Illinois, now is, across from Montrose, then an Indian village. His father-in-law, Capt. James White, had preceded him to this spot.

Mr. Campbell, on his visit in 1821, saw at Puck-e-shetuck (Foot of the Rapids), where Keokuk stands, a cabin built in 1820 by Dr. Samuel Muir. We shall read more about Dr. Muir.

While speaking of these early times in Iowa, and the men who acted as advance agents of civilization, Antoine Le Claire must be considered. Le Claire really was one of the most important white men of the Upper Mississippi Valley. He was a famous interpreter for the Indians and the government, and did much to bring negotiations between the two races to successful ends. Like many of the trappers, traders and scouts he was part Indian, his father being a French trader and his mother grand-daughter of a Pottawattamie chief.

Antoine was born where St. Joseph, Michigan, now is,

in 1797. He was sent to school in St. Louis, the governor of Missouri having taken quite an interest in him. In 1818 he became interpreter at Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. Being part Indian, and thrown with the Indians constantly, he was skillful in using their language.

From 1818 until all the Indians save the Musquakies disappeared from Iowa we find Le Claire employed in nearly every important treaty where an interpreter was needed. He spoke fourteen Indian dialects, besides French and English. His wife was grand-daughter of a Sac chief, Kettle. Her father was a Frenchman, so she was not wholly Indian.

Le Claire lived at Davenport and at Fort Armstrong. The old Le Claire homestead was erected in 1813 on the site of Davenport. In 1854 it was turned over to the Missouri & Mississippi Railroad Company, now the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, and was used as a passenger depot.

It will be remembered that when the government and the Sacs and Foxes formulated a treaty, in 1832, at a council held under a tent on the Iowa shore opposite Rock Island, the Indians gave to Le Claire and Mrs. Le Claire ground for homes. Le Claire's land was at the head of the Rapids, while Mrs. Le Claire's was at Davenport. In making the gift the Sac chief struck the ground in the center of the tent with his heel, saying:

"We want Le Claire to build a house on this very spot."

In the spring of 1833 Le Claire did as requested, and where the Fox village, called Morgan, with Poweshiek as chief, was, he erected a small shanty.

Le Claire died in 1861, aged nearly sixty-four. He was one of the founders of Davenport, and a successful business man. Black Hawk and he were great friends. The great

warrior put his biography in Le Claire's hands, for translation.

Another celebrated white man in these days was Colonel George Davenport, by birth an Englishman, who after many adventures on the sea and in the army, became a trader and army contractor. In 1816 he established himself on Rock Island. He built a house here and became intimate with the Sacs and Foxes and Winnebagoes. He owned a boat for use between the island and St. Louis, and in the winters made excursions into Iowa, penetrating the interior to trade with the tribes. He was a leading employe of the American Fur Company. He also traded on his own account, and had posts at Burlington, and on the Iowa, Wapsipinicon and Maquoketa Rivers.

The city of Davenport is named after him. He was much beloved by the Indians, and was prosperous in his business career.

He moved out of the cabin built in 1816 into another larger house, and here, July 4, 1845, while his family was away attending a celebration he was murdered by a party of ruffians, bent on robbery. Some of the bandits were hanged, but some escaped after arrest.

The Indians were accustomed to visit the Davenport grave on the island, and hold memorial services over it.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH PIKE UP THE MISSISSIPPI IN 1805.

Soon after Louisiana Territory was purchased from France by the United States, the new owner took steps to investigate the nature of this mysterious region. Really, the government was not quite clear as to what it had bought. In fact, nobody knew. In the Upper Mississippi Valley, along the Mississippi there were St. Louis and Prairie du Chien, as settlements, and these were about all. Consequently there was much awaiting exploration.

The result of the plans of the government were two expeditions, one sent up the Missouri in 1804, and the other dispatched up the Mississippi in 1805. The Missouri River party was in charge of Captain Meriwether Lewis, of the First Infantry, and formerly private secretary to President Jefferson, and Second Lieutenant William Clarke of the artillery. Clarke had been captain in the militia, so the title of captain usually is accorded him. The expedition is known as "The Lewis and Clarke Expedition." It was one that had been favored by Jefferson for over ten years.

The Mississippi River trip was taken by a command led by Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike. He was first lieutenant in the First Infantry, and in 1805 was a very young man. As an explorer and a soldier he gained great fame. Before he had passed middle age he was killed in a battle of the War of 1812, dying most bravely.

Pike was sent out by the army; Lewis and Clarke by the president. Both parties were authorized to confer with the Indians, and make notes regarding the regions traversed. In addition Pike was told to select points at which forts might be advantageously established, and to try to end the hostilities between the Sioux and the Ojibwas. British traders persisted in occupying territory that no longer belonged to England, but to the United States, and Pike was instructed to look into this trespassing. These traders, acting as British agents, were too fond of stirring up the Indians against the Americans.

So, under orders from General James Wilkinson, on August 9, 1805, Lieutenant Pike set out from St. Louis to explore the Mississippi to its source. He had under him a sergeant, two corporals and seventeen privates. All were in a keel boat seventy feet long, and provisioned for four months. Progress was made by rowing and sailing, and was slow.

It was August 20 when they arrived at the line, and on the left hand changed Missouri for Iowa. Here the party encountered the Des Moines Rapids. Pike terms them "Des Moyen" Rapids. He was met by William Ewing, an agent appointed by the government to teach the Sacs agriculture. With Ewing was Louis Tesson, or Honori, a son of the Louis Tesson (Fresson) Honori who settled on the site of Montrose in 1799. Four chiefs and fifteen Sacs in canoes, flying the American flag, accompanied the two whites. With the aid of these men Pike's boat was enabled to ascend the rapids.

The soldiers stopped at Ewing's post, where Nauvoo, Illinois, is, and in a big Sac village across the river (Mon-

trose) Pike addressed the Indians. He told them of his mission, and promised them that if they behaved themselves the great father at Washington would treat them well. He distributed presents, and the Indians replied with pleasant words.

Continuing his journey, on August 23 Pike noted what he thought was a fine place for a fort. This was where Burlington now is. Four Indian men and two women approached him in their canoes. He gave them some whisky mixed with water, and some biscuit. He asked them for meat, but they pretended not to understand him. After he left them they held two hams above their heads, and laughed at him.

The next day, with a companion, he went ashore below Muscatine to look around and hunt. The two become entangled in the sloughs, and lost the way. The grass was so high, and the sun so hot that their valuable dogs were exhausted, lagged behind, and could not be found. Two men started to search for them, and although Pike waited quite a while at the river neither men nor dogs appeared. He camped that night in Iowa, opposite Keithsburg, Illinois. The next day he proceeded with the boat nearly to Muscatine, passing the mouth of the Iowa River, and August 26 he was where Montpelier now stands. The next stretch took him to the center of the tract where is to-day the city of Davenport.

All this time Indians were being met, day after day. Some of them called "How do you do," which was all the English they knew. They beckoned to the Americans to stop on shore, but the soldiers were not anxious to do this.

At the Rock River, Black Hawk, the Sac, with the people

of the large village here, saw Pike and talked with him. Black Hawk, in telling about this meeting, said that the young white chief made a good impression, and seemed to be a very sensible youth. He wanted the Sacs to pull down a British flag which was flying and put up the American emblem, and to discard their British medals. But they did not do this. Black Hawk said they did not object to two masters. Probably they thought they could get more favors that way. Black Hawk also adds that they learned that those Indians who surrendered their medals received nothing in return. To tell the truth the Indians were sorry to have the Spanish and French give place to the Americans. The Americans were not popular.

So Lieutenant Pike did not accomplish much at this place. Leaving Davenport he camped the next night at Le Claire, having ascended the rapids. He took breakfast with Foxes in a village about where Princeton, Iowa, now is, and then camped on the lower end of Beaver Island, five miles below Clinton.

August 30 he was at Apple River, seven miles above Sabula. He admired the prominence of Leopold Hill, near Bellevue, and proceeded until he came to Fever River in Illinois, not far from Galena. This was a bad spot for a camp, but he did not know it.

Sunday, September 1, he reached Dubuque's establishment. Dubuque received him with a great demonstration.

The principal Fox chief present then was named The Raven. After the noisy welcome had subsided Dubuque entertained Pike and did his best to be courteous to the official representing the new government. But Dubuque would not give the lieutenant clear information regarding

the mines. Pike, in his journal of the trip, comments on the extreme politeness of "Monsieur Dubuque," and also on the manner with which the Frenchman evaded the questions put to him. When Pike left the village the field piece was discharged again, and Dubuque insisted on escorting the expedition a few miles on its course.

Not until this point was reached did the two soldiers lost below Muscatine arrive. They had fallen in with one Blondeau—probably the Maurice Blondeau who, with Lemoiliese, lived near Montrose—and he and some Indians guided them in canoes up to Dubuque's quarters.

Blondeau was given passage by Pike to Prairie du Chien. He proved a valuable companion, because he spoke the Indian language.

September 2 the Pike expedition camped opposite the mouth of the Turkey River, and the Fox village on the banks.

Pike looked about for a site for a fort, and decided that the top of a lofty hill on the Iowa shore, opposite Prairie du Chien, was suitable. This hill once was termed Pike's Mountain. It is between McGregor and North McGregor. By it flows a creek called Bloody Run, formerly Gaillard. or Gayard Creek, named in memory of Gaillard, Dubuque's contemporary. Pike believed a fort here would command the Mississippi.

He stayed a short time at Prairie du Chien, and obtained guides. Above Prairie du Chien, in the West, the American flag never had floated.

The officer and his followers set forth again into this wholly unknown country. They passed Painted Rock, and September 8, camped in Iowa, opposite Lynxville, Wiscon-

sin. They were about to meet the Sioux Indians, in whose territory they now were.

On September 10 a Sioux chief bearing a French name meaning The Leaf, sent six braves to Pike to say that he had waited for the Americans three days, and that at last his men had begun to drink, so that he could not receive the expedition until the next day, when all would be sober. Pike answered that he was in a hurry, and could not delay. The chief then sent him a pipe, as a sign of peace to all the Indians to the north, and soon the lieutenant went out to meet the Sioux at their village at the mouth of the Upper Iowa River, directly apposite the Bad Axe River of Wisconsin. The Bad Axe is where Black Hawk's forces suffered their last defeat, in 1832.

The soldiers were hospitably received by the chief. The Sioux warriors were drawn up along the river, and fired a salute of three rounds. Their guns were loaded with bullets, and the half drunk men and boys tried to see how close they could come to the boat without hurting anybody. Pike thought this rather dangerous.

But he ordered his party to return the salute with the blunderbuss carried in those days by the infantry.

A conference followed, the lieutenant, in behalf of the government, promising the Indians good treatment, and urging them to cease their war with the Ojibwas. The Sioux responded with pledges of friendship, and soldiers and Red Men shook hands before parting.

The expedition went on its way into Minnesota.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW LEWIS AND CLARKE FARED.

While Lieutenant Pike was talking with the Indians, locating imaginary forts, and taking notes along the Mississippi on the eastern boundary of what is now Iowa, Captain Lewis and Lieutenant Clarke—or Captain Clarke we may call him—were far up the Missouri. They had passed Iowa, and were in a region wilder than any seen by Lieutenant Pike on the Upper Mississippi.

The two officers had been instructed by Congress and by President Jefferson to ascend the Missouri to its source, if possible, and if they could reach the Pacific Ocean they might return by way of Cape Horn. They had under them twenty-seven men. Not all were soldiers, for this was not a military expedition, like Pike's. There were some soldiers, and the others were trappers, hunters, scouts, interpreters and men of habits peculiarly suited for service on such a trip.

Two horses were taken. They were led or ridden along the banks, and when the hunters obtained game these horses were useful as pack animals. Hunters were sent out each day, if practicable, to forage for provision.

One large keel boat and two smaller boats termed pirogues were employed to transport the party up stream. The members spent the winter of 1803-1804 in camp at Wood River, opposite the mouth of the Missouri, because

Spanish officials, not having been notified of the transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France, and from France to the United States, would not allow them to proceed within the interior.

But on May 14, 1804, the expedition was permitted to set forth. Quite a fleet this must have been—three boats loaded with hardy soldiers and adventurers. The soldiers were armed with the blunderbusses of the army, and the hunters and the other men had long rifles. The army uniform—rather more splendid than that of to-day—and the buckskin and fur caps of the trapper rubbed side by side.

It took over two months to ascend as far as the southwest corner of what is to-day, Iowa. On July 18 the keel boat and the two pirogues glided past what is now the state line, and were between Nebraska and Iowa. The river was falling, and the water was so muddy that Captain Lewis states it caused boils to become epidemic among the members of the expedition. Wild geese and deer were numerous, and sweet flag growing along the banks was gathered in quantities .

The current of the river was swift, the channel not deep, and the progress of the boats was slow. It was hard work sailing, poling, rowing or hauling by ropes.

July 22 camp was made just below the site of Council Bluffs, and July 29 another camp in Iowa was pitched a few miles above the mouth of Boyer Creek.

Captain Lewis in his narrative remarks about the extraordinary number of snakes—particularly rattle snakes—seen during the first part of the voyage. The land and cliffs on either side of the river seemed swarming with venomous reptiles.

July 31, and the two days following, the expedition waited for Indians to send representatives, so that a council might to meet the Indians and explain matters to them. While waiting a beaver was captured alive by one of the trappers, and brought to the camp. Within a short time it was quite tame. The two horses disappeared July 31. It was thought be held. Lewis and Clarke, like Pike, had been instructed they had been stolen by Indians. A man also was missed and it was the opinion he had deserted. August 2 delegates from the Otoes and the Missouris approached, and it was arranged a council should be held on the next morning.

The council occurred near the camp, in what is now Nebraska. From the event arose the name Council Bluffs, applied to our Iowa city. But the council actually was held west of the Missouri, and some distance away from what now is Council Bluffs. The Missouri River changes its channel so frequently, and the sandy soil enables it to shift its course so easily, that the country as seen by Lewis and Clarke in 1804 was somewhat different from the country of the same vicinity to-day.

Having talked with the Indians, the party started again, stopping for camps in Harrison County, passing Soldier River, the Little Sioux River, and Pelican's Island, where vast numbers of this bird were found. One pelican was killed here whose pouch held five gallons of water. Lewis says this island was two miles beyond the mouth of the Little Sioux.

Now the expedition camped for three nights in Monona County. The last camp was at Booge Lake. Then the boats crossed the line into Woodbury County, and camp was made near Crooked Lake.

Below here a few miles, in Nebraska, was a unique grave which was visited by the members of the expedition. A noted Omaha chief, leader of a band of Omahas, whose village was in Iowa not far above the mouth of Floyd River, was buried on the top of a high hill. He had said he wanted "to watch the traders." Therefore, sitting upright, astride his favorite horse, he was interred here to oversee the surrounding country. He had been such a terrible chief that the Indians were afraid of him even after he was dead. His name was Blackbird.

The expedition was now nearing the mouth of the Big Sioux River. Beyond that the land on the right would no longer be what is now Iowa. But August 20, before reaching this point, Sergeant Charles Floyd died. He was buried on the crest of a great bluff in Iowa, and over him was erected a cedar post, bearing his name, and the date.

The bluff was called Floyd Bluff. A little below is Sergeant Bluff (Sergeant's Bluffs). Both are named in remembrance of this soldier. About a mile above the bluff, where the grave is, is Floyd River. By 1839 the cedar post had fallen. It was replaced, but in time this mark also disappeared.

August 21 the site of Sioux City was reached, and passing the mouth of the Big Sioux, or Calumet River, the expedition exchanged Iowa for Dakota.

CHAPTER XV.

A FEW ROMANCES.

It has been noted that Antoine Le Claire and other early traders, and the like, in what is now Iowa, had Indian blood in their veins. Nearly all of these persons were of French extraction, usually the father having been French, while the mother represented the native American or Indian side.

So, far from being deadly foes, white and Indian often joined forces, intermarried, and sustained intimate relations. The first trappers, traders and adventurers in Iowa Territory were French. The records do not show that the Spaniards came much above St. Louis. These Frenchmen established themselves in Indian villages, and were constantly with the Indians. They found it advisable to take Indian girls as brides. Not only were the maidens comely and attractive, but they made good wives and to have a chief as father-in-law proved quite advantageous.

From such unions sprang families of "half-breeds," as the children of white parent and Indian parent were termed. The half-breeds cut considerable figure in Iowa's history, and their descendants can be found to-day in the State.

Lemoiliese, the trader who in 1820 had a cabin where Sandusky, Lee County, is now, was wedded to an Indian woman, who is said to have been a most pleasant and amiable wife. She was fond of dress, and to please her husband

would don gown, hat and shoes such as white women wear. But she preferred her own attire, and after she had proudly displayed herself in civilized garments, she would make haste to put on her accustomed style of Indian outfit. She chose the most brilliant colors for this, and strutted about like a peacock.

Theophile Bruguier was a Frenchman who joined his fortunes with those of the Sioux Indians, and for many years dwelt with them in northern and northwestern Iowa. He married the daughter of War Eagle, and had great influence in his tribe. Finally he became tired of this life, and in May, 1849, with his Indian wife and his children settled at the mouth of the Big Sioux River, about two miles above where Sioux City now is. Here his wife died, and he took for his second spouse another daughter of War Eagle. She, also, died before he did. These are the two daughters beside whom War Eagle is buried.

Not always was it a Frenchman who married an Indian girl. Josiah Smart, an interpreter at the Sac and Fox agency, in Wapello County, was united with a Sac maiden, and their children were sent to St. Louis to be educated.

Some of these Indian girls must have been exceedingly pretty, for it is stated that a young man from Baltimore, while visiting at Ft. Madison, fell in love with a daughter of Black Hawk. The Sac chief was then living near Ft. Madison. The Baltimore lad was cordially received at the Black Hawk cabin, and had just about concluded to marry the girl and take her back with him to Baltimore when a friend of his arrived on the scene.

He told the love-sick youth that in Baltimore everybody would point and whisper on the street: "There goes So-

and-so with his squaw!" The young man was weak enough to give up his sweetheart and leave her. She promptly married one of her own people, which was very sensible in her.

A romantic little tale is told about the true love of Dr. Samuel C. Muir, a Scotch surgeon in the army, and his Indian wife. Dr. Muir was stationed in a frontier fort, on the Mississippi. Probably it was Fort Edwards, where Warsaw, Illinois, stands, a short distance below Keokuk, or Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. A Sac damsel dreamed that a white man paddled over the river in a canoe and came to her lodge. When she awoke she believed so strongly in her dream that she went to the fort in search of this person. She felt that he was to be her husband. She met Dr. Muir, and recognized him as the man of her vision.

She related to him her experience, and he was so attracted by her innocence and devotion that he married her.

His fellow officers sneered at her, and made fun of him, but he did not renounce her. It is said that once he was induced to go down the river to Bellefontaine, several hundred miles, and leave her behind. With her child in her arms she sought him, making the long journey with no assistance save such as she found in her canoe. When she reached him she was very thin. She exclaimed, pitifully: "Me all perished away."

He never again deserted her.

In all other accounts Dr. Muir is represented as being loyal to his wife on every occasion. While he was at his last station, Fort Edwards, the war department issued orders that all officers at posts on the frontier should forbid the presence of Indian women. Thus Dr. Muir must either abandon his wife or resign from the army.

He at once resigned, and when urged to reconsider his action held up his first born babe and said:

"May God forbid that a son of Caledonia should ever desert his wife or abandon his child."

He built the cabin that in 1820 stood on the site of Keokuk. He soon went to Galena to practice his profession, but in 1830 returned to the cabin. His Indian wife accompanied him wherever he went. He called her Sophia. The couple had five children, Louisa, James, Mary, Sophia and Samuel.

In 1832 Dr. Muir died from cholera. His wife disappeared. It is thought she rejoined her tribe.

The Muir and Blondeau children, and other half-breeds, were regarded with such kindly feelings by the Sacs and Foxes that when in 1824 these tribes ceded to the United States a tract of land in the northern part of Missouri, 119,000 acres in what is now Iowa were reserved for half-breeds. The area was termed the Half-Breed Tract. It lay between the Des Moines and the Mississippi Rivers.

The northern line of Missouri extended straight east, crossing the Des Moines, was to be the northern boundary of the tract. Thus the reservation was a triangle.

Now if the line had been run by the surveyor due east it would have struck the Mississippi about at Montrose. But the surveyor made a mistake. The needle of his compass was affected by magnetic currents, so that as he proceeded he inclined farther and farther northward, until the line reached the Mississippi at the lower edge of Fort Madison.

So the funny little dip in the present State of Iowa, at the southeast corner, formerly was the Half-Breed Tract. It gave rise to much disputing in the courts, and to a corresponding amount of trouble.

The half-breeds were to occupy it, but it was to belong to the United States. In 1834, however, Congress decreed that the half-breeds should own the land. Immediately traders and swindlers flocked there in order to cheat the ignorant among the residents out of their property. Some half-breeds did not know much, and a barrel of liquor bought all they had. Then Indians would assert to have white blood and would put in claims for land they insisted was due them. All in all, matters were badly mixed.

A commisison was appointed by the government to decide on the rights of various persons to land. After the commission had worked many months, the three members composing it found themselves unable to collect pay for services, as the Legislature of Wisconsin Territory would not allow their bills. They were told to collect of the half-breeds.

Suits were won in the courts, and to raise the money demanded the whole tract was sold to Hugh T. Reid by the sheriff for $2,884.66—cheap enough for 119,000 acres!

Then Reid got into trouble with the tract, and at last, in 1841, the supreme court decided that 101 shares in the tract were the rightful ones. Consequently the area was divided into these 101 shares, and that ended the difficulties, so far as the courts were concerned.

Whether the half-breeds reaped any benefits from the kindness of their Indian friends is doubtful. The speculators proved too much for the prosperity of what might have proved a very unique settlement.

At one time the people living on the tract even discussed withdrawal from the United States. This was in the fall of 1836, when the question of territorial government for Iowa

was being considered. A meeting of half-breeds and other tract dwellers was held six miles west of Keokuk, and a number of local orators spoke from the head of a whisky barrel, giving as their opinion that the Half-Breed Tract was in no political organization at all, but should set up a government of its own.

However, after several speeches and some wordy combats, the level-headed among the settlers prevailed, and the Half-Breed Tract remained in the Union.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRADING POSTS AND INDIAN AGENCIES.

Long before the country west of the Mississippi and north of St. Louis was penetrated by settlers, fur traders established themselves here, far beyond the outskirts of civilization, and brought this apparently inaccessible region into touch with the world of the white man.

As soon as the New World was discovered the people of the Old World began to devise ways and means whereby they could make money in America. Some planned to get gold direct from the Indians, who were supposed to possess large quantities of the precious metal. Others saw in the animals of forest and stream a wealth of fur, and companies were organized to procure valuable skins from the aborigines. At first the Indians wanted little in exchange for the skins. A few beads and other trinkets sufficed to purchase furs on which the merchants made immense profit.

The search for furs led hardy and adventurous men to bury themselves in the wilderness. They became acquainted with the savages, learned the chorography of the country, and were important factors in opening up new territory. As civilization pushed farther and farther west, the fur hunters and traders kept in advance of it.

When Louisiana Territory was purchased from France, already St. Louis was headquarters for fur trading firms. One of the most influential, as well as one of the largest of these concerns, was the American Fur Company. This corporation in its prime was princely in its operations and

unexcelled in its enterprise, rivaling the famous Hudson Bay Company. We find its name connected with the founding of a number of Iowa towns, which once were but trading posts.

The earliest agents for the fur companies were French-Canadians, or of French-Indian blood. In many a wild locality, where men of white lineage never before had trod, these traders established camps, forming a connecting link between savages and the semi-culture of the frontier.

Most of the fur traders who established themselves in Iowa prior to the settlement of the country carried their goods to St. Louis. Not always were they representatives of companies. Often they were independent, doing business on their own account, although eventually disposing of their skins to firms or corporations.

It is safe to say that Dubuque dealt in furs as well as in lead, and that the articles he bore down the Mississippi to St. Louis included fine peltries as well as the product of his mines. Colonel George Davenport, who lived on Rock Island, conducted a fur business of extensive scope, and for a time was a serious competitor of the American Fur Company itself. Lemoiliese and Blondeau were fur traders, and doubtless Gaillard, Dubuque's Iowa neighbor, came into this district for the express purpose of trading with the Indians.

Clear from Lake Michigan traders came to St. Louis. In their batteaux or barges they ascended the Fox, made the portage at the Wisconsin, and sailing down that river entered the Mississippi. Picking up a cargo on their way, they finally drew up at the landing place at St. Louis, signalizing their arrival by a discharge of rifles and a gay song.

Many a time have the woods lining the Mississippi on the Iowa side echoed to the careless, happy choruses of these voyageurs, as they were termed, who, although brown and wiry as Indians, sang the songs of France.

At first the bold traders merely made trips up the Iowa streams and into the regions bordering, collecting furs wherever possible, until enough were obtained to warrant return to some rendezvous where a purchaser would be found. Then followed the establishment of posts, more easy of access for the Indians themselves, as well as for the wandering traders and trappers. The big companies, with western headquarters at St. Louis, erected cabins at points deemed proper along the Mississippi, Iowa, Des Moines, Wapsipinicon and other rivers. Agents were stationed here to barter with the Indians and to receive furs and forward them to headquarters. Sometimes these posts fell into disuse and were abandoned. Sometimes they collected around them other cabins, from which finally grew a city.

When settlers arrived the posts proved stores at which supplies would be purchased.

Among the fur trading companies which extended their business into Iowa were the American, the Green Bay, the Mackinaw and the widely known houses controlled by the Chouteaus, of St. Louis. The Chouteaus were celebrated traders from before the purchase of Louisiana Territory by the United States until after Iowa became a Territory. It was with Auguste Chouteau Dubuque transacted business.

Pierre Chouteau, Sr., established a trading post where now stands the city of Ottumwa, and when in 1837 the Sacs and Foxes were removed to the locality the ruins of the old building could be descried. Pierre Chouteau, Jr., & Co.

succeeded the elder trader at this point, and had a post among these two tribes. S. S. Phelps and Captain William Phelps were the agents for the company. Captain Phelps was so jolly that the Indians termed him Che-che-pe-qua, or "Winking Eyes." Ottumwa became one of the most important trading posts in Iowa.

Where Eddyville is, formerly was a trading post under the management of J. P. Eddy. This post was called "Hardfisher," because it was in the village of Chief Hard Fish.

Two men named Ewing conducted a trading post at the mouth of Sugar Creek, near Ottumwa; and at Iowaville, Muscatine and Keokuk were other establishments. In 1843 the Ewings and the two Phelps accompanied the Sac and Fox agency to Des Moines.

When the Sacs and Foxes lived on the Iowa River, just after the Black Hawk Purchase, John Gilbert, representing the Green Bay Fur Company, was in charge of a trading post in what is now Pleasant Valley township, Johnson County. He died here and was buried near the point. He was probably the first white man to enter Johnson County. It is said his true name was John W. Prentice. His life carried a certain mystery which never has been cleared up.

In the early days Sioux City and Council Bluffs were well known trading points. As far back as 1824 a Frenchman named Hart had a trading post on the bluffs within the limits of the present city of Council Bluffs. At this time the American Fur Company was sending parties of traders up the Missouri, and soon established a station not far from Hart's. The bluff here was called Hart's Bluff. The American Fur Company also had an important station at Sioux

City, and maintained a line of steamboats. Competing firms attempting to ascend beyond the mouth of the Big Sioux were turned back, if possible, and some rough encounters occurred.

The general stores kept by the traders were curious affairs. When the tide of immigration crossed the Mississippi, and began to press forward up the Missouri, these general stores supplied the wants of the settlers, as well as those of the Indians. As late as 1851 the house of Charles P. Booge, with headquarters at St. Louis, advertises at Sioux City "molasses, hams, corn, Rio coffee, codfish, tobacco, soap, candles, whisky, brandy, gin, beer, wine, powder, shot, caps, gun wadding, indigo, glass and nails."

This was a varied stock of goods, was it not?

Indian customers of the trading stores purchased an odd assortment. But they were good patrons, because they were honest, and paid their debts more promptly than did the whites. When an Indian made out his note, acknowledging his indebtedness to a trader, he reversed the usual procedure and kept the note instead of handing it over to the store keeper. The Indian gravely said he did this so it would remind him when he must pay. He stuck the note in a corner of his blanket, or laid it in his cabin, and when the time was up—which would be the date on which the government money was due, or when the hunting season supplied skins—he would appear at the store and cancel his obligation. Then he gave the note to the trader. Possession by the trader, said the Indian, was a sign that the note had been paid.

Here are some extracts from the trading books of Mr. Eddy, who had a post where Eddyville now is:

"Kish-ke-kosh: Broadcloth, eight yards of ribbon, pair of stockings, one coffin, more ribbons, saddle, bridle, lard, pins, pen knife, looking glass, sugar, coffee, parasol."

Evidently Kish-ke-kosh purchased for his squaw, too, although even the braves did not disdain to carry around a gay parasol. We wonder for whom was the coffin.

"An-a-mo-sah: Handkerchief, broadcloth, leggins, parasol, shroud, calico."

An-a-mo-sah, too, must have been thinking of death, for he purchased a shroud. It is safe to say the broadcloth and the ribbons bought by Kish-ke-kosh and An-a-mo-sah were of the best quality. The Indians paid particular attention to these and to their blankets.

Mam-me-peo seems to have been going on the war path, for some of his purchases are of a bloodthirsty nature. There are charged to him "two hoes, paper of needles, coffee pot, box of vermillion (to paint his face), silk thread and two scalping knives."

Neo-pope had a bad daughter. An item about him reads:

"Powder ($7), one bolt ribbon (stolen by his daughter). Credit of 11 coon skins, five deer skins, one bear skin."

While trading posts preceded Indian agencies, the two institutions soon became intimately connected, and we may consider them together. When the government began to exercise supervision over the tribes agents were appointed to live in the midst of the savages, to represent the United States and to watch over and advise the Red Men. Among the first agencies in the vicinity of Iowa were those on Rock Island, for the Sacs and Foxes, and at Prairie du Chien for the Winnebagoes.

In 1838 the agency for the Sacs and Foxes was located at the point in Wapello County now called Agency City. General Joseph M. Street, who had been agent for the Winnebagoes, was placed over the Sacs and Foxes. Chief Poweshiek himself aided in selecting the spot to which the quarters should be changed from Rock Island. A blacksmith shop and other buildings were erected. The most important structure was the council house, where the agent and the Indians met to talk over matters.

In 1840 General Street died. The Indians mourned him deeply. They termed him their "father." Chief Wapello requested to be buried beside the agent. The graves are not far from the old agency buildings. When Chief Wapello died he was interred beside General Street, whom he had loved so dearly.

Major John Beach, a West Point graduate, succeeded General Street as agent of the Sacs and Foxes. He had married General Street's daughter. He retained the position of agent until the tribes signed the treaty relinquishing their claim to any lands in Iowa. The last agency was at Raccoon Forks, within the limits of the present city of Des Moines.

Jonathan Emerson Fletcher was agent for the Winnebagoes while they were in Iowa. The agency was at Fort Atkinson, on the Turkey River, where Postville is. The name "Postville" recalls the old agency and military post.

The agency for the Pottawattamies was at Traders' Point, near the east bank of the Missouri, in what is now Mills County. A sub-agency was at Council Bluffs. Davis Hardin was the agent for the Pottawattamies.

These Indian agencies established in Iowa were gather-

ing places for the Indians from the villages of the surrounding territory, and for the half-breeds and the whites who dealt with the tribes and with each other. Here was transacted the business of the community. Traders located their stores at the agencies, as the most convenient place from which the Indians could be reached. At Raccoon Forks, at Rock Island, at Fort Atkinson and at some other points where agencies were, soldiers were quartered. The agency was quite a gay sight, with the Indians coming and going, the traders and trappers bartering and talking, and the uniforms of the soldiers mingling with the semi-civilized garb of frontier life.

Most of the old trading posts and agency buildings have disappeared. Only occasionally are the ruins to be pointed out as relics of the beginning of town and city.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIGHTING INDIANS AT FORT MADISON.

Where the city of Fort Madison, in Lee County, now is, once stood a small fort, with three block houses. The historic structure was close to the river, about a third of a mile from the present state penitentiary. During its existence this fort experienced many stormy scenes. When it was built, in 1808, the country round about was a wilderness. Through the forest and up the river the Indians spread news that the government was erecting a fort within their territory and they consulted together to effect its destruction. Attack after attack was made on the little garrison, until in 1813 the soldiers were forced to flee for their lives. In 1817 only a tall chimney and a covered way were left to mark the site.

It was toward the last of September, 1808, that Lieutenant Alpha Kingsley, of the First Infantry, with a detachment of soldiers, landed at a point above the Des Moines Rapids, where he thought a fort might well be established. Lieutenant Kingsley, while at Bellefontaine, had been ordered to ascend the Mississippi as far as the River Des Moines—or Le Moine, as it was termed—and fix on a suitable location for a fort.

So on November 22 he writes from "garrison at Belle Vue, near River Le Moine," to Henry Dearborn, Secretary of War, reporting that a place about twenty-five miles above the Le Moine, had been selected. Lieutenant Kings-

ley thought the location advantageous. It was high, commanding a wide view, and near by was an excellent spring.

The elevated site caused him to speak of the spot as Belle Vue, meaning a fine or handsome outlook. His plan was to build a fort in shape like a square, with two block houses at the corners of the river side, and a third block house set out a short distance from the rear side, so as to command the two corners here. Thus the four angles were protected. Between this block house and the wall of the fort stood a factory building and store house for trading with the Indians. A high fence of pickets, called a palisade, surrounded the whole, block houses and all.

When Lieutenant Kingsley and men arrived at this point it was too late in the season to commence erecting the fort, so they went into winter camp. They put up a palisade, inclosing their camp, and passed the winter in preparing timber. The pickets for the palisade of the fort were of white oak, a foot or a foot and a half in diameter, and fourteen feet long.

Black Hawk and other Indians from the Rock River country visited the scene, to see what was going on. Lieutenant Kingsley told them that he was about to build a trading post, where they might get all the blankets and whisky they wanted. But the Indians knew soldiers would not be sent to do this kind of work. The Sacs and Foxes were displeased because the government was planning a fort here, and they determined to destroy the structure.

During this winter the Indians took great delight in frightening the soldiers. Some of the regulars had had no experience with Red Men, and were easily alarmed. The company was a small one, and alone among a people whose

intentions, since the treaty of 1804, were not particularly friendly. Once a party of soldiers, while cutting timber, laid down their muskets. Black Hawk and companions sneaked up quietly and seized the guns. Then they gave a great yell. The soldiers, frightened half to death, ran to get their arms—and could not find them. The Indians thought this a fine joke and laughed as they gave back the weapons.

Lieutenant Kingsley and his soldiers spent a rather anxious winter, and when early in the spring information came from various sources that the Indians were scheming to raid the settlements, and as the first step would try to wipe out the soldiers, all haste was made to erect the fort. In two weeks the block houses were built and the pickets for the stockade set, the soldiers sleeping on their arms at night. On April 14 the company moved into the new fort, where more security was afforded. Then the garrison prepared for attack.

Quash-qua-me, the Sac chief whose village was at Commerce (Nauvoo), across the river from Montrose, Pash-e-pa-ho, who afterwards led the Sacs and Foxes against the Iowas, and Black Hawk, who possessed the medicine bag, conspired together to capture Fort Belle Vue, or Fort Madison, as it had been christened. They decided to have their warriors dance for the soldiers, and thus get inside the stockade. Then weapons, concealed under blankets, would be suddenly used, and the garrison massacred.

But a pretty Sac maiden, who was in love with an officer of the fort, heard about the plot. She came weeping to the fort, and when asked by her sweetheart the reason for her grief she told him what the Indians were planning to do.

Quash-qua-me was one of the chiefs who had signed the

treaty of 1804, at St. Louis, and was so trusted by the garrison that he was allowed to move about just as he pleased. When, on the evening set by the Indians for the attack, he and several other chiefs appeared before the stockade they were admitted, one at a time, just as usual. Soon a great number of braves approached and began to dance before the gate. Quash-qua-me gave a certain signal and they made a rush for the gate, expecting the chiefs within would help them to enter.

But instead of finding a clear path they stopped short right in front of a cannon which had been unmasked. It was loaded with grape, and beside it stood a soldier with lighted match!

This upset their plans. They saw that their plot had been discovered. Turning to Quash-qua-me and the other chiefs, the commander of the fort bitterly reproached them for treachery. He ordered some of the warriors to be searched, and the weapons disclosed beneath their blankets proved what had been arranged. The Indians were allowed to depart, convinced that the white men could read their thoughts.

Still the Sacs and Foxes, and the Winnebagos from the north, hung around Fort Madison. Black Hawk says that they used to annoy the soldiers by standing on boxes and stumps and looking over the pickets of the first camp, and doubtless they tried the same plan at the fort itself.

The factory building was finished in the winter of 1809-1810, the soldiers being allowed extra pay of ten cents a day and a gill of whisky per man for doing the work. The use of a "factory building" is not stated, but it was a department of an army post in an Indian country.

In May, 1809, Captain Horatio Stark, of the First Infantry, was ordered from Fort Adams, Mississippi, to Fort Madison. He reached the frontier post the last of August, and relieved Lieutenant Kingsley, who was glad enough to have the responsibility taken off his shoulders. After Captain Stark's arrival the garrison numbered eighty-one. Life at the fort was by no means monotonous. The Indians were up to mischief, and an attack was likely to be made any night. St. Louis, two hundred miles away, and Prairie du Chien, three hundred miles in the other direction, were the nearest points of importance. If assistance was needed word must be sent to St. Louis. A reply would not come for some weeks.

The Indians got bolder and bolder. The winter of 1811-1812 was an uneasy one for the garrison under Captain Stark. Lieutenant Kingsley had left, probably rejoiced to escape with his scalp whole. During 1811 the Indians killed several whites near the fort itself, destroyed property of trappers and traders, and seemed ready to assail the garrison. Ensign Barony Vasquez, with twelve men, was sent to the fort to reinforce the troops there, and Captain Stark was ordered to put the place in state for the best defense. Before winter Captain Stark left and Lieutenant Thomas Hamilton was put in command.

September 5, at half past five in the afternoon, two hundred Indians—Winnebagoes, Sacs and Foxes—attacked Fort Madison. John Cox, a soldier, was caught outside the stockade and was killed and scalped. The Indians shot fire-arrows onto the fort and threw blazing brands onto the roof, trying to set the woodwork on fire. They burned some of the outlying buildings, slaughtered the live stock,

destroyed corn, and all the time used arrows with lighted matches tied to them.

The situation of the garrison was desperate. The soldiers took off their gun barrels and made them into syringes, through which they squirted water upon the flames.

Lieutenant Hamilton feared the savages would await a favorable wind and then fire the factory, so that the blaze would leap to the fort. On the evening of the seventh he sent a soldier to burn this building before the Indians' opportunity should come. The brave soldier accomplished his purpose and re-entered the fort in safety. A few Indians attempted to occupy an old stable, but Ensign Vasquez turned a cannon against them, and, according to the report published in the papers of the period, "soon made their yellow jackets fly."

On the eighth the Indians gave up the attack and crossed the river. Besides John Cox the garrison lost not a man. Only one was wounded.

The Indians, however, withdrew but for a short time. In July, 1813, the post was attacked twice, and several soldiers were surprised and killed. The first attack was on the morning of the eighth. A party of Indians formed an ambush in the gully of a spring about a hundred yards from the southeast corner of the fort, and shot some soldiers who were after water. On the sixteenth occurred the second surprise. This time a corporal and three privates were the victims.

Lieutenant Hamilton had sent them to defend a small block house he had erected to prevent the Indians from again concealing themselves at the spring. The guard was

outside when the savages suddenly appeared. When the corporal and his men tried to get into the block house an Indian thrust his long spear into the crack of the door so that the bar could not be thrown into place. Then, while one Indian dug out the underpinning of the building, others forced the door. "In less than ten minutes," says Lieutenant Hamilton, "all the soldiers were killed."

By this time the garrison, which numbered about one hundred men, was getting heartily sick of the fort. The location was a bad one, because the Indians were able to conceal themselves in many a gully and ditch and could easily cut off any person who had ventured outside. Lieutenant Hamilton, July 18, 1813, writes quite a letter to headquarters protesting against being obliged to risk his command in such a place and commenting on the reckless bravery of the Indians in storming the block houses. He asks for fifty pounds of musket powder and one hundred shells for the cannon. He adds a postscript saying that he hopes to hear within a month from the commanding officer at St. Louis, and trusts an order will come for removal of the garrison.

"If I do not hear from you by the 20th of August, and the Indians continue to harass me in the manner they appear determined to do," continues Lieutenant Hamilton, "I do not know but I will take the responsibility on myself, that is, if they will permit me to go away. It is impossible for us to do duty long in the manner that I have adopted."

But Lieutenant Hamilton could not wait to get word from St. Louis. Ere September began, and while he was thinking every day reinforcements or new orders would arrive, the savages settled around the fort in a regular

siege. The British urged them on to capture the stubborn garrison that had so long resisted them. The War of 1812 was being waged, and the United States had little time to spare for Fort Madison. Supplies destined for the fort were delayed. Lieutenant Hamilton and his men were on the verge of starvation. The warhoop kept them awake and on their feet day and night. The Indians glided among the trees and through the gullies like shadows, shooting at the sentinels and sending bullets and arrows through the loop-holes. It was decided to abandon the fort.

A trench was dug from the southeast block house to the river. On the night of September 3, the soldiers, creeping on hands and knees, filed through this trench, and into the post's boats moored at the river. The Indians were keeping watch on the fort, but were completely deceived. One soldier remained behind a moment to touch a torch to the buildings. When the Indians saw the blaze the garrison was far down the river and safe.

This was the end of old Fort Madison. As soon as the savages found the soldiers had fled they swarmed into the burning structure, but found little of value.

For a long time after this the Indians called the spot Po-to-wo-noc, meaning Place of Fire. Rivermen who passed up and down the Mississippi spoke of it as Lone Chimney.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OTHER IOWA FORTS.

Fort Madison was the first fort built in what is now Iowa. After its destruction twenty years elapsed ere another military post was established west of the Mississippi in this section. In 1834 Fort Des Moines was built about where Montrose, Lee County, is. There have been two forts bearing the name Des Moines. The one in Lee County was the first.

This Fort Des Moines was erected by Lieutenant Colonel Stephen Kearny, who had with him three companies of United States dragoons, as the cavalry of those days was called. Lieutenant Colonel Kearny and his command arrived at the site in the latter part of September, 1834. By spring the fort was ready for occupancy.

The Black Hawk Purchase was being settled, and the soldiers were needed as a protection from possible outbreaks by the Indians. The presence of the troops also exercised a quieting influence on the rough characters who might have stirred up trouble.

Some of the officers stationed here afterwards became famous. One of the captains was Nathaniel Boone, son of the celebrated Daniel Boone, of Kentucky. E. V. Sumner and Jesse B. Browne were the other captains. The dragoons wore great epaulets and their swords were so tremendously long that they trailed on the ground behind.

The soldiers did not remain long at Fort Des Moines, for in October, 1836, they were ordered to withdraw. By the

next summer the fort had been abandoned. The colonel's house became a hotel and was named the River House.

The second Fort Des Moines was located where the city of Des Moines now stands. It was built in 1843, and at first was christened Fort Raccoon. In May, 1843, the steamboat Ione landed troops at the mouth of the Raccoon River. A fort was erected on the ground at the angle formed by the meeting of the Raccoon and the Des Moines Rivers. The commanding officer was Captain James Allen. He had under him a company of dragoons and a company of infantry.

The soldiers were stationed here to watch over the Indians until settlers were permitted to occupy the territory. The rights of the Indians to the land were looked after, and settlers were not allowed to cross the border into the New Purchase, or west of Redrock, until the time appointed. The last soldier left the fort in June, 1846. By this time the Sacs and Foxes had been removed to Kansas.

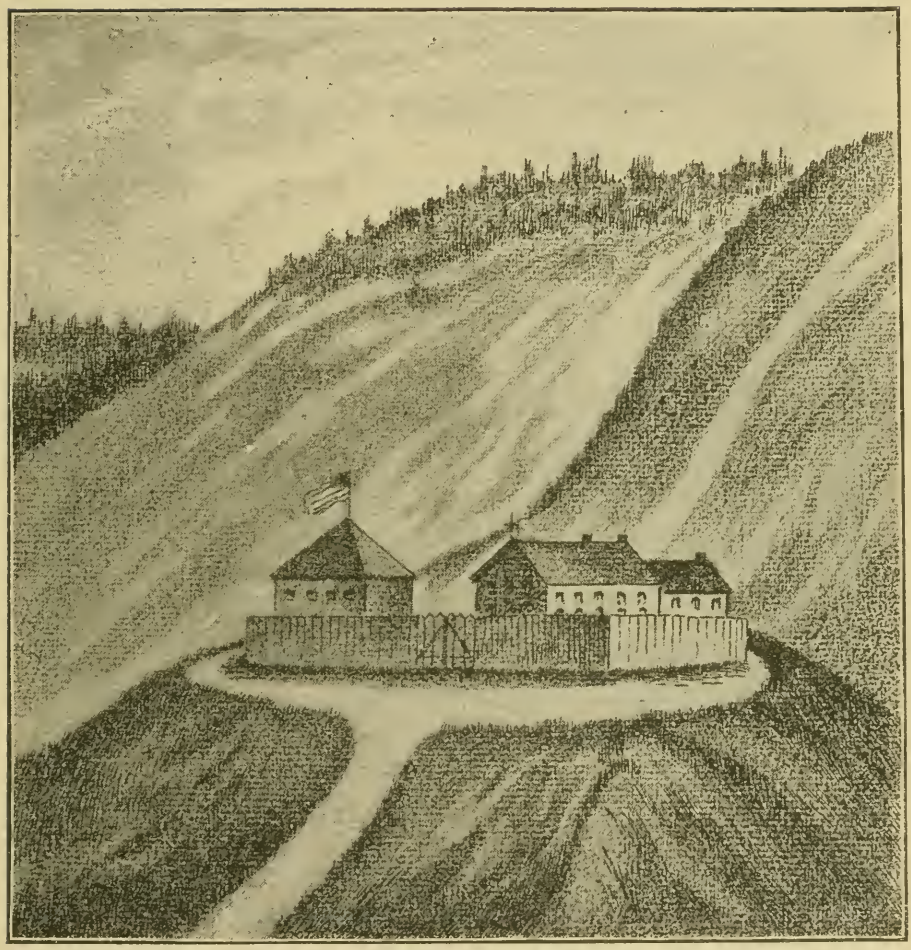
When the Winnebagoes were quartered in Iowa, and had a reservation in the Neutral Ground, along the Upper Iowa River, soldiers were stationed among them. The post was called Fort Atkinson, named after General Atkinson, a commander-in-chief prominent in military operations in the Upper Mississippi Valley. The fort was on the right bank of the Turkey River, about fifty miles from the Mississippi at McGregor. Postville now stands on the site. Fort Atkinson was abandoned in 1856.

Where the city of Fort Dodge is once stood Fort Clarke. Fort Clarke was established in the summer of 1850, and garrisoned by Company E of the Sixth Infantry. Brevet Major Woods was in command. The troops were a pro-

tection to the settlers, who were pressing toward the northwest. In 1851 General Winfield Scott ordered the name changed to Fort Dodge. In 1853 the soldiers withdrew.

Before Iowa became a State, Council Bluffs also was a military station. There are reports to the effect that in 1838 two companies of infantry were sent up the Missouri on a steamboat, and disembarked where Council Bluffs now is. The presence of the Pottawattamie Indians in Southwestern Iowa seemed to render a military force necessary. A block house was erected beside the Bryant Spring. The troops were not required in the reservation, and in a short time they abandoned the fort. Two Roman Catholic priests, Fathers De Smet and Verreydt, who were in charge of a mission for the Pottawattamies, moved into the buildings left by the soldiers, placed a wooden cross over the barracks, and used the structures in mission work. The Pierce street school building, a half century later, was built over the old burying ground of the fort and mission.

There are reports of another fort in this vicinity. It was called Fort Fenwick and Fort Croghan. In the spring of 1842 Captain John H. K. Burgwin was dispatched up the Missouri with a detachment of soldiers to establish quarters among the Pottawattamies. He selected a site for the post in what is now the southeastern portion of Council Bluffs. High water in the spring of 1843 made the garrison temporarily abandon the fort and take a new position on the west side of Little Mosquito Creek. The water covered the valley of the Missouri bottoms. When it subsided the soldiers returned to Fort Croghan. By the fall of 1843 the Pottawattamies no longer needed protection from outsiders, and the troops withdrew to Fort Leavenworth.



OLD BLOCK HOUSE AT COUNCIL BLUFFS.

During the military operations in Iowa a number of men afterwards distinguished in the service of their country came within the borders. Jefferson Davis was stationed at Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, and on several occasions traversed sections of Eastern Iowa. Robert E. Lee was in Southeastern Iowa on a surveying trip. He was then a young lieutenant. Winfield Scott, the great leader in the Mexican War, was in command at Fort Armstrong. We have read of the treaty he concluded with the Sacs and Foxes, where Davenport now stands. Zachary Taylor was stationed at Prairie du Chien, and served elsewhere along the frontier, and was up and down the river many times. A report sent by him to the war department in 1814 is dated at Fort Madison—at that time but a ruin.

While we are dealing with forts and military events of early Iowa, we cannot pass over Fort Armstrong. Although this fort was not within the limits of the present State, its history is shared by Iowa as well as by Illinois.

The attempt to build it brought on that battle in the river channel about midway between the present cities of Davenport and Rock Island, when Major Zachary Taylor and his soldiers were defeated and sent back to St. Louis.

The War of 1812 had broken out. In acting as commander, Governor Clarke—the same Clarke who headed the Lewis and Clarke expedition in 1804—of Missouri, sent a force to take possession of Prairie du Chien and fortify it. The troops, part volunteers and part regulars, left St. Louis early in May, 1814. Lieutenant Joseph Perkins commanded, but Governor Clarke himself accompanied the barges bearing the troops.

When the Americans reached Prairie du Chien they

found that Colonel Dickson, who was the British agent and Indian trader there, having recruited three hundred Sioux and Winnebagoes three weeks previous, had left with the Indians for the British army in Canada. Prairie du Chien, although in American territory, really had been a British post until the arrival of the United States soldiers.

Colonel Dickson had stationed a few soldiers, called Mackinaw Fencibles, in the post, to guard it. They surrendered at once. Lieutenant Perkins was rejoiced at the easy victory. He quartered his men in the Mackinaw Fur Company's trading house until a fort could be built. Governor Clarke hastened back to St. Louis in great glee and announced the victory. The people of St. Louis gave him a banquet and reception as a celebration.

However, hardly had the governor finished his tale of victory, and told of the building of the new fort—christened Fort Shelby—when, July 17, a force of British allies, made up of traders' clerks and Indians, appeared before Fort Shelby and demanded its surrender. Lieutenant Perkins resisted for three days. Then he capitulated. Colonel Mackey, who commanded the attacking party, thanked Lieutenant Perkins for building such a nice fort.

"We like it much better than the old quarters," said Colonel Mackey, smiling.

So Lieutenant Perkins and his men, having given up their possessions, sorrowfully descended the river, and reached St. Louis August 6.

In the meantime affairs below Prairie du Chien, also, had not progressed favorably for the Americans. General Howard, who had been absent from St. Louis, had come back and had decided to reinforce Fort Shelby. He dis-

patched another expedition, under Lieutenant John Campbell of the regular army. Three keel boats, carrying forty-two regulars and sixty-six volunteers, or rangers, set out from St. Louis about the first of July. Captain Stephen Rector and Lieutenant Riggs commanded the rangers. Contractors' and sutlers' outfits, in boats, and having women and children among the passengers, accompanied the troops.

Now, Captain Rector's boat was navigated by French rivermen from the old French settlement of Cahokia, a few miles south of St. Louis, in Illinois. They were splendid sailors and soldiers. When the troops reached the Rock River they landed for a rest and to spend the night before ascending the rapids that reach from Davenport to Le Claire. The Sacs and Foxes from the villages nearby swarmed around, as friendly as could be, in appearance. Black Hawk was in the crowd.

Within a few hours after the arrival of the Americans a Winnebago messenger brought word to the Sacs and Foxes of the capture of Fort Shelby by the British, and urged them to continue the work by attacking this expedition. Black Hawk and the others laid their plans accordingly. They did not want to hurt the Frenchmen, because they liked the French.

Therefore the Cahokians began to be aware that the Sacs and Foxes were pulling them by the hands, secretly, in a down stream direction, as a sign that it was better to go back to St. Louis. The French told Lieutenant Campbell trouble was intended. He only laughed.

"Why," he said, "these fellows are all right. See how friendly they are. What would make them attack us? You chaps are too easily frightened. You're afraid."

Just as the Indians wanted it to do, the expedition, early the next morning, proceeded on its course, the Cahokians sticking to Captain Rector. A terrible gale, blowing right against the barges, suddenly arose. The inexperienced men had hard work to control their crafts, but the Cahokia voyageurs were in their element. Finally Lieutenant Campbell's boat was blown ashore on an island about two miles above Rock Island and near the mainland. The other barges were some distance ahead.

The soldiers of the Campbell detachment thought they might as well improve their time by getting breakfast. They were busy over their fires when, before the sentinels could give the alarm, the Indian warhoop sounded and bullets and arrows fell like rain. Those regulars not disabled rushed for the protection of the barge.

From their position in the rapids Captain Rector and Lieutenant Riggs, looking back, could see the smoke of the battle, although they could not hear the reports of the muskets and rifles. The officers ordered their boatmen to turn the crafts and to make all haste to the rescue. But the Riggs boat became unmanageable and was stranded. Captain Rector kept on.

When he approached he saw that the Campbell party was about to be slaughtered. Black Hawk and other warriors had shot blazing arrows against the big sail and into the sides of the barge, until fire was gaining great headway. The ammunition of the soldiers was running short, and the bottom of the boat was slippery with blood from dead and wounded. Then Captain Rector and his men did a brave act.

They threw overboard most of their provisions, and what-

ever else they could, to lighten the boat. They themselves jumped over into the water on the side opposite from the Indians. While some fired from their guns, the others pushed the barge right against the blazing craft of Lieutenant Campbell. The living soldiers scrambled from the burning barge to the boat of the rescuers, the wounded being carried by the strong, and in spite of the tremendous shooting by the Indians and the heat of the flames the one barge, loaded to the gunwales, glided out into the stream.

Whooping in anger and disappointment, the savages leaped into the deserted boat and scalped the dead.

The Riggs barge also escaped, later in the day, and both parties reached St. Louis. They were exhausted by fighting and by fatigue, but they considered themselves fortunate in being alive.

The place of encounter was christened Campbell's Island and has borne the name up to this day. It is a short distance below Hampton, Illinois.

The regulars who were under Lieutenant Perkins at Fort Shelby were a portion of Major Zachary Taylor's command of the Seventh Infantry. When the news of the second defeat, at Campbell's Island, was received at St. Louis it was decided to punish the Indians, and to build a fort on Rock Island. Major Taylor was selected to lead a force against this point. It was the intention to proceed above Rock Island some distance, and returning destroy the villages and corn on both banks of the Mississippi clear to the mouth of the Rock River.

Major Taylor, with 334 soldiers, forty of them regulars, set out about the middle of August from a point on the Illinois shore, above St. Louis, called Cape au Gris. He

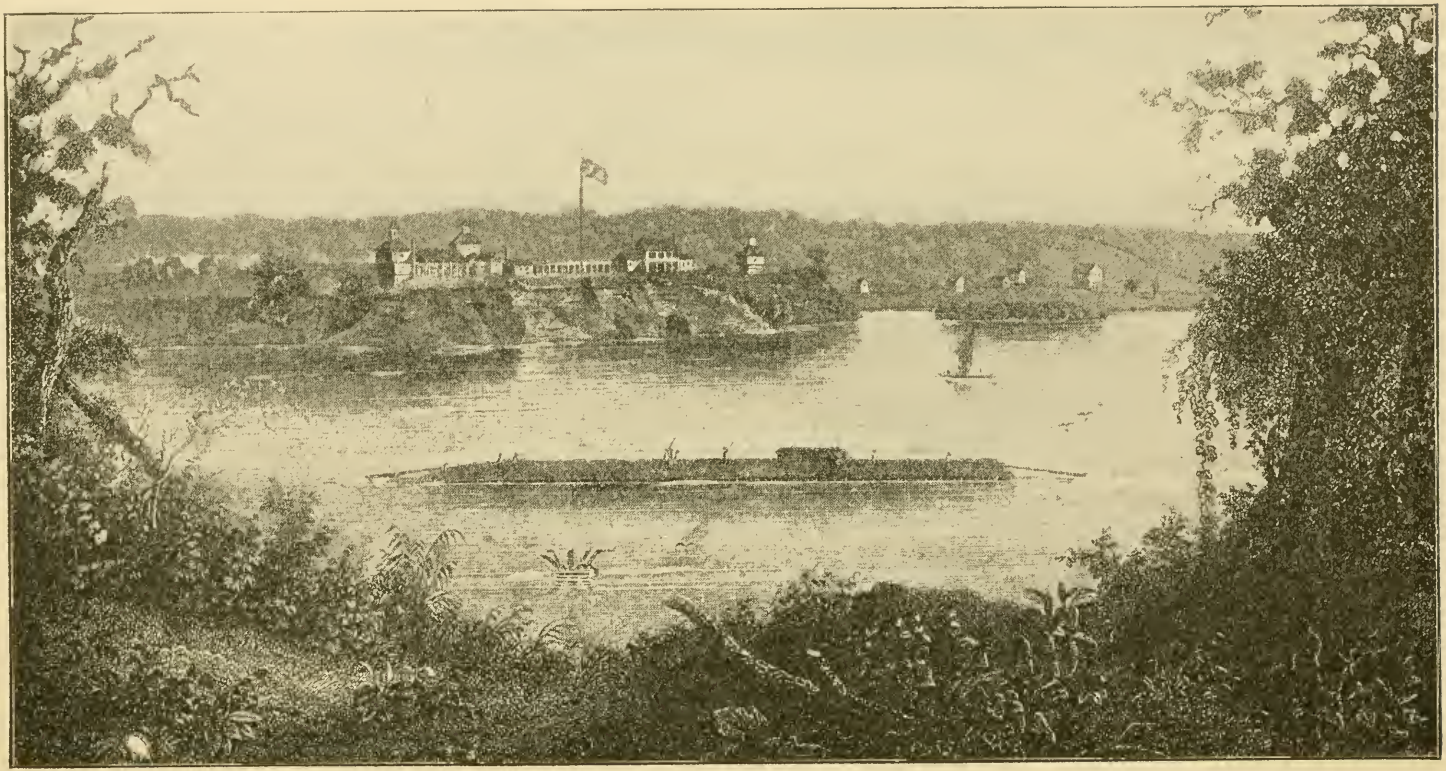
had eight barges. When the site of Fort Madison was passed Indians appeared on the banks of either side, or crossing the river in canoes behind the expedition. The number of savages kept increasing, and when the boats reached Rock Island the sight of red coats showed the Americans that British regulars were helping the Indians. Cannon were descried. Just above Rock Island the expedition halted for the night and anchored in the shallows near a willow island. A fierce head wind, similar to that which annoyed the Campbell party, was blowing, and Major Taylor thought it best to wait until he could take counsel what to do.

During the night Indians swam out to the island. At daybreak a soldier who stepped from a barge onto the sand was shot and killed, and in an instant the savages in the willows and the British cannon on the Illinois mainland opened a hot fire.

Major Taylor ordered his soldiers to charge the island. This they did, driving the Indians helter skelter into the water and onto a smaller island down the stream. But the cannon balls were ripping through the sides of the barges, the Indians were crowding the second island, ready to massacre any soldiers who might seek refuge from the artillery, and men on horse-back could be seen directing the operations on the mainland. It was plain the cannoneers were experienced marksmen. Major Taylor called a conference of his officers, and retreat was determined upon.

So a third time a baffled expedition entered St. Louis.

Finally, in May, 1816, the fort was erected on the north side of the foot of Rock Island. It was named Fort Armstrong, in honor of the Secretary of War. During its ex-



OLD FORT ARMSTRONG.

istence it was a widely known structure, the white walls, rising high above the river, and surrounded by luxuriant foliage and picturesque scenery, looking like a castle. Several times the Indians planned to seize the fort, but on each occasion their schemes were frustrated. Both Keokuk and Black Hawk would have liked to capture the garrison. Long ago, having done its duty through the Black Hawk War and the proceedings immediately following, it was abandoned. Rock Island arsenal now occupies the romantic isle.

Some Iowa forts were called "fort" simply by courtesy. They were not recognized as "forts" by the government. Such was Fort Sanford, which stood near the place now named Garrison Rock, not far from Ottumwa. It consisted of a few log cabins formerly occupied by the American Fur Company, and was occupied by a company of the First Dragoons from September, 1842, to the middle of May, 1843. "Fort" Sanford was termed by the War Department "The Sac and Fox Agency", the soldiers having been sent to this point to prevent squatters from intruding on the Indian reservation here. Captain James Allen was the commanding officer.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RUSH FOR LAND IN IOWA.

Although June 1, 1833, was the first day on which settlers could legally occupy claims in Iowa, on several occasions previous to this date whites had crossed the river in attempts to establish homes in what was then an Indian country.

We have read of Dubuque, Lemoiliese, Gaillard, Blondeau and others, but they were only traders, not cultivators of the soil, nor intending to improve the claims obtained by them.

Also Dr. Muir built a cabin at Keokuk, and around the fur trading posts clustered whites and half breeds. In 1828 Lee County held quite a scattering of whites, engaged in bartering with the Indians. In the early days southeastern Iowa was the gateway through which the bulk of the pioneers entered the State.

The first community of whites in Iowa was at Dubuque, with the lead mines as the attraction. After the death of Dubuque the Indians were unwilling to let any one else settle in the vicinity or work the mines. However, in 1829 James Langworthy, who with his brother Lucius was mining at Galena, Illinois, having heard about the Dubuque country, resolved to visit it.

In the summer of 1829 he paddled over the river in his canoe, his pony swimming alongside the boat. He landed where the city of Dubuque now stands. He went to the vil-

lage of the Foxes at the mouth of Catfish Creek, and asked permission to mine in the hills. The Indians refused to grant it, but allowed him to travel in the interior three weeks. Two young Indians guided him through the region lying between the Turkey and the Maquoketa Rivers. He secured much information, and was the first white man, save Dubuque, to look on this enchanting stretch of prairie and hill.

Indeed, we do not know that Dubuque went so far westward from the Mississippi.

Langworthy returned to Galena and spread the news of what he had seen. His friends determined not to be afraid of the Indians, and in the winter and the following spring of 1830 the two Langworthys, with companions, crossed to the Iowa lead mines. In June many others came, so that there was quite a settlement.

June 17, this year, the settlers assembled around an old cotton-wood log that had been cast ashore on an island and appointed a committee of five to draw up a form of government. The articles reported by the committee were adopted. There were only two. They represent the first laws for the regulation of white men in what is now Iowa.

The Indians had not sold their land west of the Mississippi, and they did not like the idea of having whites among them. They protested to the government. Colonel Zachary Taylor, commanding at Prairie du Chien, ordered the settlers to leave the territory, and troops were sent to enforce the command. Soldiers were stationed here to protect the rights of the Indians.

Until the land was legally opened for settlement the sol-

diers had their hands full keeping the whites on the eastern side of the river.

A little later a similar scene was enacted near Flint Hills, the present site of Burlington. The American Fur Company once had a post here, and among the white men connected with the business were Simpson White and Amzi D. Whittle. They liked the country so well that they determined to settle there. They staked out a claim within one week after the treaty of 1832 between the Sacs and Foxes and the United States was signed. M. M. Carver was a third in their party.

Others followed them, for many people supposed that as soon as the treaty was signed the lands were open for settlement. But soldiers were sent from Fort Armstrong, at Rock Island, one detachment being under Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, and expelled them from the limits. Cabins were destroyed and the owners were told to stay in Illinois or Missouri until permitted to return.

It became necessary to patrol the river border in Iowa to prevent over-anxious settlers from coming in and "squatting." Otherwise, greedy men would seize on the best claims before the law-abiding people arrived. Whites caught within the strip were obliged to give account of themselves, and were ordered out of the territory at once unless they were authorized to remain.

Finally the Black Hawk Purchase was ready for occupancy. It had been impossible to keep all the settlers on the eastern side of the river, and during 1832 a number of claims had been taken up in portions of the strip not guarded by the military. But the land thus occupied created no ill feeling. The first rush into the Black Hawk Purchase did not at once use up all the tract.

In 1833 a post-office was established at Dubuque, and in 1834 the settlers there named their community "Dubuque". Before it was referred to as the Lead Mines, the New Lead Mines, etc. Davenport was laid out in 1836; Fort Madison in 1835; Flint Hills, now Burlington, in 1834. More and more settlers came into the Black Hawk Strip, as it was termed.

They sent back word to relatives and friends in Illinois, and in Ohio and Indiana and other States to the southward, of the rich and beautiful country awaiting the people. The result was that thousands of people flocked through Illinois to the Mississippi and crossed to find homes. The strip of land filled up, and when in 1836 the Indians gave over the Keokuk Reserve even more room was wanted.

In 1837 the tribes ceded additional land, bordering the strip on the west. In 1838 the settlers poured into this Second Purchase, and still looked eagerly on the region farther west. The immigration to Iowa was increasing right along. All through the East the marvelous "Iowa Country" was attracting attention.

The Old Strip, as the area now settled was termed, was widened by the New Purchase. This New Purchase was composed of the remaining lands in Iowa to which claim was laid by the Sacs and Foxes. The treaty by which the tribes gave up the tract was made in October, 1842. This was the one which was agreed on at Agency City, when Governor Chambers, attired in a brigadier general's uniform, represented the government.

The Indians could remain in the eastern portion of the territory until midnight, April 30, 1843, but must then withdraw west of the longitude of Redrock, Marion Coun-

ty. There they could stay until midnight, October 10, 1845. After that they were to go to Kansas.

As soon as the news of this New Purchase was carried about among the settlers, a swarm of people pressed toward the country about to be thrown open. Soldiers were stationed to keep them back until the proper time for settlement arrived.

During the last week of April the eastern border of the New Purchase was lined with men, women and children, forming the families of settlers, who were all ready to race for the best claims, and were but awaiting the word from the troops. April 30 there was great excitement. The fleetest horses were saddled and the swiftest runners selected, and everything was prepared in order to seize on the claims thought to be the richest.

All day the settlers heaped up piles of dry wood, and when night came lighted bonfires, which would serve to show the way. At midnight, precisely, signal guns were discharged by the dragoons. At once, with shouts and whoops and general uproar, the people rushed across the boundary. They carried torches, axes and hatchets, and used all manner of methods calculated to lay out claims with the utmost speed.

When day broke the ground far and near was covered with rude marks. Lines conflicted, and numerous disputes arose, usually to be amicably settled. When the government surveyor measured the lines bounding claims he found many needed revision.

Between midnight and daybreak a large portion of the eastern part of the New Purchase was settled.

Midnight of October 10, 1845, the Indians' rights to the

remainder of the New Purchase expired, and when the signal was given to the settlers, scenes similar to those of the spring of 1843 were enacted. The settlers who had been camping along the border thronged in.

By 1850 settlements were scattered over Iowa from the Mississippi to the Missouri. Shortly after 1839 white men established themselves at the site of Sioux City. In 1839 the American Fur Co. sent one hundred men up the Missouri, on the steamer Antelope, to go to the headwaters of the river. They changed to Mackinaw flat boats when the shallows made it necessary. When the party returned several in the number stopped off at the site of Sioux City. These were traders, but formed a nucleus of a community that rapidly enlarged. In 1848 Floyd Bluff was settled, although before this, in 1836, Plymouth County and the valleys of the Big Sioux and the Floyd Rivers had a number of whites.

Pioneers made homes in Webster County in 1846, and traders had preceded them. In 1846-48 Mormons settled where Council Bluffs is. The name then adopted was Kanesville.

Immigration to Iowa was unparalleled. In the papers of 1854 long accounts, full of exclamation points, are printed, telling of the vast crowds of people entering the State. The roads were thronged with teams, and the groves and woodlands and prairies were alive with figures, and white with tents and canvas topped wagons. Ferries over the Mississippi were busy day and night conveying the pioneers from Illinois to Iowa. Cabins were going up like magic.

Oskaloosa reports that at least a thousand persons pass through every week, bound westward. Three hundred

FIRST HOUSE AT DES MOINES.

buildings go up in a season at Davenport. Seven hundred immigrants a day travel over the Burlington highway. It is estimated that in thirty days 20,000 traverse the vicinity of Burlington. The boats on the Ohio and Mississippi are packed. Six hundred persons go through St. Louis by river in a day. The trains that pull into Chicago with passengers for the Mississippi, are double headers. In six days twelve thousand passengers from the East arrive in Chicago, destined for Iowa and the West.

According to the estimates and census taken in 1836 the State contained 10,531 people; in 1840 the population was 43,017; in 1844, 82,500; in 1850, 192,214; in 1854, 325,302; in 1855, 500,000.

The earliest settlers of Iowa came from Southern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and from the northerly Southern States. Then followed Pennsylvanians, and Europeans forced out of the Old Country by political trouble. Lastly, New York and New England States sent their people.

On foot, in teams, and by boat and by train, the future citizens of Iowa arrived at her eastern border and poured into their new home.

CHAPTER XX.

MAKING A LIVING IN EARLY IOWA.

The settlers who lived in Iowa during the early days mingled work with play, and although they had many hard experiences they also had many good times. Everything was very rude and primitive, and a great deal of what we to-day regard as necessities the pioneers considered as luxuries.

As there were no railroads here then, the settlers depended entirely upon horses and oxen to haul the household goods. The sturdy animals pulled the creaking, canvas-topped wagons, on which were piled the possessions of the family. Often these possessions were scanty enough, if we except the children and the feeble adults who rode on the load, and who were the most precious part of the property. The men who were able trudged alongside, or were on horseback.

As soon as possible after a territory was opened up the government established military and territorial roads, but before this was done the settlers had made their own highways and byways. The first roads followed the old Indian trails. As there were no fences the settlers drove over the prairie in all directions, seeking a place where a claim would be desirable. In the selection the good wife had a voice, because a cabin with water convenient, and with other matters arranged satisfactorily, meant much to her.

When an attractive spot was reached the claim was paced off and staked out, or marked by blazing the trunks of trees. The next thing to do was to erect a shelter. Until a rough cabin was put up the settlers slept near the wagon. The women and children and the weak or aged of the men had the privilege of using the wagon box for protection. A little rain did not bother the strong and hearty.

Sometimes a "three faced" camp was put up as temporary shelter. This consisted of merely three walls about seven feet high, forming three sides of a rectangle. They were made of logs laid one on another. Poles were stretched across, about three feet apart, for the frame-work of the roof, and on them boards, split from logs, were laid. On top of all were distributed other poles, to hold the roof down.

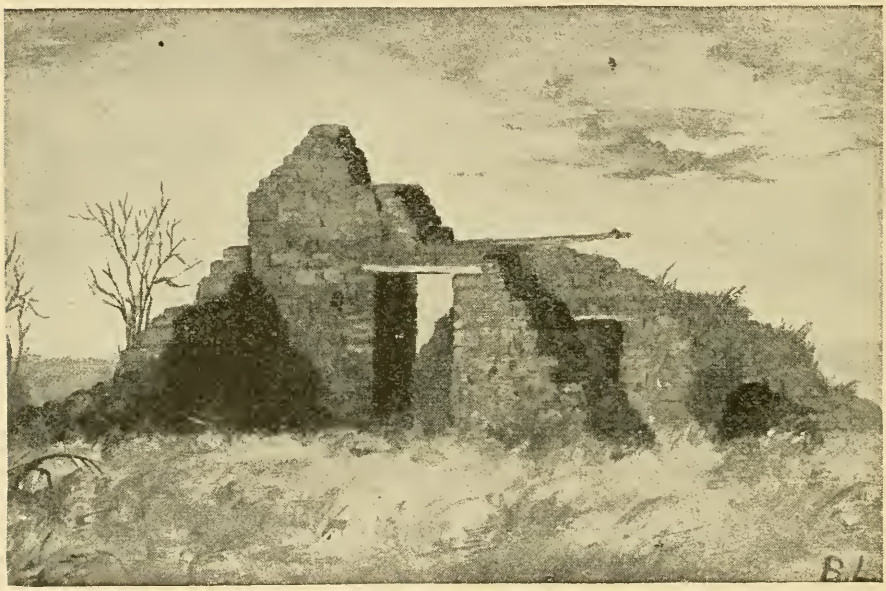
There was no floor, save dirt, no door, no chimney, no window. The open side answered all purposes of ventilation. Right across this side, where the fourth wall should be, was built a roaring log fire.

Now the cabin was being completed. The sides were of logs, the spaces between "chinked" with small sticks, and the inside and outside daubed with clay. The roof, like the roof of the "three-faced" camp, was of clapboards and poles.

A great fireplace, six feet or more long, was cut in one side, or wall. The back and sides of it were logs covered with clay and earth and stones. The flue was of split sticks like a "corncob" pile, and plastered with clay. This was a "cat and clay" chimney. The burning of a chimney was of frequent occurrence.

The early settlers did not use nails. Little metal of any

kind was to be seen in the construction of the cabins. The door was hung on wooden hinges. A wooden catch held the door shut, and through a hole a buckskin string passed, hanging outside. By this the catch was lifted by the person wishing to enter. No one locked his cabin, except when an Indian scare made a bar necessary.



HALF COMPLETED SOD HOUSE.

The furniture of the cabin was simple enough. The first beds were "one legged" beds. A stake was driven into the earth, or through the wooden floor, if there was a floor, three or four feet from one wall and six or seven from one end of the cabin. This was to be a corner of the bed. A strip extended from the stake to the wall, and another strip

from the stake to the end logs. On this framework were laid other strips, and with a blanket added the bed was ready for occupancy.

Over the door were suspended rifle and powder horn. Maybe in a corner was a loom. A rude table and a stool or so, a skillet or "Dutch oven", iron pot and coffee pot completed the list of furnishings. The stove was the fireplace. Corn meal or "Indian meal", as it was called, was an important article of food. Mixed with water it was cooked in a variety of ways, to make "pone", "corn dodger" and "hoe cake". The grains of corn when bleached by lye formed "lye hominy". Pumpkin added to the corn meal dough gave it a rich yellow color and improved the flavor. Honey was abundant, and game furnished a welcome change from "hog meat."

Oiled paper was used instead of glass. If the earth did not serve as a floor, a "puncheon" floor was laid, consisting of slabs hewn from logs.

Before a crop was put in the prairie must be broken. As the soil had not been disturbed for centuries the grass roots constituted a tough mass not easily separated. When possible a great "prairie plow" was used. This was operated by men who made such work their business, charging so much an acre. The machine was ten feet long, and cut a shallow furrow about twenty-four inches wide. Five or six yoke of oxen drew the plow.

The earliest settlers did not have the services of a prairie plow. Often they planted corn by driving an axe blade into the earth, and dropping the seeds into the cleft thus made. The first crop of corn was valuable chiefly because it prepared the ground for succeeding crops.

Plowing in the days of the pioneer presented an animated sight. Several yoke of oxen harnessed in a string were required. The ox whip was thirty feet long, and hard to handle. The unskillful driver would awkwardly wind the lash around the neck of one of his astonished animals. The boy who from the plow could cut a fly from the neck of the "off leader" was looked upon with much respect.

After the grain was harvested it must be ground. Before mills were set up the settler did his own grinding. The corn was poured into a hollow made by fire in the top of a stump, and was crushed by a stick with a rounded end, as a druggist mixes his drugs. This was "pestling" corn. Sometimes the ears were grated on a roughened iron surface.

For a long time mills were far apart, and the journey to them quite an undertaking for the settlers. Over the soft prairie, through muddy creeks and up and down hills the settler took his corn to mill, the stout oxen plodding along so slowly that the wife and family were left alone for many days and nights.

When the mill was reached the settler was obliged to wait his turn. It is related that one party of settlers, grown tired of waiting, volunteered to run the mill at night while the miller slept. They ground all night, but by morning were enabled to start for home, with their corn reduced to meal.

Even this meal, obtained with so much trouble, was apt to be dirty, full of unpalatable substances.

Wolves threatened the stock, Indians stole horses, and prairie fires attacked the cabins. The winters were long and cold. Rainfalls were terrific. The exposure of the ploughed-up soil to the atmosphere caused weakening fever and ague, termed the "shakes". The decomposition of the

earth under the sun gave off fumes which permeated the air, and in the fall of the first year of a community everybody was afflicted. Not until the atmosphere cleared was relief experienced. The settlers had little to make them comfortable. Young married couples started life in their cabin when they had hardly a chair or a table.

One settler who called on a newly married pair found them sitting on the earthen floor of their little shack, eating mush out of an iron pot between them, with only one spoon for the two. The pot and the spoon were their sole household property.

Mails were few and far between. For some time postage was twenty-five cents a letter. If a settler was too poor to pay this, the good natured man who acted as postmaster would trust him until the sum was available. The post office was at some store, and mail was received at irregular intervals, according as the condition of the roads and of navigation assisted or hindered. Settlers rode many miles to get their letters.

Soon after Governor Lucas entered upon his duties as chief executive of Iowa Territory, a letter was addressed to him, at Burlington, Iowa, by the officials at Washington. Evidently the people out East knew little of events on the Upper Mississippi, for the letter went to Burlington, New Jersey, was returned to Washington, was sent out, this time to Burlington, Vermont, and again came back to Washington.

The postmaster was disgusted. He wrote on the letter:

"For heaven's sake let this letter go to some other Burlington, wherever it may be!"

There were no envelopes in those days, and the great

wafer sealing the letter, with the writing of the postmaster under the address, caused considerable comment. If the governor of Iowa had such hard work to get a letter, the settlers stood poor show.

Mail came weekly to Burlington. It was brought from the East to Indianapolis by stage coach; thence by two-horse hack to Iowa. From Burlington mail was taken by hack to Davenport, and by horseback riders to Dubuque.

Before Iowa was a Territory letters were addressed:

"Iowa Postoffice,
Black Hawk Purchase,
Wisconsin Territory."

The early settlers claimed land before the ground was actually on sale. The first land sale did not occur until 1838. In the meantime, to protect their claims, the settlers in a community banded together, drew up regulations, and maintained what was termed "club law," or "claim law."

When the government opened land offices these claim laws were recognized as valid.

The price of government land was $1.25 an acre. Each township sent to the sale a representative, who had a list of the claims settled upon in the area advertised. He bid in for each settler.

If a speculator or "land grabber" in the crowd attempted to oppose the rightful claimant matters went hard with him, and forced him to retire from the vicinity. A "land-grabber" was hated, being looked upon as one who would rob the settlers of their hard earned claims.

Money lenders, also, mingled with the settlers. Capitalists saw a chance to do a fine business by lending to the

settlers cash with which land could be purchased. Fifty per cent interest was not unusual; sometimes the rate was even higher than that. If the settler could not pay the debt, and the interest, he lost his property. This interest was outrageous, but the settlers were so hard-up that they were obliged to accept the terms, or nothing.

When the first land sale occurred at Burlington in 1838 silver coin was transferred across the river in row boats, loading them to the gunwales, and was loaned to the settlers.

The money panic of 1837 told severely on the settlers for several years following. It was difficult to dispose of produce even after a good crop. Wheat was hauled one hundred miles and sold for only 37½ cents a bushel, corn and oats for only 6 to 10 cents, and the best horses for $50.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE AMONG THE SETTLERS.

Although the pioneer settlers of Iowa were exposed to many perils and much suffering, as a rule men, women and children were a light hearted set. Their frolics began with the building of the cabin, and were continued whenever an occasion was presented.

When the new-comer was ready to put up his cabin, he invited all his neighbors to assist. Neighbors meant anybody he or his friends knew. "House raisin'" was regarded as great fun. Before the day appointed the host had his logs cut and notched, ready to be laid in place. The early cabins were built from round logs with the bark on. Soon it was considered a mark of elegance to chip a place along two sides of each log. The next step was to hew what would be the inside and outside of the cabin walls, so as to present a flat surface.

The crowd who assisted at a "house raisin'" was entertained with plenty of food and drink, and joking and general merry-making prevailed.

Weddings also were the signal for much fun. The intimate friends of the groom called at his father's house, and on foot, on horseback and in wagons escorted the young man to the home of the bride. Usually there were not enough seats, and the girls sat on the laps of the men, or of other girls. Kissing games were favorites.

Young men went long distances to call upon the girls. When a girl was engaged to a man it was sometimes said

she was "bespoke", or "promised". When the swain arrived at the cabin of the girl with whom he was in love, if the father asked him to stay all night and to put his horse in the barn, it was a sign the caller was not a favored wooer. If he was not invited to put up his horse, he was glad, and frequently extended his call until four o'clock in the morning.

One young man in Iowa went courting just over the border into Missouri. He had provisions in his saddle bags for the trip, and started from his home at night so as to escape observation. He was so bashful that when the girl and her parents sat at the table for dinner, he refused to join them. He said:

"Oh, I've got a bite here."

Then he went into a dark corner, and gnawed on a piece of bacon he took from his saddle-bags. It is not remarkable that he did not get the girl.

Another bashful young man was engaged to an equally bashful girl. It was given out that they were to be married on a certain evening. The neighborhood gathered at the cabin. The minister was there. The spectators were ranged along the sides of the room. Everybody waited, and silence reigned except when a snicker was heard. All of a sudden the groom desperately leaped into the clear spot in the middle of the room, nodded at the girl, and shouted:

"Come on, if you want to!"

The girl blushingly came forward, and the minister pronounced the usual words.

Some couples who desired to be married were obliged to seek a justice of the peace. Ministers were not easily communicated with in the early days. The couple on horse-

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

back rode to the justice, the girl behind the man, clasping him around the waist if the way was rough. The justice fee was whatever the couple had brought.

Quiltings, wood choppings, turkey shootings, horse racing and foot racing were popular amusements. Physical strength was apt to be a standard of a man. Vicious fights resulted from the boasts of some strapping settler that he was the "best man" around. When he was "licked" he ceased to be a champion.

As many of the first settlers were from the South, southern customs prevailed in some sections of Iowa, particularly in the southern districts of the eastern half.

Dancing was a diversion that wound up most of the festivities. "Guilmah", "Stump Tail Dog", etc., were well-known tunes. Reels, square dances and jigs were the favorite figures. In jigs "cutting out" was thought excellent fun. The musician struck up a lively time, some individual or some couple took the floor, and danced until exhausted, when a fresh person or couple stepped in. Rivals would enter into a contest to see who could dance the longest and with the greatest variety of steps.

In cards a favorite game was "bragg".

The early settlers in Iowa, as well as in other Territories, drank a great deal of liquor. On the way to weddings, house raisings, and other gatherings, the bottle was passed liberally, and was used frequently during the ensuing program. With the advance of civilization the custom became less prevalent.

What splendid hunting and fishing the Iowa pioneers had! The waters and the hills and prairies were swarming with game. Buffalo did not survive the advent of the set-

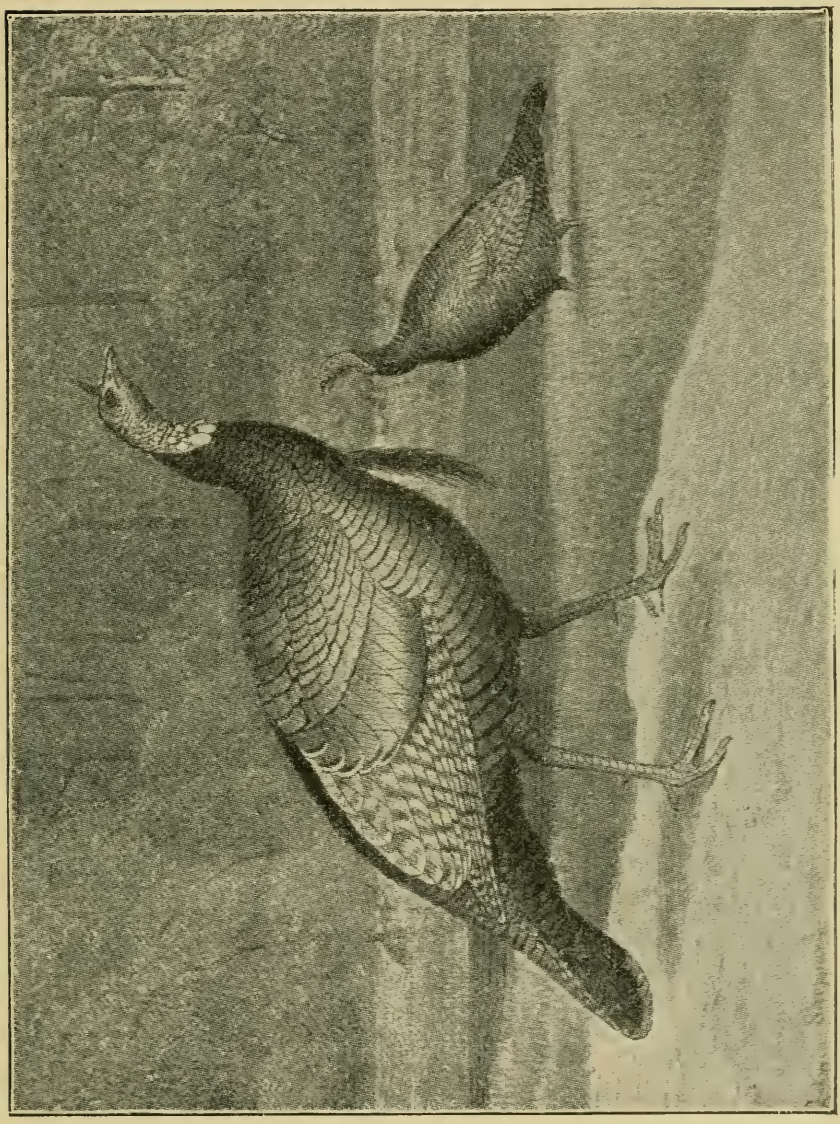
tler, but the elk, deer and bear, the wild turkey, the prairie chicken and the quail were shot in great numbers. When a deer was killed it might be taken to the cabin, or to town, tied to the horse's tail and dragged behind. Venison formed a common article of diet.

A Davenport citizen of 1844 agreed to buy a catfish from a fisherman. When he was asked by the seller to come to the levee and get the fish he remonstrated a little, until he found the purchase was too large to be taken into the boat, and weighed 105 pounds!

Early settlers kept a sharp lookout for snakes and wolves. Wolf hunts were of frequent occurrence. A Keokuk settler killed 225 rattlers in one day. Persons entering a swamp found it convenient to have in one hand a knife for the wolves, and in the other a club for the reptiles.

Bees were a blessing to the settler, because of the honey they furnished. Southeastern Iowa was especially rich in honey timber. Settlers collected honey in barrels, and used it liberally. It took the place of sugar. The woods bordering the Skunk were celebrated for their bee trees. In 1835 John Huff and a companion penetrated above where Rome, Henry County, is located. Near here was a trading post kept by William McPherson. The two adventurous men collected 120 gallons of honey, which filled three barrels made by them. They set out on their road to Illinois, to dispose of the honey, but when descending the Skunk—the first white men to attempt the trip—their rude dug-outs were capsized by a sunken log. Then Huff walked to Flint Hills (Burlington), procured shoes and returned to dive for the honey.

When the barrels were brought to the surface, the two



WILD TURKEYS.

men continued on their voyage, and finally sold their stock for fifty cents a gallon.

The Indians and the settlers mingled in a friendly way. The quarrels that occurred might have been expected in any community. The Indians even entertained favored whites, and when a settler received a painted stick he knew it was an invitation to a feast—probably of stewed dog.

The Indians were about as shrewd, individually, as were the settlers. In 1836 the American Fur Co. had a trading post on the Wapsipinicon River, in Clinton County. Judge Ingals, of St. Louis, tried to cross the stream, but became exhausted. Some white men on the bank besought an Indian, who could swim, to rescue the Judge. But the Indian simply ran up and down as though confused, until the Judge had sunk for the last time. Then he plunged in and brought the unconscious man to shore.

"When white man live he drown Indian; when dead, Indian bring him out easy," explained the Fox.

However, the Judge was revived.

Once a white man named Adams visited the trading post at Iowaville. His was a hard name for the Indians to pronounce. When he removed his hat to wipe the perspiration from his brow Keokuk observed he was bald.

"Mus-ke-tack—prairie head!" grunted Keokuk. Thereafter Mr. Adams was called by all Mus-ke-tack.

The settlers' cabins were always open to the traveler. Guests slept on the floor, before the fireplace, and when the cabin had a loft room was offered there, also. If a price was charged for entertainment, a meal of corn bread, milk, butter, honey, wheat coffee, crab apple butter, turkey and venison cost the guest twelve cents.

Rough traverns appeared at cross roads, and in settlements. Accommodations were simple, indeed. The floor was considered a good bed. A traveler from the East asked an Iowa landlord for a place in which to wash.

"Have you a handkerchief?" inquired the landlord.

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, friend, there's the river. Wash, and wipe on your handkerchief."

Iowa, a beautiful State to-day, was more beautiful when the settlers first saw it. The prairies were rounded and swelling, fringed by heavy timber. In the spring the grass was a tender green, and covered with flowers. The groves were rich in blossoming rosewood, dogwood, crab apple, wild cherry and wild plum. The wild rose was abundant. In the summer the prairies were like a sea, the tall coarse grass, dried to a golden hue, waving in the wind. The early flowers were low like the violet and strawberry, but as the year advanced they became gaudy, on long stems which bore them to a level with the thick grass.

Iowa was celebrated for its natural attractions, and the pioneers sincerely loved their new home.

Settlers dressed just as they could. Until general stores were at hand, clothing was home made. The garments brought from the old home to the new by the immigrants were made to last a long time. The family that possessed a loom was deemed fortunate, and ability to weave jeans was ranked far ahead of piano playing.

Wolf skin, raccoon skin, and other fur were popular for caps for the men. Wool hats also were favored. The women wore calico sunbonnets or quilted hoods. Jeans cloth was dyed in the bark of the black walnut, or might not

be dyed at all. Pantaloons were held up by knit "galluses", drawn tight. The coat might be a blouse, with straps sewed to the back so that they could be buttoned in the middle, as a half belt.

Sometimes the pantaloons had a double front the outer layer of which buttoned at the side, and would fall over like a flap.

In summer, clothing was more simple than in winter. Children wore only a long shirt of tow linen.

Of course clothing depended on the condition of the family, and as the majority of the settlers were very poor many make-shifts were resorted to. When mills were established within reach, the settlers exchanged the raw wool for finished cloth.

In Iowa's early days of settlement money was extremely scarce. Buying and selling were carried on with furs, produce, and other articles as the circulating medium.

For many years after coin became fairly plentiful, the cent was not tolerated as currency, and even the three cent piece was rarely seen.

The title "Hawkeye" came into use soon after Iowa Territory was organized. The Territorial officers and some prominent citizens of Burlington were accustomed to meet in the parlor of the Burlington House, to chat and talk over various questions of the hour. Naturally a nickname for the people of the new district came up as a topic for debate. James G. Edwards, editor of the Patriot, suggested "Hawkeye". The name was endorsed at once, Eastern papers published the action taken by the informal meeting, and the appellation stuck.

The Patriot is now the Burlington Hawkeye. Edwards became known as "Old Hawk."

CHAPTER XXII.

TEACHERS AND PREACHERS.

Even before Iowa was given over to settlers there were schools at which the children of the few whites then within the borders of the present State were educated. Away back in 1830 Berryman Jennings had a school at Ah-wi-pe-tuck (beginning of the Rapids), about where Galland now is, and I. K. Robinson taught at Puck-e-she-tuck (Foot of the Rapids), where Keokuk stands.

The school at Ah-wi-pe-tuck was the first school in Iowa of which we have authentic data. It is said a soldier in old Fort Madison gave instruction to some children, white and half-breed, whose fathers were trappers and traders and men employed in the garrison. But Berryman Jennings may be called Iowa's first school teacher. He was a Kentuckian, about twenty-three years old. School was held through October, November and December, 1830, and was attended by eight or ten children.

The building was a small log cabin, which had been erected for a dwelling place. It was on the river bank, with a narrow creek flowing along one side. Behind it were tree stumps, forming a small clearing in the midst of the forest The cabin had two windows covered with oiled paper; a door opened onto the river side.

When the pupils trudged between school and home they were apt to encounter wolves, bears, or a wild cat, and were pretty sure to see deer and wild turkeys and grouse. In-

SCHOOL HOUSE AT AH-WI-PE-TUCK (Iowa's First School).

dians were on hand constantly. The school children of 1830 had strange playfellows.

The school at Puck-e-she-tuck opened two months after the one at Ah-wi-pe-tuck. Robinson began teaching on December 1, 1830, and did not close the term until well into the spring of 1831. When he was not teaching he was in the employ of a Mr. Stillwell, who kept a woodyard and warehouse nearby.

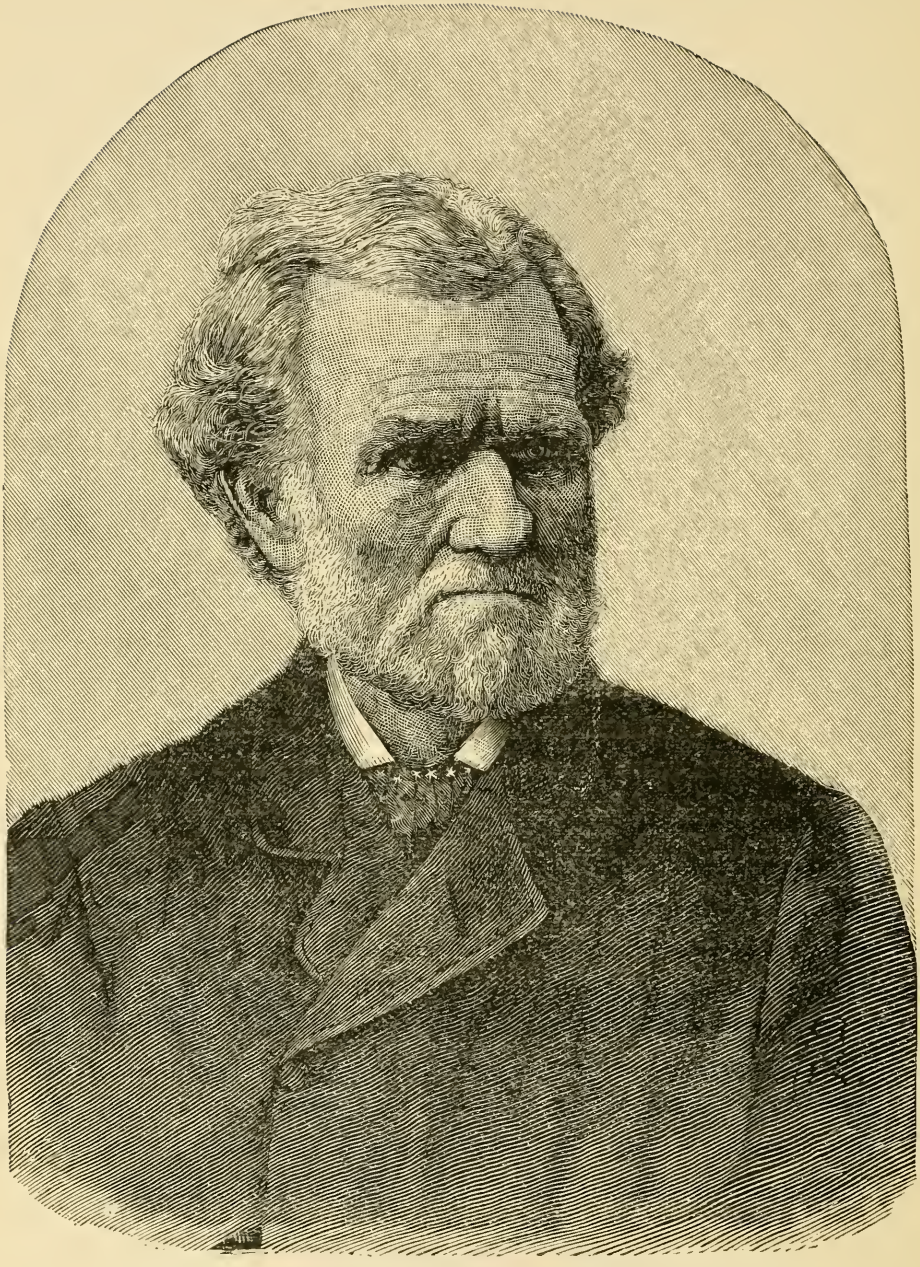
Other pioneer school teachers were George Cubbage, who taught at Dubuque in the winter of 1833-34, and Barrett Whittemore, who was there a few months later.

Then there was Zadoc C. Inghram, who in 1834 conducted a school at Shok-ko-kon, or Flint Hills, now Burlington. Here, in December, 1833, Dr. W. R. Ross had erected the first regular schoolhouse in what is now Iowa. Zadoc Inghram was given board free by Dr. Ross, and instructed the scholars in the log school house.

About this time there lived on a farm one and one-half miles from Fort Madison, on the stage route to Burlington (then Flint Hills), Mrs. Rebecca Palmer, who in the winter of 1834-35 taught school in a log building a mile and a half away. She walked through the snow and sleet, back and forth, in spite of the most severe weather, and in spring wore rubber boots.

Plucky Mrs. Palmer was the first woman teacher in Iowa.

Schools of those days, and during all of what may be called the "settlement period" of Iowa's history, were but in accord with the roughness of the surroundings. The buildings themselves were only simple log cabins, sometimes designed for houses, sometimes built especially for the purpose of education.



BERRYMAN JENNINGS (Who Taught at Ah-wi-pe-tuck).

Sometimes they had a window on two sides. Sometimes on but one side, and made by taking out a log and covering the hole with the oiled paper. The floor might be the earth.

Otherwise a puncheon floor was laid down. The door was puncheon, and there were puncheon benches as long as the log from which they were cut. Writing desks or benches were constructed like the seats, save their tops slanted. A great fire place stretched across one end of the building and the pupils helped the school master bring in logs for fuel.

The teacher or "master" sat on a platform. Maybe he would be awarded one of the few splint bottomed chairs in the settlement.

As the settlers were from various points, the books they brought with them differed in author and in style. The children were required to carry to the school whatever books were available, for text books, and consequently hardly any two volumes used in the school were alike. If a scholar had no other book which could be used for the purpose he was taught to read from the Old and New Testament. The Bible was the one book found in the majority of the homes of the settlers.

The branches taught were reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, spelling and geography. "Lickin' and larnin'," one settler called the course in the nearby school. Spelling was considered most important, and was the most popular because of the spelling matches. To "spell down" a whole room was a high honor to win.

Classes were little observed. Each scholar went ahead as fast as he could, alone, and when he was far enough along

he was given harder books. When he found a sum he could not work he called to the teacher for help. Much of the teacher's time was taken up in setting copies for the lesson in writing, and in mending quill pens.

Drill in reading was somewhat on this plan. The teacher would say:

"Read up loud enough for me to hear you at the other end of the room. Count one for comma, two for semicolon, three for colon, and four for period."

Often the class would be left to read away by itself for ten minutes while the teacher worked a sum for somebody.

Some teachers were men of fine education; others were but ignoramuses, who held their position because they were able to thrash the school into subjection. It was an advantage to a teacher to prove himself superior physically to his pupils. In the room might be boys as large and as strong as men, who thought it sport to force him to give up his work because he could not manage them. They would try to "turn the master out," and he must show them that they could not do it.

It was necessary for the teacher to foster good feeling and respect by joining in the games at recess and at noon. If he could run faster, jump farther, and throw a snow ball straighter than the stout healthy boys with whom he associated they liked him the better.

The teacher "boarded round." One week one family would entertain the teacher of the district, and for the next week another family would board and lodge him. The good wife put the cabin to rights and the children "slicked up" for the occasion. If the teacher was a religious man he was requested to ask the blessing, and to lead in prayer.

The hardest sums that could be found were presented for him to work, if he could.

The women teachers "boarded round" just as did the men. Among the settlers were well educated girls, farmers' daughters who had time to teach, and in all kinds of weather they were faithful to their duty.

The pay of teachers varied, but never was high. In the earliest schools a dollar a term for each pupil was charged. Settlers desirous of educating their children paid in merchandise or services, if money was lacking.

As the number of settlers increased, the demand for teachers increased, also. Many were imported from the East. The Cincinnati Atlas of October 1, 1853, announced that Governor Slade, of Vermont, had left New York with thirteen young ladies designed for school teachers in Iowa, Tennessee and Missouri, and stated that this was the second party of New England teachers brought out for distribution among these States.

When settlers formed a community one of the first things they did was to afford educational facilities for the children. A teacher was obtained, and the heads of the families made up a sum for the establishment and maintenance of a school. A central location for the building was chosen. Labor and expense were divided equally among the settlers.

While on the topic of the early schools of Iowa the old Howe Academy must not be overlooked. This was presided over by Professor Samuel L. Howe. He first visited Iowa in 1839, and was so impressed with the beauties of the land that when he returned to his home and family in Ohio he had resolved to move to the new country.

At Lancaster, Ohio, Mr. Howe was conducting an acad-

emy which was attended by W. T. Sherman, afterwards General, and his brother, John Sherman, among other boys. It was a famous school. But Mr. Howe loaded his family and his household goods into two-horse wagons, and through Ohio, over the corduroy roads of Indiana, and across Illinois the emigrants took their way.

Late in November, 1841, the Howes located in Henry County, not far from the present city of Mt. Pleasant. In the winter Mr. Howe began teaching in a little log cabin. In this prairie academy studied a number of men who afterwards became prominent in Iowa's history.

In 1843 the academy was removed to Mt. Pleasant. The only room available was in the upper story of an old log jail. Here the academy was reopened, and over the grated cell where the prisoners were confined the lads and lasses progressed under the guidance of the kindly professor.

In 1844 the academy was changed to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and at last, in 1845, it entered a building of its own.

Howe Academy was known as the Mt. Pleasant High School and Female Academy. In point of long service it is the patriarch of Iowa schools. Many pupils who attended it when it was but a log cabin, or in a jail, later became great and useful men and women, and the lists of scholars show many names destined to be well known later, not only in Iowa, but all over the United States.

While schools were shaping the minds of the young settlers in Iowa, morals also were not neglected. The school and the church went hand in hand, for it often happened that the one building was a school on week days and a church on Sundays.

Before a minister was available the settlers were accustomed to gather on Sunday at some cabin, to hear the Bible read, and to join in prayer. These meetings were led by some member of the company.

"Circuit riders" were prominent among the preachers of Iowa's pioneer days. They were traveling ministers, who rode through the country attending to the needs of the people. Through heat and cold and storm these noble men journeyed, on horseback, all their personal belongings in the saddle bags strapped behind them. Their coming into a community, or to a cabin, was a signal for all the unbaptized children of the vicinity to be brought up for the ceremony. The settlers were rejoiced over the opportunity to have the services of a preacher. Incidentally, these "circuit riders" bore considerable news, gathered on their route.

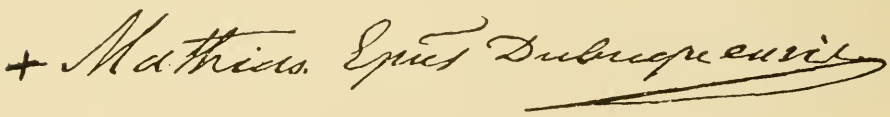
The income of the Iowa pioneer ministers of the gospel was not large. It depended on the means of the inhabitants. Often it was not much beyond board and lodging, and the pleasure of doing one's duty. One preacher received in six years less than $100 from his circuit. The preachers of the day not only instructed in religion, but administered to the body, for they were expected to give advice in illness.

To the Roman Catholic Church must be given the credit of having the first missionary in the Iowa field, for Father Marquette, descending the Mississippi in 1673, landed in Lee County. That the Roman Catholic religion was early in Iowa, is proved by the cross found in Jefferson County. When the first whites entered that section, on the face of a high sand-stone cliff over Cedar Creek, about four miles west of where Fairfield now stands, they saw an iron cross, bolted fast to the rock.

Tradition has it that long, long ago a Jesuit mission occupied a place among the Indians on the Des Moines River, not far from this spot.

It will be remembered that the old barracks at Council Bluffs were utilized by priests who had been dwelling with the Indians. Elsewhere, as well, in Iowa, from the earliest times this church has been represented in Indian mission work.

From 1828 to 1833 priests from Detroit, Indiana and St. Louis visited the territory now forming Iowa, and administered to the few whites and the other residents of the area.



SIGNATURE OF BISHOP LORAS.

In 1833 Samuel Mazzuchelli, a friar of the order of St. Dominic, was stationed at Dubuque.

Friar Mazzuchelli labored faithfully to organize his charge, and when in 1837 Dubuque diocese was created the results of his toil were apparent. Mathias Loras was appointed bishop—first bishop of Dubuque. This diocese of Dubuque reached from Missouri to Canada, and from the Mississippi to the Missouri. For a time it included the present State of Wisconsin, and Northwestern Illinois. Bishop Loras spent two years preparing for his work. When he arrived at Dubuque, soon after Easter, 1839, Iowa had three Roman Catholic Churches—St. James Chapel, in Lee County, the combination school, church and dwelling of St. An-

MATHIAS LORAS (First Bishop of Dubuque).

thony at Davenport, and the Church of St. Raphael at Dubuque. Bishop Loras had a large field, but he worked so untiringly and bravely that he wrought wonders.

The religious denominations were rivals in seeing which could accomplish the most good. On one occasion a Presbyterian missionary entered a lonely cabin on the prairie. He was asked to hold a service, and turned to the woman of the family for a hymnal.

"We have a hymnal, but it's only a Methodist hymnal," she said, doubtfully.

"That makes no difference. Bring it out," he replied.

After singing, he inquired, jokingly:

"Now, have you a Methodist Bible?"

The woman laughed. She realized that the Lord's work is not confined to any one sect.

When a settlement was large enough, it obtained a preacher of its own, who officiated in the school house until a church was erected. When a church was about to be built subscription papers were circulated to raise the means of meeting expenses. Money was scarce, and the settlers who could not pay in coin contributed merchandise. The men who were employed on the church accepted provisions and clothing, if they could not get money.

One minister who was energetic ascertained that the carpenter would be unable to finish the church within a certain time, because he was teaching school for a living and must attend to this duty. The minister volunteered to teach the school while the church was being put up. The carpenter agreed, and the church was soon erected.

People drove to church behind oxen, if horses were not procurable and the distance was too far for walking. In

funeral processions many of the vehicles were drawn by oxen.

A famous church incident in early Iowa was that connected with "Hummer's bell". "Hummer's bell" was one of the first, if not the first, church bell to ring in Iowa. It was installed in the belfry of the First Presbyterian Church at Iowa City, and the citizens were extremely proud of it. But the Rev. Michael Hummer and his people had a disagreement, and the pastor was convinced that he should take the bell as portion of back salary.

So one day in 1848 he climbed into the interior of the belfry, and had lowered the bell to a friend who stood at the foot of the ladder, when suddenly a number of citizens appeared, bore away the ladder and drove off with the bell in the wagon, leaving Mr. Hummer a prisoner in the belfry.

He shook his fist and called in a manner that showed he was boiling with anger. But the crowd laughed at him and he was abandoned, to descend as best he could.

The whereabouts of the bell remained a secret a long time. Then the old church relic turned up in Salt Lake City, in the possession of the Mormons. It had been buried on the Iowa River, and a Mormon sympathizer had dug it up and conveyed it away by stealth.

"Hummer's bell" has formed the basis for a number of poems and humorous sketches.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAW AND MEDICINE.

It must be remembered that after 1820, to 1834 what is now Iowa practically had no laws at all. When the murder in the Dubuque mining camp occurred the settlers were obliged to form a court of their own to consider the case. Even after Iowa was attached to the Territory of Michigan the laws in force west of the Mississippi, or in the Iowa District, were home-made laws, so to speak, made by the settlers to suit their life. Until Iowa became a Territory, in 1838, the law of the people was largely the law of the land.

Settlers of townships organized among themselves, chose a tribunal or committee to consider the disputes, and guarded each other's interests against the machinations of outsiders and sharpers.

Courts held in Iowa before Territorial organization separate from that of Wisconsin was secured were few and far between. The convention which met at Burlington in November, 1837, to consider the question of independence, drew up a memorial for Congress. In this it was stated that while the district was attached to Michigan from June, 1834, to July, 1836, only two terms of court, a county court, had been held in each of the two counties. And that all Western Wisconsin, for the period of sixteen months, had had but one session of judicial relief.

No wonder the settlers made their own laws!

There is some record of a court held in Burlington in April, 1835. In the spring of 1837 Judge David Erwin held a term of court for Western Wisconsin, and in the spring of 1838 the Hon. Charles Dunn, who, with Judge Erwin, then composed two of the three judges assigned to Wisconsin Territory, held court at Prairie la Porte, in the newly organized County of Clayton.

It is to be regretted that but slight report of the proceedings of these early courts has come to us for our inspection. The country was rude. The people were rough. The court scenes must have been amusing. Undoubtedly they were picturesque.

In July, 1838, Iowa Territory was organized. Charles Mason, Joseph Williams and T. S. Wilson were appointed district judges.

They also were to constitute a supreme court, meeting together for the purpose of correcting errors that might have been committed by them in their respective circuits. These three men, who were Iowa Territory's first judges, deserve to be remembered. They were learned, high-minded and eminent in their profession. Judge Mason was a West Point graduate.

The first court of the Territory was held by Judge Wilson in November, 1838, at Prairie la Porte, Clayton County. Prairie la Porte is now Guttenburg. The settlement then contained only three houses, which were log cabins. Delhi was another scene of an early court. The people who attended court dined out of their wagons, the judge doing as did the rest. The court-house at Delhi was a one-story log cabin on the bank of the lake. The jury met in the loft above the main room of the cabin. The floor of the loft was

of loose boards, and when the jurors walked about the judge, sitting below, expected every moment that somebody would fall through upon him.

The grand jury held its sessions in a grove near by. The foreman sat on a stump. A man who was held to answer a criminal charge tried to crawl through the long grass, to hear what the jury was saying about his case, so that if it was going hard with him he might make his escape; but he was discovered and hustled away, out of earshot.

In Territorial days, and even thereafter, in newly settled communities, court was held in whatever building was most available. It was liable to be a school house or a grocery store. A grocery store-room constituted the first court-house in Jackson County. This court was held in Bellevue. Although the store-room was not occupied by the grocer, he intended to move in soon and use it as a dwelling house. In the meantime some of his supplies were placed there, for keeping. In order to provide space for the judge, a hogshead of molasses was rolled against the wall, and set on end. One of the attorneys named James Grant had such a powerful voice that when he began to speak all the people who had been sitting in the shade of the trees, in front of the building, made a rush for the interior, thinking that a fight was in progress.

The court bailiff's name was Peterson. He was only about five feet high, and was very broad and squat. His legs were so short that he was lost in the throng. He called:

"Silence!"

No one paid any attention to him.

"Silence!" again shouted Peterson.

The men still pressed forward, and great uproar continued.

Then the bailiff thought of a scheme. He saw the molasses barrel, standing on end, and he hopped upon it.

"Silence!" he yelled. To emphasis the word he raised himself on tiptoe—and the head of the barrel gave way. Into the molasses, up to his chin, sank Bailiff Peterson. The court suspended proceedings until the bailiff had been taken to the river and washed.

Indians were frequent attendants at court, and figured in many of the cases. Their sense of justice was keen, but their reasoning was odd. Once this same Grant (afterwards Judge Grant) and Judge Samuel Murdock defended an Indian boy accused of killing a liquor dealer in the Winnebago reservation. When the Indians met to consider the amount that should be paid the lawyers for services, an old chief arose and said:

"I was present at the trial. I heard all the talk, but I did not understand a word. I suppose the talking was good. The little man talked the loudest, and according to my opinion he ought to have the most pay."

Judge Murdock had done the major part of the work in the trial, and had displayed great ability, but "the little man", Grant, received an extra $100 because of his loud voice!

One time, when court was being held at Garnavillo, in Clayton County, a stranger entered the tavern where a large crowd awaited dinner. He asked for lodging. He was seven feet tall, and attracted so much attention that the people decided to find out who he was.

Frontier residents did not stop for introductions, but

rather enjoyed being blunt and straightforward. So on this occasion the smallest man in the room was hoisted onto the shoulders of five other men, until his face was on a level with the face of the stranger. The little man then said:

"Sir, I have come as a committee to ask you who you are, where you live, what business you have here, and from what breed of men you got those long legs."

The stranger smiled good-naturedly and answered:

"Sir, my name is Hutchinson, I reside in Iowa County, I am going to Fort Atkinson, and I got my long legs from Grandfather Long Shanks."

Supreme court was first held at Burlington; afterwards at Iowa City. The judges who went from Dubuque to Burlington traveled by river when the weather permitted; in winter they journeyed on horseback. The trip took five days.

The supreme court-room at Burlington was a travern. It is related that a man accused of stealing a rifle was acquitted, whereupon he promptly seized the weapon, which had been leaning against the wall, and made off with it. His lawyer was furious, because this gun was to have been the fee!

The judges, attorneys and other persons attending the early courts were given but poor accommodations. Some slept in wagons; some on the ground. Indoors, hay spread on the floor of travern or cabin was the bed of the majority. This hay was apt to be swarming with fleas!

What actual beds there were, were well crowded. One young lawyer, fresh from the East, was horrified to see his bed-fellow, a stranger, pull from beneath his coat a long bowie-knife, and tuck it under his pillow.

In default of other design county clerks were instructed to use the eagle side of a half dollar as their seal.

The early settlers were largely their own physicians. Distances were so great that by necessity the pioneers learned to care for their minor ailments. The mother prepared doses of "simples," made from plants perhaps growing right at hand. If the case required more skillful services father or the eldest boy saddled up a horse from the plow and rode with all speed for the nearest physician. Forty miles at a stretch would be covered, through the night and storm, through mud and angry creek, until the doctor's cabin or boarding place was reached. Then he would hasten to the patient, the messenger guiding him, for another forty miles.

The doctor's fee might by small, indeed, but the old physicians did not refuse attendance on this account. The settler paid what he was able; if not in money, in whatever else the doctor would accept.

Calls were made on horseback. Among the possessions of an old-time doctor were great "pill-bags," containing the mixtures popular in the days when used. Like the country doctor of the present, the physicians who attended the settlers were dentists as. well as medical practitioners. For pulling teeth the "turnkey" was widely known. It was an enormous, unwieldly instrument, but when it once grasped a tooth that tooth came out. Settlers asserted that a "turnkey" would extract a stump from a field.

Among the early physicians were a number of ignorant, but shrewd men, who has prestige because of their knowledge of human nature, and because of their claims to an understanding of the properties of roots and leaves. These were the "botanic" doctors. One old chap said:

"I can't write, but I can read writin', an' I can sign my name."

He was satisfied with this.

The Indians knew a great deal—more than the whites—about the uses of plants, and had at their command a host of other remedies, as effective as simple. "Indian doctors" were much in demand by isolated pioneers, and even were preferred by some people to regular physicians.

In speaking of the professions early represented in this section, mention must be made of the Dubuque Visitor, the first newspaper of what is now Iowa. The Dubuque Visitor was started in May, 1836, with John King as publisher. King was not a practical printer, and selected Andrew Keesecker to do the mechanical work. Keesecker became one of the most famous printers Iowa has produced. He was a fast compositor, but stuttered badly in his speech.

Keesecker and a fellow printer named Wood entered into a contest to see which could set up the Lord's prayer the quicker. The "amen" at the end was to be pronounced audibly, as a sign that the prayer had been completed. Wood pronounced the word first. Keesecker said, indignantly:

"That's wh-what I've b-b-been tryin' t-to say this h-h-half hour!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOCATING A CAPITAL.

Burlington was the first capital of Iowa Territory. Not until nearly twenty years had passed was the seat of government located at Des Moines, the present site. The capital moved westward by degrees, being for some years at Iowa City.

Burlington has twice been a capital. When Wisconsin Territory, which included what is now Iowa, was organized, in 1836, its Legislature met at Belmont, a small town which would now be in the State of Wisconsin. The question of a permanent capital came up for discussion.

Some members of the Legislature were of the opinion that the Territorial limits of 1836 would not be changed for many years, and that, therefore, the capital should be located about midway between Lake Michigan and the Missouri River. This would be on the banks of the Mississippi. With a view of capturing the seat of government the town of Cassville was platted, on the east side of the Mississippi, about twenty-five miles below Prairie du Chien.

Others in the Legislature believed that with the increasing population Wisconsin Territory soon would be divided, and new Territories made. The Mississippi River would be the natural division. So these men thought the capital of Wisconsin should be located near what would be the middle of a new Wisconsin Territory.

Dubuque, Bellevue and Peru were the towns on the banks

of the Mississippi seeking the honor of being chosen capital; Madison, now in Wisconsin State, was the favorite of the party opposing a Mississippi River site.

Dubuque County, of course, voted against Madison, but Des Moines County, the other of the two counties composing Western Wisconsin, voted for Madison, and Madison won the day.

The Des Moines County representatives were pretty sharp. By hook and crook they showed Burlington had more residents than Dubuque, and secured a provision in the law to the effect that Burlington should be the temporary capital, until Madison was prepared for the duties. Thus Dubuque and the other towns on the Mississippi were outwitted by Burlington.

The candidacy of Burlington was much assisted by the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, Jr., a member of the Wisconsin Legislature that decided the question of capital. Before the government officials could settle at Madison public buildings must be erected there. Belmont was so small, and the accommodations so meager, that the Territorial attaches did not like the idea of staying there until Madison was prepared. Mr. Smith was one of the wealthiest men in the Territory. He offered to put up a suitable building in Burlington for a temporary capital, if the legislature would hold its next session there.

This was agreed to, it being understood the structure would cost $10,000. Belmont, having enjoyed brief glory of a capital, lapsed into obscurity, and the site of the old town is now a farm.

The capital at Burlington was to be used until March 4, 1839, unless the public buildings at Madison were com-

pleted before this limit. But only a few meetings were held in the structure, for fire destroyed it during the second session of the Wisconsin Legislature, in the fall of 1837. Legislatures used to assemble every year, instead of every two years, as now.

After the fire the Council, as the Territorial Senate was termed, met in the upper room of a store building; the House in a frame dwelling.

The third Wisconsin Territorial Legislature also convened at Burlington, in extra session, in the summer of 1838. This session received the notice from Washington that Congress approved an act making Western Wisconsin a Territory, with name of Iowa.

Thus Burlington, having served as capital of Wisconsin Territory, was on the high road to farther honor. It was expected that the town would be the capital of the new Territory.

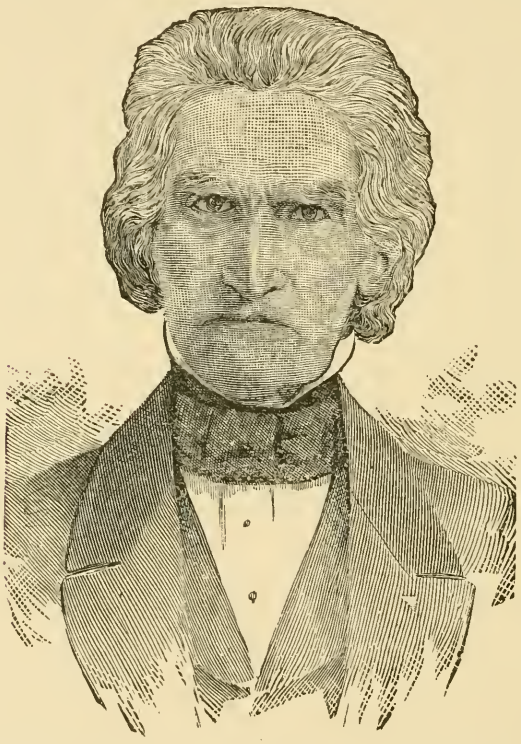
July 4, 1838, Iowa Territory was organized. Robert Lucas, of Ohio, was appointed governor, by the president, with power to select the capital, and to do a great many other things made necessary by the conditions encountered. He was commissioner of Indian affairs as well.

Governor Robert Lucas was a distinguished man. He had twice been governor of Ohio. He had been nineteen years in the Ohio Legislature, had presided at the national convention which nominated President Jackson for a second term, and had served in the War of 1812.

Mr. Lucas was a native of Virginia, and at this time fifty-seven years old. He was tall and spare, and bore some resemblance to Andrew Jackson. His hair was tinged with gray, and was combed back without a part, so that it

formed a ruff, or "top." He was quiet and reserved in his manner.

The time allowed Governor Lucas to remove from Ohio to Iowa was very short, and his preparations were hurriedly made. Before he transacted much business devolving



ROBERT LUCAS (First Governor of Iowa Territory).

upon him by reason of his new duties he made a tour of the river counties for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the people whom he was to govern. He stopped a few days at Burlington, but did not at once choose it as the capital.

Before fall Governor Lucas had ascended the Mississippi

from Keokuk to Dubuque, and had been entertained by Antoine LeClaire, and had learned a great deal about Iowa. When the boat halted at the "landings," as the towns along the bank were termed, he gathered much information from the people whom he met. Where Sabula now is there was such a crowd on the shore that the governor asked the captain of the Brazil:

"What is the trouble here?"

"They're voting. This is a voting precinct," exclaimed the captain. "Do you want to vote?"

The governor and party decided that they did. The captain had the boat turned into shore, and his passengers stepped onto the bank and voted for Congressman.

After he had seen a number of towns in Iowa Territory, Governor Lucas selected Burlington as capital, until the Legislature should change the location.

The Legislature convened in November, 1838, in Zion Church. The Council had thirteen members, the House, twenty-six.

Zion Church deserves to be remembered. It was the first brick church erected in Iowa Territory, and, besides serving as the first capitol of the Territory, was intimately connected with the growth of this section of the country. It was the court house and was for many years the chief public building, place of amusement, etc., in Burlington.

The Council met in the basement, the House in the main room. The pulpit was the speaker's desk. Only three or four in the Legislature had had experience in such gatherings; therefore, this first general assembly labored under disadvantages.

The legislators came to Burlington on horseback, by

stage, by steamboat, and on foot. Winter set in unusually early. Stationery purchased in the East was blockaded at St. Louis, by the ice, and it became necessary to hire teams to haul the supplies from that city to Burlington. A library of statutes of other Territories and of States, procured for the instruction of the legislators, was left at St. Louis. This increased the difficulties attending the first assembly.

The Legislature had a great amount of work to do. It passed over 600 pages of laws, and although an extravagant policy was favored by many of the members, guided by the wise suggestions of Governor Lucas it inaugurated some beneficent measures.

The Legislature did not always agree with the Governor. He recommended economy. The Assembly, acting contrary to his advice, elected twice the number of officers that Ohio, a comparatively old State, possessed. A member said:

"Uncle Sam is a cow, and we will milk her freely."

As a consequence of this policy, when the Legislature adjourned it had not only used up all the appropriation voted by Congress, but had run in debt, while members had been so reckless that they were compelled to borrow money with which to secure passage to their homes.

The message of Governor Lucas to the Legislature was a wise and statesmanlike document—one of the very best ever delivered to any Iowa legislative assembly. He recommended that land be procured for literary purposes—meaning for a State university—and in other ways showed that he was a broad-minded, far-seeing man.

In this first Legislature were several rather old characters. The president of the Council was Captain Jesse B. Browne, who had been one of the officers stationed at Fort

Des Moines No. 1. He was six feet six inches, and with one exception was the tallest man in Burlington. He was nicknamed the "tall cedar of Lebanon". His rival in height was a Methodist minister.

Then there was Robert G. Roberts, of Cedar County. He never was quiet, but roamed all about the House, joking with his fellow members. He did not keep track of what was going on, and when a motion was put he would call.

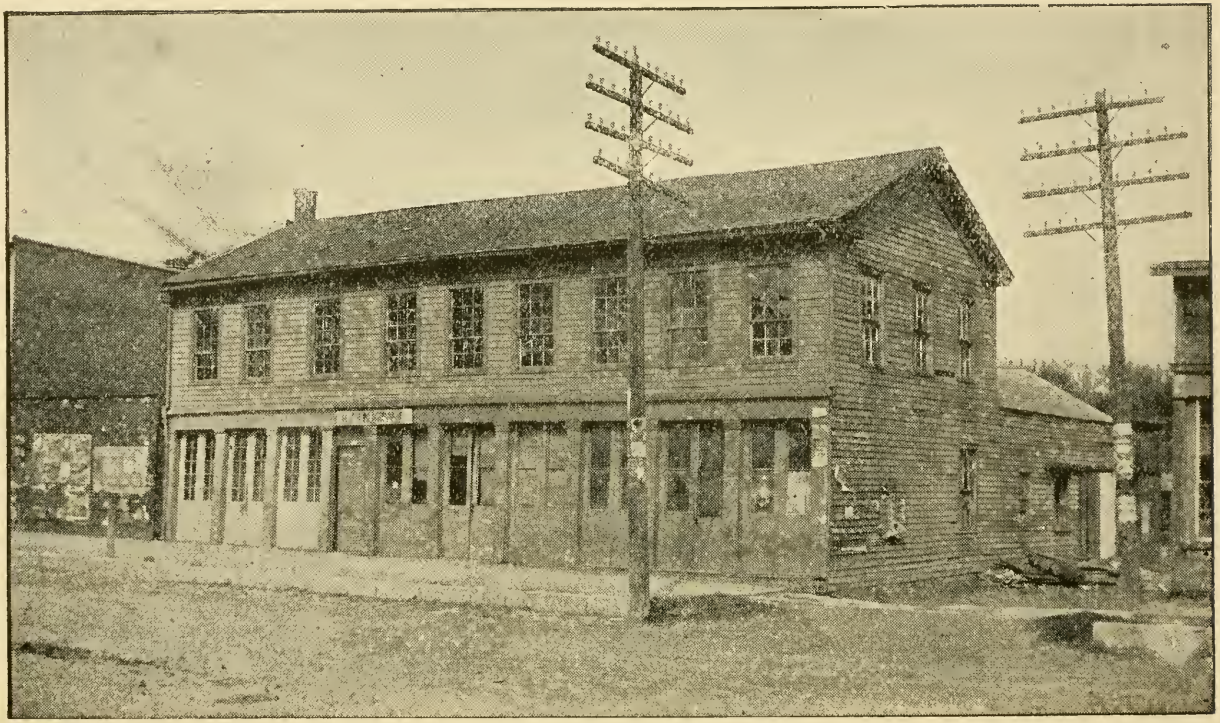
"Mr. Speaker, if Cedar is in that 'ere bill I vote yea; if not, no."

In fun one day a bill was presented depriving the county of Cedar of representation in the House. Roberts, being assured that "Cedar is in that 'ere bill", voted for it. When he discovered what he had done, he begged that the action be reconsidered. The other members assented, but after that Representative Roberts was always careful to understand what was before the House.

James W. Grimes, third governor of the State of Iowa, was a prominent member of the House; in the Council was Stephen Hempstead, destined to be the second governor.

While in Burlington Governor Lucas lived at the Burlington Hotel. In the fall of 1838, Keokuk and his braves paid a visit to the Governor and other Territorial officers. The occasion was one of much display and dignity. Keokuk made an address, to which the Governor responded. In the spring the Governor and party returned the courtesy. Baggage wagons, tents, and cooking utensils were taken along, for the trip to the agency required some time.

A favorite garb in those days was the Mackinaw blanket overcoat. Governor Lucas wore one reaching to his ankles, and having a broad, red stripe around the bottom. The



BUTLER HOTEL, IOWA CITY (Used as a Capitol of Iowa Territory).

Governor was an earnest Christian; he regularly attended service at the Methodist Church, and often, by invitation of the minister, would follow the sermon with an address to the congregation.

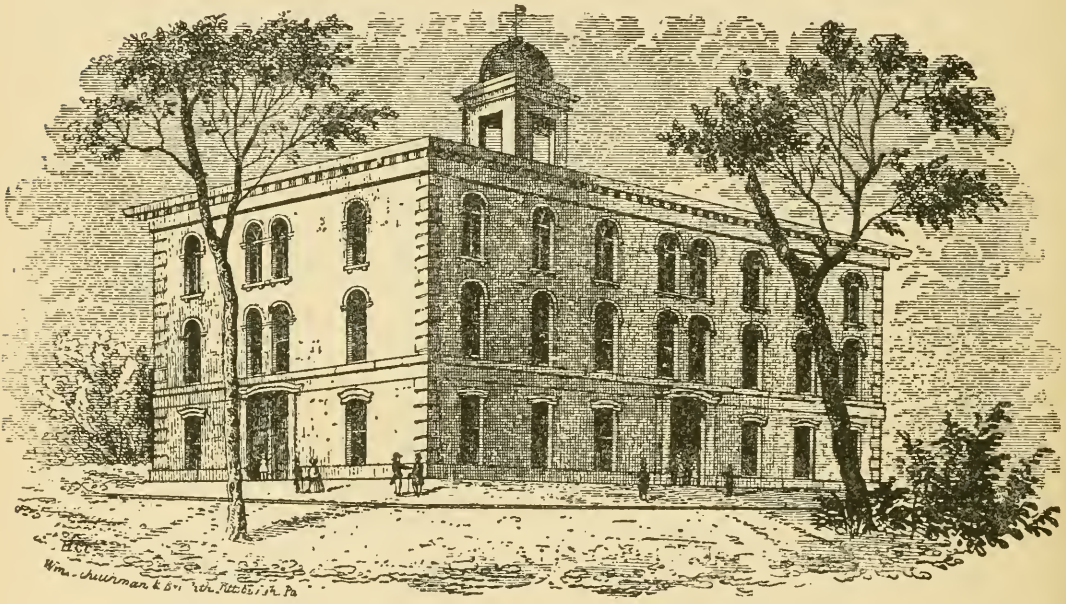
He had been appointed for three years, and in 1841 was succeeded by Governor John Chambers. Governor Lucas then resided on a farm owned by him, near Iowa City. Here, February 7, 1853, he died.

The first Territorial Legislature decided to remove the capital farther west. A commission sent out to select a location in Johnson County, in May, 1839, fixed on a site at Iowa City, or City of Iowa, as it was thought the town would be called. At this time the only building in sight from the spot where the stake had been driven was a half finished log cabin.

April 30, 1841, Governor Lucas issued a proclamation changing the capital from Burlington to Iowa City. Pending the completion of a capitol building, a two-story frame structure, called the Butler Hotel, was used as headquarters, and here, in December, 1841, the fourth regular session of the Iowa Territorial Legislature was held. For five or six years, however, much of the executive business was transacted at Burlington.

Iowa became a State, with Iowa City still the capital. But there was a feeling that the seat of government should be near the center of the area. Des Moines was selected for the honor, and in November, 1857, the State effects were moved from Iowa City and the old capitol, to the new capitol, then hardly more than half finished. It was not until the close of the year that the last loads of State goods—in bobsleds drawn by oxen—reached Des Moines.

The Western Stage Co. gave free transportation to State officials making the change. The members of the Seventh General Assembly, the first Assembly to meet in Des Moines, came to the capital by stage and wagon. Probably some walked. Many legislators traveled over a hundred miles,



OLD CAPITOL AT DES MOINES.

with the thermometer twenty below. No railroads penetrated to the capital then.

The capitol building was in the midst of heavy woods, with squirrels, quail and grouse abundant. Along Four Mile Creek, to the east, were wild turkeys, and an occasional elk and deer. There were no sidewalks near the capitol. Hazel brush was dense. Not far off was a pond con-

taining musk rats. The only bridge across the river was a pontoon structure. The East Side, the side on which the capitol then, as well as to-day, was located, had about thirty houses. Muddy lowland stretched between the capitol and the river.

The first governor of the State of Iowa was Ansel Briggs, who was elected October 26, 1846. He was a native of New Hampshire, and in early manhood had operated a stage line. He was an unassuming man, of pleasing address. He was exceedingly plain in his dress and manners. At this time many people in Iowa were opposed to banks. Ansel Briggs won popularity by his stand on the question, and his utterance at a banquet, "No banks but earth, and these well tilled," greatly assisted his candidacy for the governorship.

The most remarkable of the State governors, preceding war times, was James W. Grimes, third of the executives, and elected in 1854. His administration required a man of strong character, for the slavery contest between the people of Kansas, who wanted slavery, and those who did not want it, was waging, involving Missouri and Iowa. Governor Grimes was a bitter foe to slavery. In his campaign he drove about from county to county, urging all the citizens to stand firm against the importation of slaves into the North. When Iowans who moved into Kansas to settle were maltreated by ruffians trying to keep anti-slavery people out of the Territory, Governor Grimes sent an indignant protest to President Pierce, demanding protection for Iowa emigrants.

Said Governor Grimes, in an address:

"As well attempt to dam the Des Moines River with prairie hay as to try to eradicate the aspirations for univer-

sal freedom from the soul of every American who appreciates his own liberty."

Governor Grimes was also opposed to intoxicating liquor, and would not attend a banquet at Burlington because champagne was to be on the table.

Governor Grimes' career was characterized by honesty of purpose and loyalty to principle. He always meant what he said, and never was guilty of double dealing. His life was especially beautiful because of his devotion to his wife and home.

The State has great reason to remember and be proud of Governor James W. Grimes.

CHAPTER XXV.

A LITTLE BORDER WAR.

When Governor Lucas entered upon the duties of his office he found a serious dispute on his hands. The issue at point was the northern boundary of Missouri—or the southern boundary of Iowa—and before the first executive of Iowa Territory had been in office two years Iowa and Missouri militia were opposing one another, ready to engage in battle.

When Missouri became a State in 1820 her constitution defined her northern boundary as the parallel of latitude that passed through the "rapids of the river Des Moines." The land along this parallel was then in the possession of the Indians, but as soon as the Indian title expired Missouri took steps to establish her exact limits.

In 1836 Missouri appointed a commission to locate this boundary. The United States and the Territory of Wisconsin were invited to have representatives on the commission, but failed to respond. Missouri went ahead alone. In 1837 her commission decided that the "rapids of the river Des Moines" were those rapids in the Des Moines River itself, and that the parallel of latitude indicated by the constitution must be the one passing through the great bend in the Des Moines River, near Keosauqua.

By common usage, for many years the term "Des Moines Rapids" had been taken to mean the rapids in the Mississippi, just above the mouth of the Des Moines. All reports

by travelers who ascended the Mississippi, and all description by rivermen, and even Indians, called these rapids the "Des Moines Rapids."

So here was ground for stubborn argument. To increase the difficulties and confusion, the southern boundary of Wisconsin Territory was defined by Congress as the northern boundary of Missouri!

Thus Missouri claimed a strip of land some thirteen miles wide, now forming Iowa's southern border. The people living in Southern Wisconsin and Northern Missouri were rough and impulsive, ready with the rifle, and awed but little by law. When a Missouri sheriff tried to exercise his duties in what he considered Northern Missouri, the settlers there asserted that he was out of his jurisdiction, and they refused to recognize his authority. He was arrested. Names were called and threats were made.

The dispute was fiercest on the border between Clarke County, Missouri, and what is now Van Buren County, Iowa. The clerk of Clarke County attempted to levy taxes in Iowa, and was resisted. He then appealed to Governor Boggs, of Missouri. That executive ordered out 1,000 militia to uphold what he deemed the dignity of the State.

Governor Lucas, of Iowa Territory, already had passed through a similar contest, when he was Governor of Ohio, between Ohio and Michigan Territory, and had come out with flying colors. Besides, he was a soldier, and prompt in his actions. He at once called for Iowa militia to keep back what promised to be an invasion by Missouri.

The settlements in Iowa Territory at this time, the latter part of 1839, were scattered, and the militia was poorly organized. But within a short time after the call to arms 500

Hawkeyes, under orders from Major-General Jesse B. Browne, were encamped in Van Buren County, and directly opposite were 1,000 Missourians, under General Allen. The two forces were glaring at each other, anxious for a fracas.

Fortunately no fighting occurred. Major-General Browne sent a peace commission into Clarke County. When this commission arrived at Waterloo it was ascertained that the order for levying of taxes had been withdrawn, and that a committee had been dispatched to present to the Iowa Legislature, then in session at Burlington, proposals for friendly arbitration.

General Allen withdrew his troops. The Iowa Legislature assented to a treaty of peace. The valiant Iowa militia was dismissed.

The boundary dispute was not yet settled, although war was averted. Not until January 3, 1851, did the Supreme Court of the United States make a final decree. Iowa won, for while the Supreme Court did not accept the claims of either side as to the rapids, an old Indian boundary line run by John C. Sullivan, government surveyor, in 1816, was selected by the court as the proper one. This was run over again by a commission, to correct errors. The eastern terminus came much below the point insisted on by Missouri, and Iowa was satisfied.

The question was decided just in time. Missouri was a slave State, Iowa a free State, and a tract such as this, if in dispute, would cause most serious trouble.

The land claimed by both Iowa and Missouri was for the most part heavily wooded, and rich in bee trees. On this account the quarrel has been termed the "Honey War." Many jokes were made about the contest. Frontier poets

even wrote verse about it. A Missouri wag composed quite a long poem, which had wide circulation through the settlements. It began as follows:

Ye freemen of this happy land,
Which flows with milk and honey,
Arise! To arms! Your ponies mount!
Regard not blood or money.
Old Governor Lucas, tiger-like,
Is prowling round our borders,
But Governor Boggs is wide awake—
Just listen to his orders:

Three bee trees stand about the line
Between our state and Lucas.
Be ready all these trees to fall
And bring things to a focus.
We'll show old Lucas how to brag,
And seize our precious honey!
He also claims, I understand,
Of us three bits in money.

This "Honey War" was full of amusing incidents, arising from the confusion. Settlers living on the strip in dispute did not know whether they were Iowans or Missourians.

One day two old women of the tract were gossiping together about the ownership of the land. Said one, shaking her head slowly:

"I dew hope it won't fall tew Missouri, fer Missouri's so sickly."

"Wall, I dunno," replied the other, puffing at her pipe. "They alluz raise wheat in Missouri."

Just as though a change in government would change the climate!

Among the settlers of the strip were Samuel Riggs and Jonathan Riggs. They were cousins. Samuel was sheriff of Davis County, Iowa, and Jonathan was sheriff of Schuyler County, Missouri. Both counties claimed the land. Jonathan arrested Samuel for infringing on the laws of Missouri, and thereupon Samuel arrested Jonathan for holding office in Missouri while living in Iowa. Samuel was so angry that he confined his cousin in jail for two months.

It can easily be seen what curious situations would arise from this dispute between Iowa and Missouri.

One of the results of the "Honey War" was the first review of the Iowa militia. When the call was issued by Governor Lucas for troops to repel invasion by Missouri, the Iowa militia had hardly been formed, and was much inferior to the troops of Missouri. Governor Lucas hurriedly appointed commissioned officers in the localities where companies were to be raised. Couriers were sent out on horseback to various points to request all able-bodied men to meet at some locality for the purpose of enlistment. Usually a blacksmith shop or a schoolhouse was selected as a convenient rallying place.

The recruits were ordered to bring with them what weapons they possessed or could procure. Outlying districts did not even know why militia was wanted, but the response to Governor Lucas' appeal was earnest and loyal.

The troops were armed with rifles, shotguns, pistols, and other firearms of a variety of forms. Some of the officers

had trailing dragoon swords; some had straight dress swords; some had no swords. No two men were attired or armed alike. The Iowa Territorial militia of the winter of 1839-40 was a strange sight.

About 1,200 men enlisted under Governor Lucas' proclamation, yet this militia never was paid for its services. Neither were the persons who furnished supplies recompensed for their efforts. Soon after the hostile demonstrations on the border had been quieted, a review of the Border War Army of Iowa Territory was ordered, to take place at Burlington. The Governor wished to ascertain the condition and the numerical strength of the troops. Many of the soldiers hoped the review was ordered so that a payroll might be made up, and were deluded into vain rejoicings.

The Territorial militia was very green, having had comparatively no drill. The men were hastily instructed by Colonel Temple, the commanding officer, so that they might make as presentable an appearance as was possible, under the conditions. In particular, they were impressed with the idea that to be military they must look stern.

The reviewing party consisted of the Governor, his aides, and Lieutenant Ruggles, of the regular army, the inspecting officer. All were on horseback. Governor Lucas wore a blue jeans coat, long, and buttoned closely about his body; his trousers were tucked into high, stout boots; his hat was by no means new. Lieutenant Ruggles was gorgeous, for the army uniform of those days was brilliant with lace and glitter.

His frock coat was of the regulation blue, richly adorned with gold lace and gilt buttons. The collar was a tall stock, which tightly enclosed his throat, as by a vice. His boots

had buff tops. Huge epaulets were on his shoulders, and on his head a chapeau with two long plumes waving from it. The settlers stared at him in admiration.

In marching in review, the militia traversed a field. The ground was uneven, and covered with stumps, hazel brush and the limbs of trees. Every few moments a soldier would stub his toe, and fall. Then his companions, or an officer, would swear at him. When the order, "Present arms," was given, the line showed a medley of rifles and shotguns.

The soldiers watched the handsome lieutenant much more closely than they did their maneuvers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MARCH OF THE MORMONS.

In February, 1839, Governor Lucas, of Iowa Territory, received a communication from Elder Isaac Galland, of the Mormon Church, asking whether, if Mormons purchased land in Iowa, they would be permitted to stay there.

Governor Lucas replied that he knew of no authority which would deprive them of their rights to reside in the Territory; that they were citizens of the United States, and Iowa would see that they were given the privileges enjoyed by other citizens.

The leader of the Mormons in this day was Joseph Smith. He claimed that in a vision he had been told to dig in the ground at a certain spot. Following the instructions, he had unearthed a book of stone. He translated the characters contained in the book, and said he had found the Book of the Mormon, which presented a new religion.

Joseph Smith was living in Western New York. He began to preach. His followers increased, and in 1831 the sect established headquarters at Kirkland, Ohio. From there this Church of Mormon, or Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, removed to New Jerusalem, in Missouri. The Missouri people, like the Ohio people, opposed the settlement, and in 1838 the members of the faith were driven out of the State. A number were killed, and others were roughly treated. It was necessary to seek a refuge among a

more friendly people, and the eyes of many Mormons turned to Iowa Territory.

Having received this courteous response from Governor Lucas, Elder Galland and a number of others in the church settled in the southeastern corner of the new Territory. Part of the town site of Keokuk was bought by the Mormons, and at Nashville, later Galland, Montrose and other points in Lee County property was acquired. By January, 1840, about 100 families were residents of Lee County.

The condition of some of these Mormons was pitiable. It is related that in December, 1839, a crowd of men, returning from a visit to Pennsylvania, was obliged to leave the steamboat at the foot of the Des Moines Rapids, and walk around the rapids, because the river was so low. Where Galland is the travelers saw a little cabin. They thought they might get some refreshment here, so they looked in.

On the floor lay a white-headed, old man, his wife, and several children. The weather was quite cold, yet the family had only straw as covering.

The wife said that once her husband had been prosperous, but that because they were Mormons they had been driven out of Missouri, and their cabin there, with all its contents, had been burned.

A Missourian in the party said:

"Served you right. I wish we had caught you and fixed you before you got out of Missouri."

Daniel Miller, one of his companions, spoke up, and strongly rebuked the Missourian, using such emphatic language that the two men nearly had a fight.

In 1840 Miller was running for the Legislature. While

campaigning he revisited the spot, and found a lively settlement. Here he was stricken with fever and ague, and, strangely enough, was taken care of by the very family who had been so destitute not a year before. When Miller was well, and about to start out again, the Mormon husband said:

"You're running for the Legislature, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Miller, "I am."

"Well," continued the other, "you just go home and stay there, and don't worry over election. We Mormons hold the balance of power in this section, and I'll see to it that you're elected."

Miller knew that the man spoke the truth. He went home, and waited. When the ballots were counted it was found he had a splendid majority.

The bulk of the Mormons, after their flight from Missouri, gathered at Quincy, Illinois. But they did not stay here long.

They wanted a permanent home. Across the Mississippi from Montrose was the village of Commerce, formerly a trading post. This site the Mormons purchased, built a city, and called it Nauvoo. The community flourished, large numbers of converts flocking into it.

Even the Indians were curious. The Mormons tried to enlist them in the cause, and one day Keokuk, with fifty braves, their squaws and pappooses, visited Nauvoo, to smoke the pipe of peace at a conference with his "brother," Joseph Smith.

But Keokuk was unconvinced. Said he:

"As for the New Jerusalem, to which we are all going to emigrate, so far as he was concerned, it depended very much

on whether there would be any government annuities (yearly payments), and as for 'the milk and honey' which was to flow over the land, he was not particular—he much preferred whisky."

The Mormons carried things with too high a hand. Illinois set about to expel them. Rumors bearing the gravest charges against the Saints were in circulation. There were reports of an organization among them termed the Sons of Danites, for the purpose of driving out dissenters, and killing enemies, and even inoffensive persons. The murder of Colonel Davenport, on Rock Island, was laid at the door of the Danites. During Iowa Territorial days portions of Iowa and Illinois contiguous to the Mississippi were infested with desperate thieves and robbers, and the Sons of Danites were supposed to have a hand in the doings of these bands. The doctrine of plurality of wives also was detested by the Gentiles, or anti-Mormons.

In June, 1845, Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were killed by a mob at Carthage, Illinois. In October the Mormon leaders signed a paper, by which they promised to leave the State as fast as their affairs could be settled up.

At this time there were in Nauvoo and suburbs 2,500 houses, some frame shanties, others very handsome structures of brick or stone. A great temple was under way. It was to be two full stories, built from white stone, and carved with mystic figures of the moon and sun. Over the wide entrance arch was to be in letters of gold "Holiness to the Lord." The spire was to soar one hundred and fifty feet into the sky, and on the point was to be an angel holding a golden trumpet.

The Gentiles asserted that this temple was a fortification,

to be used to withstand attack. Hatred of the Mormons grew so, that while the workman labored on the building he kept weapons close at hand.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints now prepared for another change of abiding place. Driven out of Ohio, Missouri and Illinois, the Mormons decided this time to go so far that they would not again be molested. In January, 1846, a circular announced that early in March a party of pioneers would be sent to the Rocky Mountains, to seek a site for another city.

In February the Mormons began to leave Illinois. They crossed from Nauvoo into Iowa. At first they rowed over in river crafts, but intense cold soon froze the water in the channel, so that the ice was safe. By the end of the month 1,200 wagons had made the passage. The transfer continued, until by the middle of May 16,000 Mormons were on Iowa soil. This was the first detachment, and now began the long pilgrimage westward.

The first camp was at Sugar Creek. Snow covered the ground, for the spring was backward. But, although wet, cold and exiled, the Saints set out in a long line, with 3,000 wagons, 30,000 head of cattle, many horses, mules and sheep, for a new home they knew not where.

As the march progressed, Mormon stations were established. The second camp was at Richardson's point, Lee County. April 27, the site of Garden Grove, Decatur County, was reached. The bugle sounded a halt, and a company was told off to form a settlement. The site of Mt. Pisgah, Union County, was attained June 17, and here also sprang up a Mormon community.

These stations were resting places, and bases of supplies, for the Mormon emigrants who followed.

MORMON HAND-CART TRAIN CROSSING IOWA.

The Mormons who tried to remain in Nauvoo after the first body left were harshly used. In September they were attacked by Gentiles, and after brief resistance capitulated. They were compelled to hasty flight, and those overtaken on the Illinois shore were ducked, and sent, dripping, over the river on flatboats. The place in Iowa where they huddled, miserable and poor, was termed "Poor Camp." Their plight was so wretched that Illinois people sent them provisions.

'Poor Camp" was two miles above Montrose. From Garden Grove and Mt. Pisgah the Mormons in advance dispatched wagons to the relief of their suffering brethren. Before these arrived, a multitude of quail fell in "Poor Camp," and all along the river for forty miles. This was thought to be an act of divine favor.

In October "Poor Camp" was deserted. In the meantime the other Mormons were traversing Iowa. All summer long this pilgrimage was in progress. The Mormons were not dismayed by their trials, but were a merry throng. Stringed instruments were in every party, and around the evening campfires story telling, singing and dancing were indulged in. Prayers were offered every night, and at every halt.

At first northwest winds blew in the faces of the travelers. As spring advanced the prairie became muddy and soft, and rains were frequent. Sometimes a mile a day was all that could be accomplished. Many of the vehicles were hand carts, with canvas tops. The women as well as the men stood between the shafts, and pulled.

As the weather grew warmer pasturage was abundant, provisions were plenty, and fuel was easily procured. No enemies were present to molest the Saints. Iowa treated the

strangers kindly, and they loudly sang hymns of thankfulness as they marched.

But there were many deaths. Bodies were placed between two half cylinders formed by stripping bark from a log, and were buried in a shallow grave. The aged and the ill rode in the wagons.

The Mormons were objects of much curiosity to the settlers. Ignorant people spread the report that the pilgrims were going about in imitation of John the Baptist, clad in buffalo robes. Others insisted that the Saints were in the pay of the British, and were taking to the Pottawattamies gifts of scarlet uniforms, and twelve brass field pieces.

July 1, 1846, the first wagons reached the Missouri River, where Council Bluffs now is. Temporary camp was made here until it was ascertained that the Pawnees, Omahas and Sioux would permit them to cross the Missouri. In August the Mormons entered Nebraska. "Winter Quarters" was established on the west side of the Missouri. Here the Mormons stayed until the summer of 1848. Then a portion of them went on to Salt Lake; the rest returned to the site of Council Bluffs, and made headquarters within the present limits of the city.

Soon they occupied a large part of Pottawattamie and Mills Counties, guided public sentiment and controlled elections.

They were very fond of dancing. The balls opened with prayer. As the women outnumbered the men, two women were assigned each man, as partners. The march of the Mormons across Iowa still continued. Even as late as 1860 parties stopped off at Council Bluffs, formerly known as Kanesville, to outfit ere attempting the plains westward. In

1855 several hundred men, women and children came in on foot, hauling hand carts procured at Iowa City.

The Mormons were the pioneers who settled Western Iowa. After their arrival in 1846, the vicinity of Council Bluffs rapidly increased in population. Every party of Saints passing through left behind a few persons to swell the number. The Mormon Trail was a favorite highway for the emigrants. The Mormon pilgrims of the spring and summer of 1846 opened the first road through Iowa.

Many Mormons who did not believe in the whole doctrine taught by their leaders, particularly the section authorizing a man to have more than one wife, remained in this State. They are styled the Reformed Church of the Latter Day Saints. The headquarters of this branch is to-day Lamoni, in Decatur County. The membership is large and the people are orderly and law abiding.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOME RATHER EXTRAORDINARY COLONIES.

While Iowa was being settled a number of odd bands of people sought a home in the Territory. Some were worthy, and some were unworthy.

Among the latter was the Socialistic Commonwealth, at Salubria, Van Buren County. This was founded by Abner Kneeland, an infidel and scoffer at God and Christianity—in fact, a believer in no deity and in no religion. In 1834 Kneeland created a great stir in Boston, where he lived and where he lectured on his theories. In 1837 or 1838 he conceived the idea of instituting a colony in the West. Naturally, as the Iowa District and the "New Lands" were attracting much attention, he selected this region for investigation, and finally fixed upon a point two miles south of Farmington. He and his followers settled here, and adopted the name Salubria for the community.

The settlement was composed of reckless and deluded men and women, and was an eyesore to pure-minded people. Many an early minister of Iowa had a tilt with Kneeland, who delighted in assailing the Gospel and the teachings of the Bible. He was a fine appearing man, and had little difficulty in impressing the more ignorant of the settlers. But in 1842 he grew arrogant enough to put an infidel state ticket in the political field. He was defeated, and from that hour his power waned. Soon afterward he died. The colony went to ruin. Now there is only open country where Salubria once was.

Another queer order of people that for some years dwelt in Iowa was composed of followers of "Baneemyism".

The leader was Charles B. Thompson, who had been a Mormon at Nauvoo, but who moved to St. Louis, where he started a church of his own. In 1853 this church chose a site on Soldier River, fifteen miles southeast of Onawa, in Monona County, and in 1854 quite a flourishing settlement was there. The town was called Preparation. The colony owned several thousand acres.

Thompson asserted he was Ephraim of the Scriptures, and instructed his people to address him as "Father Ephraim". He said he was under direction of a spirit named "Baneemy". He told his followers that they must transfer to him all their property, even apparel, and must render him service free. His dupes did this, but when they asked him to restore to them some of their goods he refused.

Then Elder Hugh Lytle and twenty others sued "Father Ephraim", but could get no satisfaction. Thus trouble occurred, so that the colony at Preparation was divided, the Lytleites bitterly opposing Thompson.

Thompson termed himself "Chief Steward of the Lord", and transferred the property he was holding to his wife and to a confederate, Guy C. Barnum, "Assistant Chief Steward of the Lord". He pretended he was working for the good of the people.

One day, in the fall of 1858, Thompson and Barnum were returning from Onawa. They were within a mile of Preparation when a young woman met them and told them to flee if they wanted to escape hanging. At this moment they saw riding over a hill in front of them some horsemen.

"Father Ephraim" and his "assistant steward" leaped out of the wagon, unhitched the team, mounted the horses, and away they galloped. Through ravine and across plain fled

the two men, pursued clear to Onawa by the infuriated Lytleites.

A hanging did not take place, but this was the last of "Baneemyism" and the reign of "Father Ephraim".

So much for some of the unworthy colonies. Of a far different character are the Amana people, who came to Iowa in 1855. They left Germany in 1852, seeking a new life and a wider range of liberty in America. They settled at Ebenezer, near Buffalo, New York, calling themselves the Community of True Inspiration. In 1855 they purchased 18,000 acres of land in Iowa County, Iowa, and founded a colony which bore the name Amana—meaning "remain true". Since then the society has grown and prospered, until there are several towns, and the thriftiness and honesty of the citizens are known all over the country.

About 1859 a large party of Hungarians, exiles because of their rebellion against Austria, arrived in Iowa, and settled on the Grand River, in Decatur County. Iowa welcomed them, as she welcomed all oppressed and persecuted people, and was taking measures to give them a grant of land for a home when they decided to seek a haven farther south, because of the cold Iowa winters. So they moved to Texas. But Hungarian patriotism is honored by Kossuth County, named after Louis Kossuth, who led the Hungarians in their struggles against the Austrian Government.

Before either the Community of True Inspiration, or the Hungarian settlement, a body of Hollanders came to Iowa and established themselves in Marion County, at Pella. In the summer of 1847 there appeared in St. Louis a company of 700 stout Dutchmen seeking a place where they might worship as they pleased. From St. Louis they sent out a

committee to find the spot best fitted for their purpose. Dutch emigrants were much in favor then, as now, and many States offered inducements. Illinois had Nauvoo, which the Mormons had just given up; but Nauvoo did not win the day. Missouri was objectionable on account of the existence of slavery. Texas was too eager. Iowa was chosen.

From St. Louis the Hollanders went on a steamboat up the river to Keokuk. Before they disembarked they held a service of thankfulness. Then they bought supplies—horses, oxen and wagons—preparing for their march inland. They paid in gold and the settlers were glad enough to have such good customers.

When the strangers tried to drive the horses the animals proved a source of much amusement, because they did not understand the Dutch commands. Not until an obliging settler spoke to the horses in round frontier American did they consent to move.

The men wore knickerbockers, velvet jackets, and soft flowing ties. On their low shoes were great silver buckles. The women were rosy cheeked, and had funny little bonnets and caps. All in all, this was an odd looking calvacade that passed up the Des Moines Valley. No wonder the settlers stared.

When the travelers arrived at a spot where a pole stuck in the earth bore a shingle reading "Pella", they knew they had reached their journey's end. Pella means "place of refuge".

From Pella have gone forth all over Iowa, and into many another state, men and women who represent the very best in citizenship.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM CANOE TO RAILROAD.

The rivers were Iowa's first highways. The Indian in his canoe made free use of them, and the trapper in his dug-out sped from point to point on their current. The rivers used to be much larger than they are now. The Iowa, Des Moines, Cedar and even the Turkey were thought to be navigable, and for a long time it was supposed that with the advance of civilization the interior of Iowa would echo to the whistle and the puffing of steamboats. Settlers congratulated themselves on possessing land on the banks of such streams, and towns were boomed on the strength of their importance as traffic centers.

But, although steamboats did ascend some of the rivers, the ventures did not continue to be remunerative. Shallows proved vexatious, speculation was too airy, and the advent of railroads made competition too sharp. To-day the Mississippi and the Missouri may be said to be the only navigable streams of Iowa.

Before the steamboats put in an appearance the whites—French voyageurs, trappers and traders, and American rivermen—introduced on the Mississippi and Missouri the bargee, or barge, the keel boat, the batteau, the pirogue, the Kentucky broadhorn, and the Mackinaw.

The barge was flat bottomed, and was not unlike the barge of to-day, but had one or two masts bearing a square sail. If one mast, it was set forward. Near the stern was a cabin, and a platform on which stood the helmsman in order

to manipulate his great sweep. Some of these barges were one hundred feet long and twenty wide, and were rowed by fifty men.

A keel boat was a barge with a shallow hold and low hull. The freight was "boxed" on deck, with a gangway, called the "walking board", on the two sides. This "walking board" might project over the hull.

Progress of barges and keel boats and other flat bottomed crafts was made by a variety of methods. If the water was shallow, and the current not too swift, poling was resorted to. If near the shore, there was a chance to "bushwhack"—that is, catch hold of the bushes and pull the boat along. "Cordelling" was another scheme. A cable was passed ahead on shore, and fastened to a tree. Then, grasping the rope on board, the crew walked from bow to stern with it on one side of the barge, each man, as he dropped it, returning by the other side to take a fresh grip at the bow again. That is why, on keel boats, the gangway was termed the "walking board". Sometimes men trudged along the bank, hauling the boat by a rope. There was a spice of danger in this, because savages or wild beasts or rattle snakes might be encountered.

Batteaux, Mackinaws and Kentucky broadhorns were similar to barges and keel boats. A pirogue was shaped like a flatiron, with square stern, and sharp bow, and flat bottom. Flat boats, or barges of various descriptions, were wont, even while Iowa still belonged to France and Spain, to come to St. Louis from Mackinaw, at the head of Lake Michigan. They entered the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. Keel boats were favored by the government for transporting troops up the Mississippi. Sails and sweeps were used, and

it may easily be seen that the rapids proved quite an obstacle.

When a trapper or bee hunter wished to take advantage of a water route he made a dug-out by felling a tree, and burning the heart out of it, so as to obtain a rude shell for a boat. Indian canoes could be secured from the tribes, but the dug-out was more satisfactory for carrying goods. Dug-outs were used by the early settlers, too, and if larger craft was needed timber for a flat boat was plentiful.

Steamboats churned the Mississippi some years before white settlers were allowed in Iowa. It is said that in 1820 the steamer Mandan got as far as the foot of the Des Moines Rapids, and was unable to ascend. The Indians were amazed by her puffing and whistling. They peered at her from the high bliffs, and then fled, bearing to their friends tales of a terrible demon that had appeared in the Mississippi.

The first steamboat to pass along Iowa's eastern border was the Virginia, which, in 1823, carried supplies to Prairie du Chien. Colonel Davenport piloted her over the rapids that stretch from Rock Island to Le Claire. The Shamrock, Captain James, in 1827 made the first trip on private business on this section of the Mississippi.

In 1827 the steamboat Yellowstone was sent up the Missouri from St. Louis by the American Fur Company.

Although from the very first the Des Moines River was deemed a navigable stream, not until the building of Fort Raccoon did the steamboat industry assume important proportions. The pioneer steamboat on the Des Moines was the S. B. Science, Captain Clark, which made a short trip in the fall of 1837.

August 9, 1843, the Ione landed troops and supplies at Raccoon Forks, now Des Moines City. The Ione was the first steamboat to ascend so far above the mouth of the river, and was hailed with rejoicing by the settlers whom it passed.

Now navigation of the Des Moines took a great spurt. The Des Moines River was to be one of the most valuable streams in the country, and Central Iowa was to be the favored portion of the Territory. Congress was asked to assist in the matter, and in August, 1846, turned over to Iowa a large quantity of public land yet unsold, bordering the river on either side.

This land was to be put on the market by Iowa, and the money acquired was to be spent in facilitating navigation on the Des Moines.

"Des Moines River Improvement" set the people in Central Iowa wild. No man who prized his popularity dared say a word against it. It entered politics and became the issue of the campaigns.

The story is given out that in 1850 two men, running for Congress, were campaigning together, and saw a farmer in a field. The rivals started for him as fast as they could run. The one who reached the goal first stretched out his hand and cried, breathlessly:

"Hurrah for river improvement!"

Then he discovered the supposed farmer was only a scarecrow.

But politics and speculation ruined the progress of Des Moines River Improvement. The bubble burst. In 1866 the Legislature declared the Des Moines, and the Turkey from the town of El Dorado, no longer navigable. This

decision permitted the building of dams and bridges, which had been prohibited because obstructing the course of the steamboats.

While Des Moines River Improvement was in its glory the boats running did a good business. They carried considerable freight and transported passengers from town to town. Standing on the deck of a steamer the crew and passengers joked and chaffed with the people on shore, as the channel swerved now to one side, now to the other. A steamboat could go clear to Fort Dodge.

An Ottumwa paper of June, 1854, said:

"Since our last issue the steamboats have had fine times on the Demoine. The Globe, Sangamon, Col. Morgan, Julia Dean, Time and Tide, J. B. Gordon and Alice have all made trips up, some of them going as high as Fort Demoine. All of them returned to the Mississippi with loads as heavy as they could bear. Although we have numerous boats running on the Demoine this spring, and a vast amount of produce has been carried away, still a large portion of the surplus products of the country remains unshipped; and boats could make it profitable, if there was water enough, to run the whole season."

A number of towns sprang up along the banks at places designed for landings. While navigation lasted they attained considerable importance. But when the river became too shallow for the boats, and traffic ceased, the main occupation of these towns was gone. Their object for existing vanished, and in cases where the railroad did not help them they were left to dream of the times that were, and of those that might have been. Quiet, uneventful towns are these, eternally waiting for something to "turn up".

It seems strange to us who now see with what a network of railroads Iowa is covered, to know that for many years after settlement stage coaches connected the important points, and that the idea of iron tracks crossing the country was denounced as visionary. But not until 1867 did a locomotive traverse the whole State of Iowa.

Until the coming of the railroad, and for many years after the building of the first lines, the stage answered the general demands of inland travel and traffic. Frink and Walker was the company operating the first stages in Iowa. In 1854 the Western Stage Company succeeded the older concern.

The early vehicles furnished to the public were simply two horse wagons without springs, and having a canvas top. These were pretty rough conveyances, especially on the prairie roads. The route out of Des Moines was Oskaloosa first day; Fairfield second; Keokuk third. The fare was ten dollars a passenger.

When the Western Stage Company assumed charge of the stage lines in Iowa it put on wagons called by the public "jerkies". But in 1855 the regulation Concord coaches were substituted. These were drawn by four horses, and cost a thousand dollars each.

Nine passengers could ride inside and four on top. Meals were served at stations. The driver blew a horn to announce the approach to a halting place. Even in these coaches the bumps and other inequalities of the road could be felt, and progress was not entirely comfortable.

"How far to Demoine City?" asked a traveler of the driver, at Apple Grove in 1854.

"Sixteen miles," answered the driver.

"How long will it take to get there?"

"We can make it in five hours, I reckon, if the horses hold out and the bottom of the road does not give way."

Among the stage routes was one from Davenport to Council Bluffs. This passed through Iowa City, Des Moines and Adel, and traversed 327 miles. Another from Lyons to Cedar Rapids, Iowa City, Davenport and Dubuque; from Keokuk to Iowa City; from Keokuk to Keosauqua; and from Oskaloosa to Council Bluffs, passing through Indianola, Winterset and Lewis.

Iowa was well covered by stage routes. The Western Stage Company was an enormously wealthy and prosperous institution, operating stage routes in other territory besides Iowa. During war time especially the company made money in Iowa. Thousands of soldiers were transported from place to place, for the railroads were not in a condition to supply all needs, and troops from the central portions of the State, and from the west, must be carried by stage to a rendezvous farther east.

It was not until July 1, 1870, that the last old coach pulled out of Des Moines for Indianola.

In May, 1854, the first rail for a railroad in Iowa was laid at highwater mark, in Davenport. The first locomotive on Iowa soil was set up at Davenport a few weeks afterward, and was christened Antoine Le Claire. Railroads were stretching westward from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and were waiting on the east bank until time was ripe for them to cross into a new field.

As far back as 1838 there lived at Dubuque one John Plumb, who kept a tavern. He had a son who was a civil engineer and an enthusiast on the subject of a railroad from

Lake Michigan to the Pacific. He possessed a number of maps and sketches, and talked of the project to every one who came in his way. The travelers and settlers voted him a great bore, and said he was crazy. When he declared he would live to see such a road they put their fingers on their forehead and winked knowingly at one another. But young Plumb was wiser than they. If he lived to the allotted three score years and ten he saw himself vindicated. It was then his turn to laugh.

In the summer of 1853 a meeting was held at Davenport, between the citizens and the representatives of a railroad then heading to strike the river opposite the town. It was decided to send out agents to talk with the people of Iowa, along a proposed route of the line, westward, and interest them in the matter.

But these agents had an uphill task. A large number of the settlers never had seen a railroad, and did not wish to see one. Stages were good enough, they said. Some asserted that since the Lord had made the world without railroads He should not be interfered with. The claims by the agents that the railroad would increase the value of property was not believed. Unprogressive people called the promoters liars, and were themselves dubbed "obstructionists".

At a Council Bluff's meeting, after an agent had pleaded for the road, a settler arose and said:

"My friends, I have listened to this man's railroad speech, and while I am free to confess that I have grave doubts as to the practicability of the project, yet it may be wise to give it a fair trial, and possibly some day we may see the locomotive coming across these prairies head and tail up like a bedbug!"

However, it must not be thought that all Iowa people were blind to the advantages of railroad connections. In 1848 a railroad convention was held at Iowa City, in which the citizens discussed two routes—one from Davenport through Iowa City and Des Moines to Council Bluffs, the other from Dubuque by way of Iowa City to Keokuk. Congress was asked by the Legislature to aid by granting public land along the proposed lines.

Davenport was the first railroad center. It had been the opinion that the Mississippi could not be bridged for a railroad, but in 1854 the Chicago & Rock Island, having reached the east bank at Rock Island, began the erection of a structure to span the river. St. Louis was indignant, declared the bridge an infringement of rights, unconstitutional, and a menace to navigation and tried to have the courts intervene. But in vain.

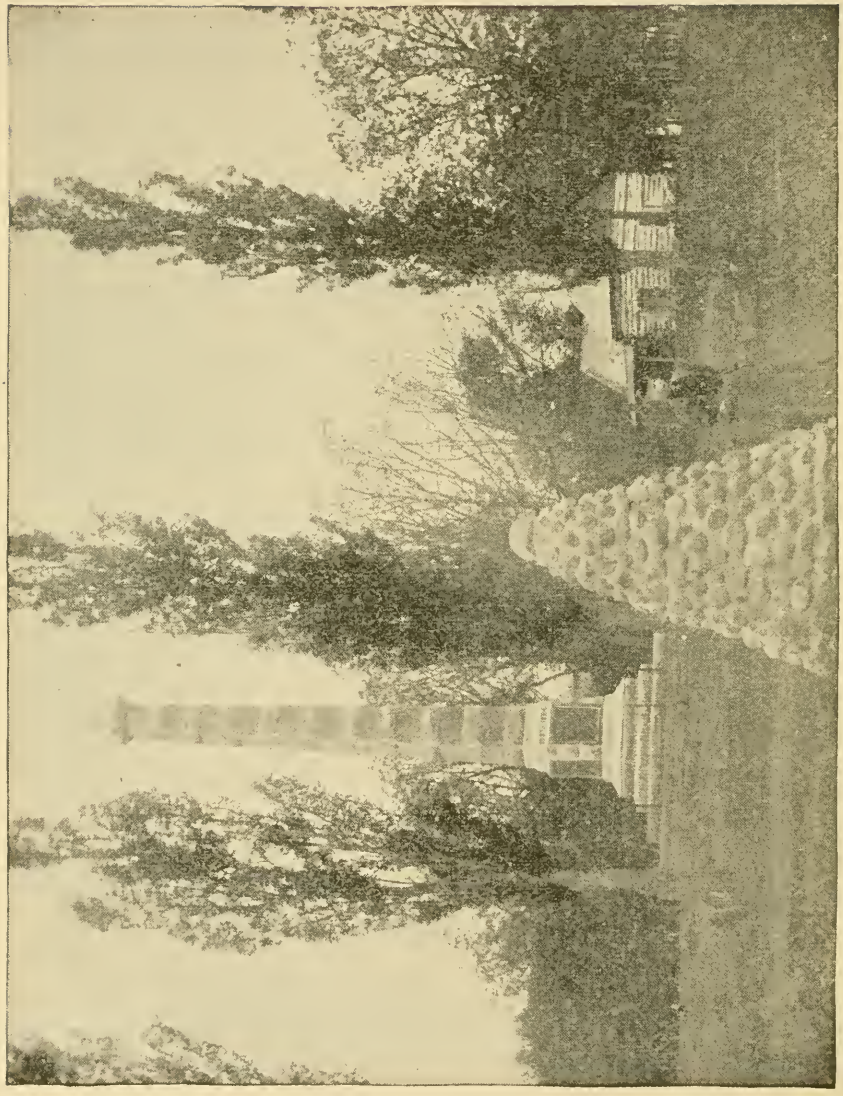
The bridge was finished. This was regarded as a marvelous feat of engineering.

As has been stated, the first rail on Iowa soil was laid in May, 1854. By the end of 1855 there were sixty-seven miles of track in operation in Iowa. January 1, 1856, the first train pulled into Iowa City—the westernmost station of Iowa.

In May, this year, Congress made a grant of land to assist railway construction. A number of roads had been planned. Most of them eventually were consolidated with lines east of the Mississippi.

In August, 1866, the first train entered Des Moines over the Des Moines Valley Road. In about six months, or in February, 1867, a locomotive arrived at Council Bluffs.

Steam had succeeded horses. Iowa's stage coach days were drawing to a close.



SCENE OF THE SPIRIT LAKE MASSACRE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IOWA'S INDIAN MASSACRE.

The settlement of Iowa was marked by singular and most gratifying freedom from trouble with the Indians. From 1830, the date when at Dubuque the whites formed the first settlement, until the present, there has been only one bloody spot to stain the relations that have existed between settlers and Indians within Iowa's borders.

Even before 1830 the assaults on Fort Madison furnish the only record of avowed hostility by the Indians against the whites of what is now Iowa.

It is true that during the many years a number of whites —for the most part hunters, trappers and the like—were killed by Indians, and Indians were killed by whites, but these tragedies were merely what might be expected in any Territory.

March 8, 1857, nearly eleven years after Iowa had become a State, brings that dreadful scene in Northwestern Iowa, when the Sioux surprised the isolated settlers and before withdrawing, killed thirty-two persons, slaughtered cattle, and in the light from a blazing cabin danced in all their old time glee, yelling and boasting.

The leader of the Sioux was Ink-pa-du-tah, or Scarlet Point, a tall, fierce Indian, sullen and treacherous. His face was deeply marked by smallpox. He was the brother of Si-dom-i-na-do-tah, the chief who was brutally murdered in January, 1854, by Henry Lott, a dissolute trader. Ink-pa-du-tah sought revenge. For three years he had been brood-

ing over the death of his brother. Now he had determined that time was ripe.

It was not alone the murder of Si-dom-i-na-do-tah that impelled the Sioux to action. Although in 1851 Sioux chiefs had signed a treaty giving up their claims to any land in the State, robber bands of these Indians continued to rove about in Northwestern Iowa. They asserted that they did not take part in the treaty, and that the land was theirs. They resented the progress of settlement, entered cabins, insulted women, broke furniture, and extorted from defenseless families food and clothing. These Sioux were not recognized as belonging to the main nation.

It is now the close of the winter of 1856-57, the most severe winter in the history of Iowa, and particularly hard on the settlers who were called upon to face it. In spite of the attitude of the Sioux, the settlers have been pushing on and on, until Dickinson, Palo Alto, and Emmet Counties contain a number of cabins.

The line of settlement has been extended to the Minnesota boundary. Here, around the beautiful lakes, hardy men and women have located. Claims have been taken up on the shores of Minnewaukon, or Spirit Lake; Minnetonka, or West Okoboji; and East Okoboji. To-day these lakes are well-known summer resorts.

The terrible, long winter has cut off the settlers from communication with the outside world, and even with one another. The families have suffered greatly. But March has begun, and a slight thaw has set in. Settlers are stirring out, seizing on the opportunity to make needful excursions. The snow is soft enough for the children to mold snowballs.

Ink-pa-du-tah and his band have spent the winter in the vicinity of the lakes. Near Spirit Lake are their empty tepees. At High Lake, southeast of the present town of Estherville, Ish-ta-ha-bah, or Sleepy-Eye, and his minor band have wintered, while just over the Minnesota line, at Springfield, now Jackson, fifteen miles from Spirit Lake, are twenty more Sioux huts.

The Indians were thus distributed in readiness for the massacre.

On the south shore of West Okoboji is the cabin of Rowland Gardner. Beside himself and his wife, in the family are Abigal (a thirteen-year-old daughter) and a little son; a married daughter (Mrs. Luce), her husband, and two children are for the present living with the Gardners.

The morning of the 8th of March has arrived. In the Gardner cabin breakfast is spread. Abigal has been helping her mother, in order to hasten the meal, so that the father may go to Fort Dodge while the weather permits. Fort Dodge is the nearest point where supplies may be obtained.

Suddenly, almost without warning, a Sioux lifts the latch of the door, and stands before the two families. In a few gutteral words he signifies that he wants food. He is given a place at the table. In a moment fourteen other braves, with their squaws and pappooses, appear at the threshold and crowd inside. They compose Ink-pa-du-tah's band, and Ink-pa-du-tah, with pitted face and surly eye, is with them.

They are in bad temper. Not content with the food liberally laid before them, they wax insolent. They demand ammunition. One snatches at a box of gun caps; another attempts to take from the wall a horn of powder, and when

Luce, the son-in-law, interferes, the Indian points a gun at him.

Matters look ugly when Dr. Isaac H. Harriott and Bertell A. Snyder visit the Gardner cabin with a letter for Gardner to carry to the postoffice at Fort Dodge. Gardner says:

"I am not going to Fort Dodge to-day, or anywhere else. The Indians mean mischief, and I dare not leave my family."

Harriott and Snyder laugh at him, chat with the Indians, and after doing a little trading return to their own cabin on the peninsular between East and West Okoboji. The Sioux remain near the Gardner cabin until noon. Then they go towards the point where, on the peninsular, stands the cabin of James H. Mattock.

The cabins of the settlers in the community are so scattered that the Gardners decide warning should be sent out, to the effect that the Indians mean trouble. Luce and another man start to make the rounds, so far as possible, and deliver the caution.

The messengers leave at two o'clock. In an hour the Gardners hear the reports of rifles from the direction of the Mattock cabin. Gardner slips the heavy bar into place across the door and tries to cheer up the frightened women. All anxiously wait. Mrs. Luce cries softly, thinking something has happened to her husband. The air is full of foreboding.

Five o'clock comes and the Gardner cabin has been unmolested. Gardner finally unbars the door and steps out to look around. The sun is setting like a crimson globe. The atmosphere is cold and crisp, and the snow and frozen lake sparkle. The reeds and trees cast long shadows. Not far

away Gardner sees a group of dusky figures approaching.

"The Indians are coming!" he announces, hastily re-entering the cabin.

He is certain that all in the cabin will be killed, but he wants to bar the door and fight to the last. The women implore him not to resist the savages, but to meet them in a friendly manner, so as not to provoke them. Gardner allows the women to prevail, and the door is not locked.

Nine Sioux, rifles in hand, file up to the cabin, push their way roughly through the doorway, and scowl at the whites. A brave calls for meal. Eager to please, Gardner turns to the bin. In a second he falls dead, shot through the back.

The women are driven out of doors and their skulls smashed with gun-butts. Abigal Gardner is sitting in a chair, the three children clinging to her. The savages drag the children, one by one, from her and kill them with sticks of stove wood. Abigal is made prisoner.

In the cabins on the peninsular are similar scenes of barbarity and slaughter. Night falls, and the Mattock cabin is burning, while circling around it the Sioux indulge in a hideous dance of triumph. Not all the persons in the cabin are unconscious, and shrieks of agony can be heard. During the next few days the Indians seek out other cabins, and kill right and left. Then, having stripped the bark from a tree, on the white trunk they picture the deeds, and leaving this monument as a trophy, flee, taking with them Abigal Gardner, Mrs. J. M. Thatcher, Mrs. Margaret Marble and Mrs. Lydia Noble.

Mr. Thatcher, husband of one of the prisoners, had been absent. Mr. Noble and Mr. Marble had been killed by the savages.

Such was the Spirit Lake massacre, as it is termed. March 10, Morris Markham, who had been staying at the Thatcher cabin, but who had been away for a few days, returned to the vicinity. He reached the lakes in the night, and was surprised to see no light from any house. Silence brooded over all. When he reached the first cabin, even in the darkness he knew what had happened. Retreating, horror stricken, he stumbled into a group of Sioux tepees, but was not discovered. He made all speed to Springfield, Minnesota, to give the alarm there.

At this village the settlers barely had time to gather in a double log cabin. Several persons were overtaken and killed. A little boy, shot through the head, tumbled on the threshold of the cabin, and during the fighting which followed lay there moaning in pain. Inside were his mother, powerless to help him, and the father, badly wounded. Among the women in the cabin was Mrs. W. L. Church, whose husband was absent from the settlement. Mrs. Church used a gun with such good effect that she riddled a Sioux who peered out from behind a tree.

The Indians, baffled, gave up the contest, and withdrew. The settlers harnessed oxen to a wagon and set out southward for the nearest village.

Fort Dodge was at this time the frontier town of Northwestern Iowa. Into it rode two men, who had been asked by Markham to bear the news of what he had seen. They told a story hardly credited by the people until, on the evening of March 21, O. C. Howe, R. U. Wheelock and B. F. Parmenter came with blanched faces to confirm the tidings. They owned land in the lakes region. Three nights previous they had arrived there to settle on their claims, and had seen what Markham saw.

Fort Dodge was aroused. The next day was Sunday, but nevertheless a meeting was held in the brick school house. Volunteers to go against the Sioux were called for. Nearly one hundred men enrolled, and were divided into two companies, A and B. From Webster City and vicinity another company, C, was gathered.

On March 24, the troops started from Fort Dodge, with teams loaded with what clothing and supplies could be obtained on such short notice, and with shot guns, muskets and rifles as arms.

The commander was Major William Williams, sixty-two years of age. Major Williams had been connected with old Fort Clarke, and was now the most prominent resident in the town. Through all the severe march he exhibited the greatest fortitude and courage.

The snow was three feet deep, and in ravines was twelve and fifteen feet. The distance to be traversed was over seventy miles, across the desolate, windswept prairies. It was a perilous proceeding. The first day out only six or seven miles were covered.

The second day ten miles. The volunteers were obliged to precede the wagons, trample a road for a short space, haul the wagons over it, and pull the horses and oxen out of the drifts. Rivers and creeks were swift, and the ice was not strong enough to afford secure support. Thus men and beasts waded the bitter, stinging water. Snow blindness attacked the column. Frozen feet were prevalent. Food was scarce. It is said that in hardship and bravery this rescue march out of Fort Dodge, and back, has hardly a parallel in the world's history.

Yet, urged, inspired and buoyed by the indomitable major,

the volunteers pressed on. The march lasted eighteen days and nights.

On the morning of March 31, about five or six miles northeast of High Lake, Emmet County, the advance guard saw ahead a band of what appeared to be Indians, awaiting assault. The soldiers approached nearer, ready to fire, when to their delight and astonishment they discerned the people were white. In the advance guard was W. L. Church.

"Oh, boys!" he exclaimed. "There are my wife and babies!"

Thus husband and wife were reunited. The party met by the soldiers was that from Springfield. It had been on the road three days and four nights. The women's clothing was torn to shreds and all were suffering from cold and exhaustion. They had taken the soldiers for Indians, and had prepared to sell their lives dearly. Two of the men were helpless from wounds. A third, John Bradshaw, had stacked the eight guns beside him, a little in advance of the group, and telling his companions to look out for each other had made ready to hold off the supposed savages as long as possible.

Brave John Bradshaw!

The Springfield refugees were escorted back to the Irish Colony, near where Emmettsburg now is, and their wants attended to in as thorough a manner as time and place would permit.

Not far from the present town of Estherville word was received by the volunteers that a detachment of the regular army had scouted the country along the Minnesota line, and that the Sioux had escaped. Major Williams decided to send on a party to bury the dead of the lakes region. Twen-

ty-six heroes offered themselves for the hazardous duty. After enduring frightful torture from cold and hunger, they accomplished their purpose. Two in their number, Captain J. C. Johnson and William E. Burkholder, were lost on the prairie. Eleven years afterward their bones were found.

The Irish Colony had been appointed the meeting place of the main body and the special detachment. The night before the union one of the worst storms known in Iowa prevailed. When the burial party entered the Irish Colony many in the detail were crazy.

From now on the troops exerted all their strength to reach Fort Dodge. Their progress was impeded by a heavy rain that flooded the streams. This was followed by a blizzard and freeze. The mercury sank far below zero. But at last home and shelter were attained. All through this long march the soldiers had no tents!

The postures of the bodies found at the lakes showed that the victims had been killed with hardly a warning. Dr. Harriott seems to have been the only one who made resistance. When found he had a broken rifle, empty, in his hand.

The Sioux had intended descending the Des Moines valley, raiding the settlements in their course as they swept on. But the promp action by the soldiers at Fort Ridgley, Minnesota, and the volunteers from Fort Dodge and Webster City, frightened the savages and they fled westward.

Abigal Gardner and the three women were taken with them. The flight led into Dakota. The prisoners were forced to walk and had no snow shoes. At night they were made to gather firewood, and put up the tepees. Mrs. Thatcher was ill, but no allowance was made for that.

Finally she became a burden. While crossing a river on a narrow bridge she was pushed into the water, and shot. Mrs. Noble angered her captors by weeping and wailing, and one day she, too, was killed.

Mrs. Marble was sold to another band of Sioux, and by it delivered to the Indian agent at Yellow Medicine River, Minnesota. Abigal had given up hope of anything but a life among the Sioux, when finally she was purchased by Sioux from the mission at Yellow Medicine River. The price paid for her was two horses, twelve blankets, two kegs of powder, twenty pounds of tobacco, thirty-two yards of blue squaw cloth, thirty-seven and one-half yards of calico and ribbon. The great Sioux chief, Ma-to-we-ken, gave her a fine headdress.

In December, 1883, nearly twenty-seven years after the massacre, Abigal, now a woman, once more stood within the walls of the old Gardner cabin on the shore of Minnetonka.

The Sioux never were punished for their deed. To-day a monument stands at Okoboji, and a pile of stones marks the burial place of the Gardner family, the two serving to emphasis the significance of the little log cabin, preserved near at hand.

CHAPTER XXX.

IOWA AND SLAVERY.

Iowa always has been a "free state". Slavery never had a foothold here. But during many years preceding the Civil War the slavery question was a burning issue in Iowa politics.

Adjoining Iowa on the south lies Missouri, and Missouri was a "slave state." When Missouri was preparing for admission into the Union it was known that her people desired to keep slaves. There was a sentiment in Congress against slavery so far north, and a law was passed prohibiting slavery in that part of the Louisiana Purchase, save Missouri, lying north of latitude 36 deg. 30 min. This law was termed the Missouri Compromise.

But this action created intense feeling, which grew so strong that in 1854 the South and the slavery interests were enabled to secure the repeal of the law.

The question of slavery or freedom was now left to be disposed of by the voters of the various States and Territories, and the Kansas troubles increased. This was termed squatter sovereignty. When Kansas was settled the anti-slavery people did all in their power to obtain a majority in the population; the slavery supporters tried to prevent this. Thus Missourians and others holding slavery to be right used every endeavor to keep "Free Soilers" from passing into Kansas. "Border ruffians" guarded the borders of Missouri, trying to turn back the tide.

Southwestern Iowa was the gateway into Kansas, and on Iowa's southwestern border occurred many exciting scenes. As soon as the Missouri Compromise was repealed, hundreds of slavery men were sent into Kansas, in order to take part in the election of 1855, and secure a Legislature composed principally of men in favor of slavery. "Border ruffians" invaded Kansas, abusing the "Free Soilers" and intimidating them, so that outrages amounting in many cases to murder, were of frequent event.

James Grimes was now governor of Iowa. The situation required a firm, energetic man at the head of State affairs, and Governor Grimes was the right person in the right place. In his inaugural address in December, 1854, he said:

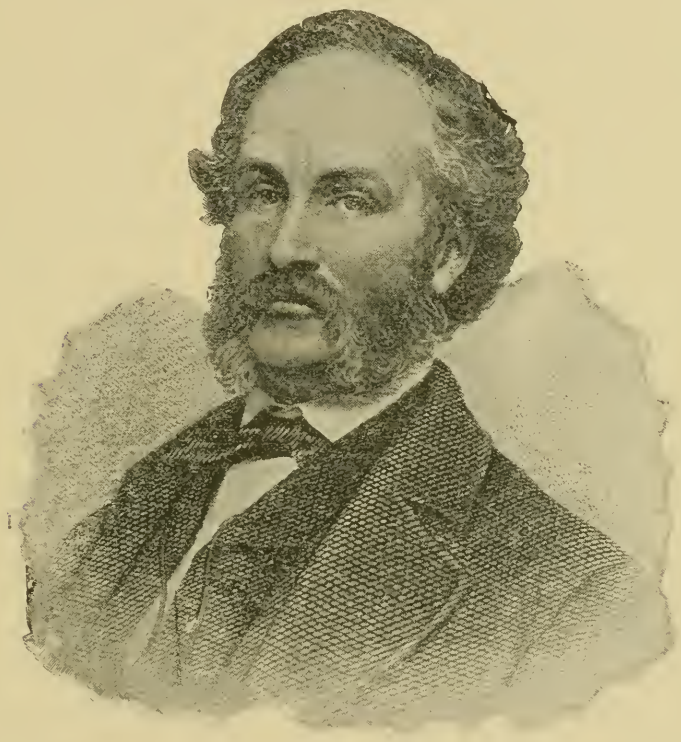
"The removal of that great landmark of freedom, the Missouri Compromise line, when it had been sacredly observed until slavery has acquired every inch of soil south of it, has presented the aggressive character of that system broadly before the country. It has forced upon this country an issue between free labor, political equality and manhood on the one hand; and on the other, slave labor, political degradation and wrong. It becomes the State of Iowa—the only free child of the Missouri Compromise—to let the world know that she values the blessings that compromise has secured to her, and that she never will consent to become a party to the nationalization of slavery."

Governor Grimes did all he could to aid the people who were desirous of crossing into Kansas through Iowa.

But although Iowa was a "free state", there have been slaves within her limits. Before she was a Territory, and while she was attached to Michigan and to Wisconsin, some

of the whites among her earliest citizens possessed blacks whom they had brought into the new country.

In 1839 an important decision in a slave case was handed down by the Iowa Supreme Court. In 1834 a negro named Ralph had come into this region from Missouri. He had



GOVERNOR JAMES W. GRIMES.

the written consent of his master, and was to send back money with which to purchase his freedom. Ralph worked hard on a little mineral lot just west of Dubuque, but was unable to earn enough, within the time set, for his purpose. Two kidnappers from Virginia heard of the negro, ascer-

tained that he had been a slave, and wrote to his master offering for $100 to seize Ralph and bring him to Missouri.

The offer was accepted. The kidnappers lost no time in laying hands on the colored man. The sheriff hustled him into a wagon, and he was taken to Bellevue. Here the prisoner was to be put aboard a steamboat for St. Louis. Poor Ralph saw himself once more a chattel in a slave state.

In the field next to the one where Ralph had been apprehended an Irishman named Alex Butterworth had been plowing. He heard of the whole proceeding, and his blood boiled. The kidnappers had been afraid to take Ralph to Dubuque, because they knew the temper of the settlers at that village. Butterworth hastened there, and had no difficulty in getting a writ, and an officer to serve it. The kidnappers were stopped at Bellevue, and with their charge were brought to Dubuque.

The outcome of the trial was, the Supreme Court decided, that so long as Ralph came into a "free state" with the consent of his master, he could not be seized while living here. So Ralph was released.

Among Iowa's settlers were many persons from the South. Not all of these had been slave owners, but they had lived in a community where slavery was considered only the natural order of things. Thus it came about that not only were there people in Iowa who openly favored slavery, but there were others who by their passiveness encouraged this sentiment.

In 1850 the South and the slave interests succeeded in putting through Congress what was termed the Fugitive Slave Law. By this law a person of negro blood apprehended in any State or Territory on charge of being a fugi-

tive from his owner was denied trial by jury, or his own testimony before a court. Courts were required to surrender the fugitive to the claimant, on the owner's word. In absence of a court, special commissioners were to be appointed, whose fee, if they decided in favor of the claimant, should be double what it would be otherwise. Furthermore, it was made a crime to aid a fugitive, and all citizens were "commanded" to assist in the execution of the law. Officers making arrests might order citizens to help them.

This law created intense consternation among colored people, and excited the greatest indignation at the North. The passage of escaped slaves through the "free states" was now a hazardous matter. The "free states" no longer offered a refuge to the fugitives. Professional kidnappers penetrated everywhere, for the seizure of slaves was made a most lucrative business.

Strange to us as it may seem, in Iowa were to be found a number of persons who either were in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law, or did not frankly oppose it. The old traditions, inherited through long association with the South, caused these citizens to disapprove of the "Abolitionists". "Nigger stealers," the more rampant termed the persons who would assist slaves to freedom.

An agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society arrived in Iowa to deliver lectures. He talked to an unsympathetic audience in Clinton. Then his friends decided that he ought to appear in Camanche, Clinton County. So handbills were printed advertising the lecture, and the Baptist Church was engaged for the meeting.

But on the evening appointed, when the lecturer and a companion reached the church not a light was visible in it. They looked up the sexton.

"What's the matter with the church?" they asked.

"The church is all right," he said, gruffly.

"But it's dark. Didn't you know I am to speak there this evening?" inquired the lecturer.

"Yes, I heard about it," replied the sexton, "but I'm not going to light up for any black Abolitionist—not if I know myself."

The two men then went to the hotel. There, instead of finding sympathy, they were roughly treated, and only hasty flight prevented an application of tar and feathers.

In 1855, in Burlington, lived Edward James, a quiet man, who had been a surgeon in the regular army, and was a well-known scientist and traveler. He was an avowed "Abolitionist". In those days it was not pleasant to have such a title, even in Iowa. Prejudice against the negro was great, and although a person might look upon slavery as cruel, yet the thought of giving the negro privileges like a white man was obnoxious.

One day in June Dr. James had driven into Burlington early in the morning, with a negro at his side. He had crossed the river on the ferry, but on the Illinois shore was stopped by two slave hunters, or kidnappers. These men alleged that the negro was named Dick, and was a fugitive slave from Clarke County, Missouri. They demanded that he be surrendered to them, as agents for one Rutherford, said to be Dick's owner. They had bowie knives and pistols, and were very rough.

As a result, Dr. James and the negro were conveyed back to Burlington, and the two Missourians looked for a lawyer.

In the meantime quite a crowd surrounded the carriage. The people stormed and threatened, and jibed at the white

man and the negro. But Dr. James, with white hair and wrinkled face, sat there unmoved. Both he and his companion seemed wholly unconcerned.

The anti-slavery people also were aroused. The sight of a strong, healthy man, black though he was, seized by a pair of human blood-hounds just as he was about to gain liberty, awoke a spirit of resistance which had not before appeared. It was decided that if the court did not free Dick, he would be rescued by force. Governor Grimes' home was in Burlington. The energetic executive notified his brother and all friends of the negro to be present at the trial, in order to see that the alleged fugitive obtained whatever assistance he needed.

In a letter to Mrs. Grimes, then in Maine, the Governor wrote that in all ways at his command he intended to thwart the efforts of the slave hunters.

Trial was postponed for two weeks. Before the case came up, the excitement grew so great that personal encounters took place between the friends and enemies of the negro.

Then, when the day of trial arrived, the son of the Missourian who claimed the negro was on hand. Lo and behold, the minute he saw the prisoner he promptly swore that this was not Dick, and that he had never set eyes on him before. The slave hunters had made a mistake.

Dick was discharged, and went his way to liberty.

He was given back a huge horse pistol which had been taken from him, and a throng of cheering people escorted him to the ferry. A guard was provided to see him safe on the railway train, and it is supposed he reached Canada all right.

An institution of these days was the "Underground Rail-

road", or "Grapevine Route". The Fugitive Slave Law made it difficult and dangerous to openly harbor escaped slaves, or to assist them on their way. So routes were established through Iowa, along which fugitives were passed from hand to hand until delivered to friends in Illinois. The great majority of the fugitives came by way of Missouri. Tabor, in the southwestern part of the State, was one station for receiving escaping slaves. The "Underground Railroad" went through Des Moines, Grinnell, Iowa City, West Liberty, Springdale, DeWitt and Low Moor, and reached the Mississippi at Clinton.

Here the negroes were allowed to rest a short time. Then they were taken across the river in skiffs, put in a wagon, and sent on to Union Grove, Illinois. Finally they arrived at Lake Michigan, where friends procured transportation for them across the lake to Canada.

It was while acting as an agent for some of the branches of the "Underground Railroad" that Dr. James was apprehended. He had been too bold.

When a party of slaves came over the border into Iowa from Missouri, word was dispatched ahead, to prepare the agents for work. The message would read something like this:

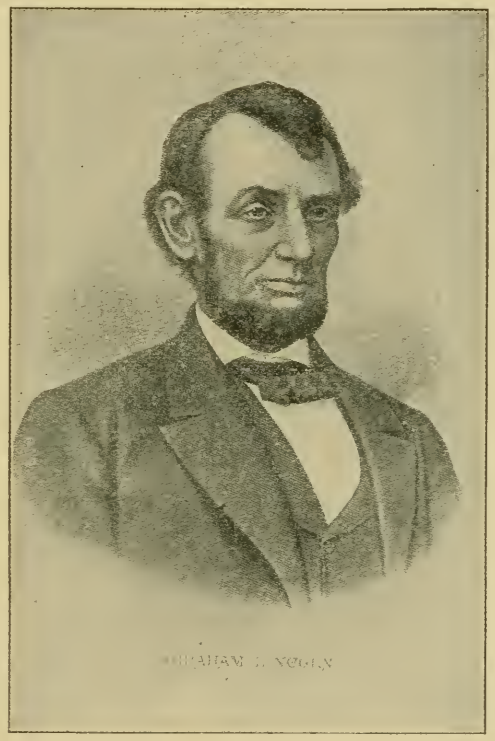
"By to-morrow evening's mail you will receive two volumes of the 'Irrepressible Conflict', bound in black. After perusal please forward, and oblige."

The text of the communication signified to those in the secret the number in the party, the sex, and other details.

The fugitives were taken from point to point in wagons. Dark, stormy nights were preferred for the operation. Stations were ten to fifteen miles apart. During the day the

negroes were concealed in garrets and barns and cellars. At Springdale, Cedar County, stood the Maxon house, the cellar of which was a famous hiding place.

The men employed in the service of the "Underground Railroad" were resolute and brave. The work was attended



to with no little peril. In every community there were persons only too glad to inform against them, for a reward. In the operations of the railway the Quakers were a great force. Quakers, the world over, ever have been known as lovers of liberty, and when they were moved to aid the poor

blacks to escape from slavery they proved a power in the work.

The first constitution of Iowa State contained, in a number of sections, the word "white", limiting certain privileges to the white race. Only whites were allowed to vote, and to appear in court to testify. Not until after the war, and until after right to vote had been conferred on the negro race, was provision made for extending the common school system to "all the youth in the State". The question of educating the negro in the same school with the white child, caused a bitter fight, not only in the Legislature, but among the people at large.

Now all men are equal, not only in Iowa, but in the whole United States.

While thinking of slavery agitation in Iowa, we must not forget that Abraham Lincoln once made a speech in Burlington. In 1858 Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were rival candidates for senatorship, and made a famous campaign. They spoke in Illinois along the Mississippi. Between dates Lincoln stopped in Burlington, October 9, and delivered a short address in Grimes' Hall.

In the summer of 1859 Lincoln visited western Iowa, also, for the purpose of looking up some wild land he owned there. He came to Council Bluffs by stage. Although it was June, the weather had been so rainy and disagreeable that the roads were deep with mud. When Lincoln descended from the stage at Council Bluffs he was well covered with soil.

His fame as a speaker and a thinker had preceded him, and when the citizens of the town heard that he had arrived, a reception was planned for him. It was given at the house of a banker.

Council Bluffs was then little more than a frontier settlement, and everything was quite rude and primitive. But Lincoln was not prepared for even the social demands of a western outpost. When he appeared on Council Bluffs streets his trousers were tucked into cowhide boots, and his suit, of a cheap blue linen fabric, was much bespattered and wrinkled.

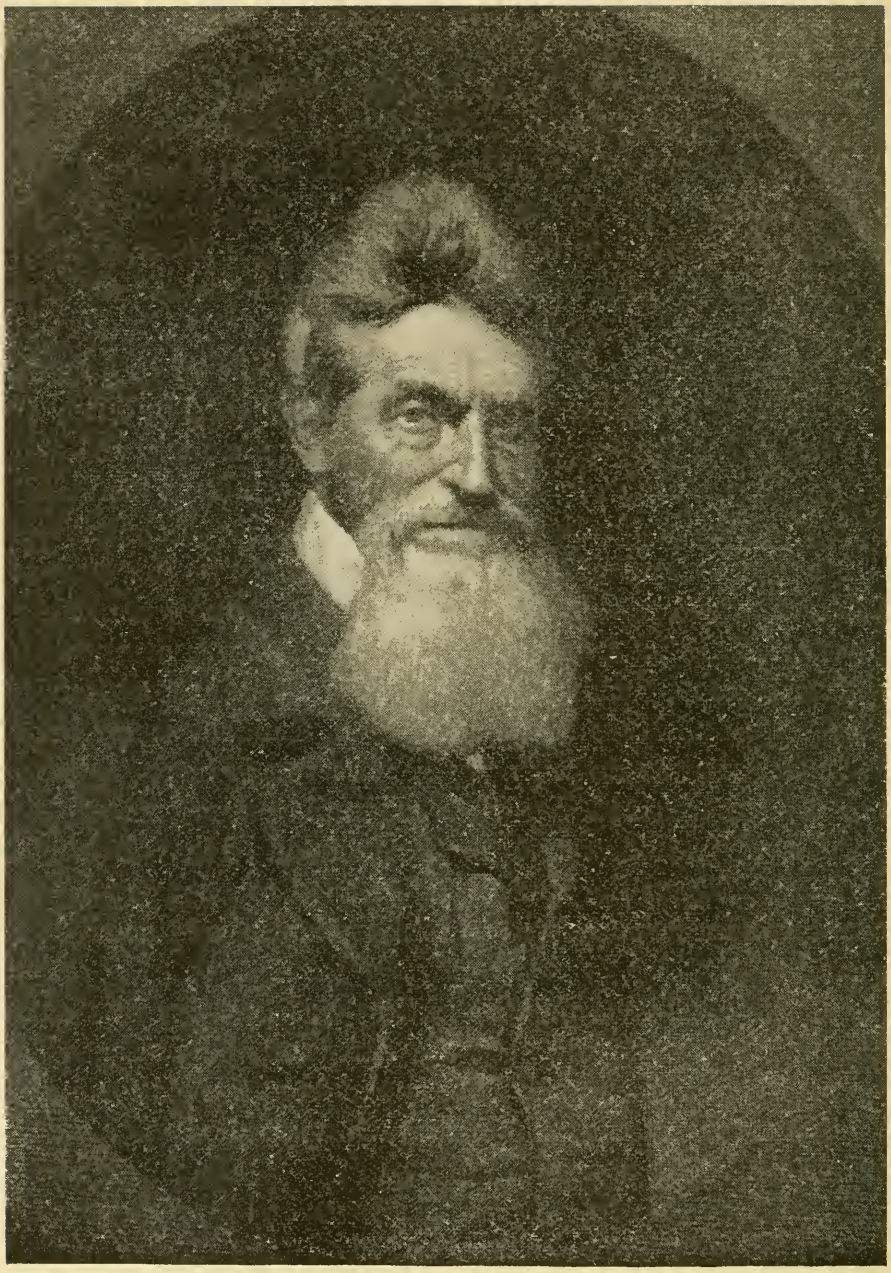
At the reception the trousers were outside of the boots. The very toes of these boots had been blackened by a boy at the hotel, but the major portion of the leather was red and rusty. Some of the mud had been removed from his clothing. Yet he was hardly in garb adapted to his surroundings.

Many people wondered if this really could be the famous Lincoln, who had debated with Douglas. A few could not repress smiles at his awkwardness. His long arms, with their enormous hands, swung by his sides just a though they were on hinges at the shoulders. Lincoln seemed not to know what to do with them. His rough boots and his homely features added to the unfavorable impression.

Also, he wouldn't talk to the women. He was afraid of them. When the society ladies tried to engage him in conversation, he answered in monosyllables, and acted like a school-boy.

However, when a public meeting was held for him at a hall, following the night of the reception, he presented a very different appearance. He spoke from the platform, on the issues of the day, and was much applauded for his dry wit and his telling words.

Thus both eastern and western Iowa had an opportunity to see Lincoln before he was called to take charge of the nation in its time of need.



OLD JOHN BROWN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OLD JOHN BROWN.

While Iowa was aflame with slavery agitation, and Kansas was reddened with the blood flowing in civil war between "Border Ruffians" and "Abolitionists", or "Free State Men"; while squad after squad of emigrants hastened across the Iowa prairies to Tabor, where they lay under arms waiting a favorable opportunity to slip onto the disputed grounds; while slavery supporters were using their best efforts to secure Kansas for the South, and hints were abroad that Kansas having been made a slave State, Iowa's turn would come next, there appeared in Iowa John Brown —Osawatomie Brown, he was called. To-day he is better known by the simple title, "Old John Brown."

John Brown was a familiar figure in the Kansas troubles. He had gone to Kansas—the "bleeding ground"—from New York, burning to take an active part in the struggle to establish freedom in the Territory.

Six sons had preceded him. The outrages committed against them had speedily brought the gray-haired father to the rescue. When one of the sons was murdered, another crazed, and two dragged about in chains, John Brown was filled with but a single thought. He wanted revenge. He determined to bring about the overthrow of the slave power.

Brown had a log cabin near Osawatomie, Kansas. While he was absent in pursuit of a band that held his two sons as prisoners, the village was attacked by "border ruffians" and destroyed.

It has been said that John Brown was insane. Surely he had cause enough.

On a fine October day in 1856 a traveler on mule back, and leading a horse, entered the little Quaker village of West Branch, Cedar County, Iowa, and halted at the tavern "Traveler's Rest". James Townsend, a worthy Quaker, was tavern keeper. He came to the door to welcome the guest.

The stranger, instead of giving his name outright, as he stiffly dismounted, said:

"Sir, have you heard of John Brown, of Kansas?"

Certainly Townsend had. All the Quakers had. Nearly everybody in the country had. The landlord in reply calmly took a piece of chalk from his waistcoat pocket, and marked a large "X" on Brown's broad-brimmed hat, on the back of his coat, on the horse and on the mule, as token that nothing was to be charged for entertainment. Then he said:

"Friend, put the animals in that stable, and walk into the house. Thee is surely welcome."

In the tavern the two men had a good, long talk. What they said is not recorded, but beyond doubt Brown told his host of affairs in Kansas, and in return received much useful information concerning the progress of anti-slavery sentiment in Iowa. The "Traveler's Rest" was famed for its buckwheat cakes and sorghum, and while eating these delicacies old Osawatomie probably found opportunity to gather important knowledge.

West Branch was near the route of the "Underground Railroad", so that James Townsend possessed accurate and fresh news regarding the course of events.

As has been told, Tabor, in Fremont County, was an important point during the Kansas contest. It also was the

first "Underground Railroad" station for fugitives from Missouri. At Tabor the "Free Soilers" halted ere advancing to the scene of battle. Tabor at times looked like a town in state of siege. Wagons of the emigrants were grouped or "parked' in the public square, with the stars and stripes floating from the center. The corners were protected by cannon, while the "Free Soil" settlers, armed, patrolled the lines. The sight of large bodies of men drilling on the common heightened the effect.

All kinds of munitions of war were conveyed into Tabor, so that after crossing into Kansas the "Free State Men" should not lack for means with which to defend themselves and their property.

In August, 1857, Brown appeared at Tabor, with a communication for the Rev. John Todd. In August, 1856, the Massachusetts-Kansas State Committee had sent to Kansas two cannon, two hundred Sharp's rifles, sabers, cartridges and clothing for use by the anti-slavery settlers of that Territory. These articles had gotten as far as Tabor. There they had been stored in the Todd barn.

After leaving West Branch, John Brown visited the East, and the Massachusetts Society had willingly given him permission to take the rifles from Tabor. An order to this effect he now handed to the Rev. Mr. Todd.

Brown had a plan to lead a company of well-drilled men into Kansas against the "border ruffians", and free the Territory from the rule of slavery. While in the East he had met Hugh Forbes, a fencer and drill master, and had engaged him to instruct the recruits. Forbes came to Tabor with his employer. Brown's scheme included an insurrection of the slaves of the slave States, so that slavery people

would be obliged to attend to their own affairs, and let Kansas alone.

With Brown at Tabor was his son Owen. Forbes proved to be a vain, worthless man, and returned East. Owen and his father had learned considerable from the drill master, but only a very few Tabor citizens knew of the preparations. The drilling took place in the house of Jonas Jones.

Brown enlisted a number of followers, who came from Kansas and reported to him at Tabor. Towards the last of November the party, in wagons drawn by mules, left Tabor, and after a hard trip across the prairies reached Springdale, Cedar County, the last of December.

Springdale is a Quaker settlement not far from West Branch. In 1857 it was a thriving, peaceful little place. It had been recommended to Brown during his previous stop at West Branch.

John Brown had now abandoned his Kansas invasion project. He was bent on a greater task. While on the ride from Tabor to Springdale he had discussed an invasion of Virginia itself, the hotbed of slavery. He held that an uprising of the slaves there would be successful, because of the mountainous character of the country. He also was thinking of establishing a military school at Ashtabula, Ohio, where his forces could study for their duties.

He had intended to stay at Springdale only a few days. But he found it difficult to dispose of the teams. Money was scarce. He decided to spend the winter among the Quakers of Iowa.

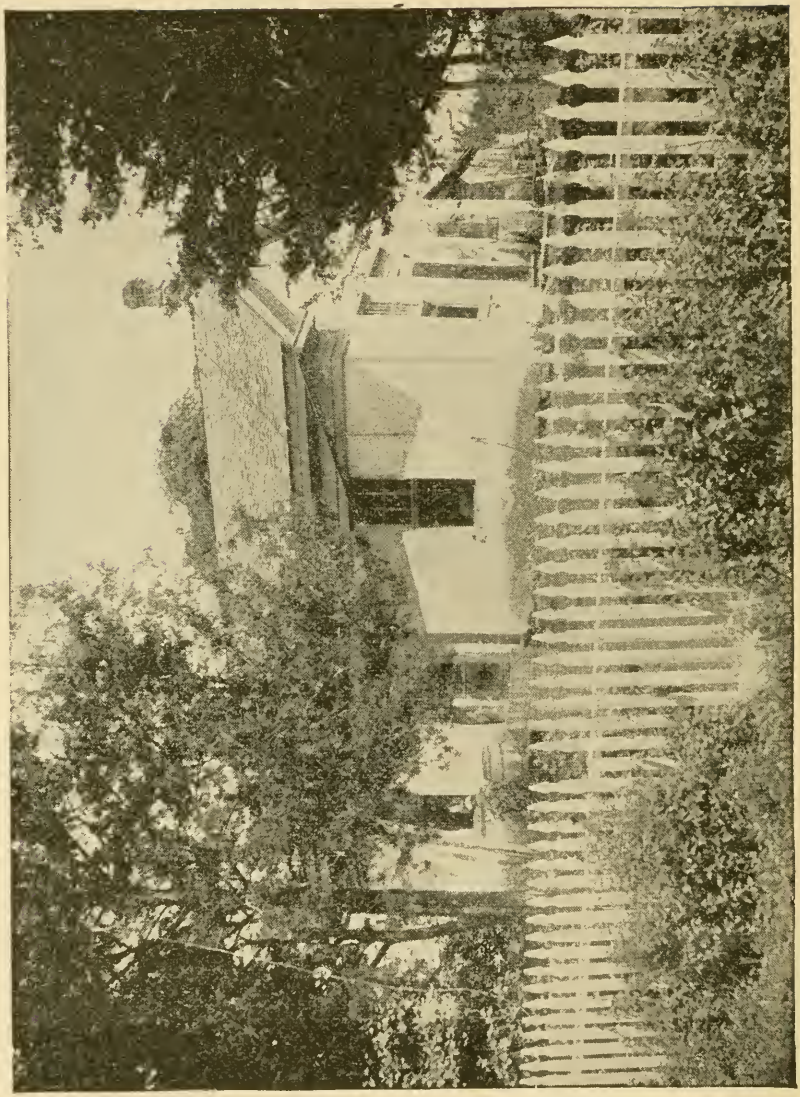
The Brown party numbered eleven. One in it was a negro. The company was an interesting one, and quite a boon to the village. John Henrie Kagi was a journalist and

a stenographer; Aaron D. Stephens—enlisted as C. Whipple—had been in the army, and had resisted an officer who was brutally beating a soldier; Richard Realf was a poet; John Edwin Cook was not only a poet, and handsome, but was a deadly shot. All the men were brave as could be.

John Brown was housed at the residence of John H. Painter, a kind, hospitable Quaker, and one of the founders of the settlement. The rest of the band had quarters at the dwelling of William Maxon, about three miles north of the village. Maxon was not a Quaker, but it was thought best to avert suspicion, as much as possible, from the sect. The Maxon cellar, it will be remembered, was a hiding place for fugitive slaves.

John Brown and his man remained in Springdale until spring. They drilled, indulged in athletic exercises calculated to make them quick and strong, and studied tactics. Evenings they held debates, mock legislatures, and other programs of amusements and instruction. They also made calls. The eldest in the party was only thirty, the youngest was eighteen. They were engaged in a dangerous and romantic life. So it is no wonder that love sprang up between several of the visitors and the pretty Quaker maidens. Springdale people not in the secret thought their guests were preparing to return to the Kansas conflict.

With tears and heartfelt farewells the Quakers saw the Brown conspirators depart. Before going the members of the party wrote their names on the white wall of the Maxon parlor. For many years, even after the building was a deserted ruin, the writing could still be deciphered. Two new recruits, George B. Gill and Steward Taylor, of Springdale, accompanied the expedition. Edwin and Barclay Coppoc,



THE MAXON HOUSE, SPRINGDALE (Where John Brown's Men Stayed).

sons of one of the oldest Quaker residents, Ann Coppoc, enlisted, but did not at this time take their leave.

Thus John Brown went away from Springdale. He postponed his descent upon Virginia, and for the present his men separated.

But again the relentless old enthusiast traversed Iowa. Again Springdale people saw him. He had been back to Kansas, and at Christmas-tide, 1858, a slave by the name of Jim slipped over the Missouri border to Brown's camp, and implored his aid. Jim said himself and some fellow slaves were about to be torn from their families and sold south. They wanted to escape.

Without losing time, John Brown and his followers made a daring raid into Missouri. They met with opposition, but in spite of it rescued eleven slaves and bore them into Nebraska. In the foray, a slave owner, about to fire upon a division of the party, was shot and killed. The whole country rang with the boldness of John Brown.

Then came the flight over the "Underground Railroad" through Iowa. In February, 1859, the refugees and their escort reached Tabor. The negro members now numbered twelve, for a child had been born since the escape from Missouri. An old school house was placed at the disposal of Brown by the Tabor citizens. On Sunday Brown requested that thanks be given in church for the preservation of himself and men, and the rescue of the slaves. A public meeting was called for the next day.

John Brown had begun to speak at this meeting, when he perceived the presence of a stranger whom he suspected of being a Missouri slave owner. Old Osawatomie said he must decline to talk unless this man withdrew. The man remained and Brown left the hall.

Tabor people were not wholly in sympathy with him, this time. They had learned that he had taken slaves from owners by force, and that one slave owner had been killed. Tabor, although strongly opposed to slavery, did not approve of such a course.

Thus John Brown and his party set out again on their march eastward, feeling that they had not been well treated at the Fremont County town.

Officers of the law were now keen on the trail of Old John Brown. Rewards were offered by the State of Missouri and by the United States for his arrest. Death was to be his penalty. Yet he steadily pressed on.

Following the "Underground Railroad", the company reached Grinnell, February 20. Here J. B. Grinnell furnished shelter. The slaves were concealed in the barn, while the escort sat at the Grinnell fireside. In five days all were at Springdale, with the United States marshal hot on the scent.

At Iowa City lived W. P. Clark. Kagi and Spencer, of the escort under Brown, donned hunting coats, and, disguised as sportsmen, walked to Iowa City, and sought the services of Clark. With the assistance of Grinnell, he succeeded in procuring a freight car for use by Brown. Early in March the negroes were hurried across the country to West Liberty and loaded into the car. Straw had been spread on the floor. Brown, Kagi and Stephens, heavily armed with rifles and revolvers, guarded the operation. The fugitives shivered in the raw air. The little baby, who had been named John Brown, cried loudly.

When the passenger train from the west came in, the freight car, with Brown and the negroes locked inside, was

coupled on. Kagi and Stephens entered a coach. Away the slaves were whirled to liberty, for in a short time they had crossed the border at Detroit into Canada.

Onçe more John Brown was seen in Iowa. There are reports of a visit by him to his former haunts in Cedar County, but probably his last stay in the State was at Tabor, in September, 1859—less than two months before the affair at Harper's Ferry. He came on Sunday to the house of Jonas Jones. In taking leave that evening, he said:

"Good-bye, Mr. Jones. I do not say where I am going, but you will hear from me. There has been enough said about bleeding Kansas. I intend to make a bloody spot at another point, and carry the war into Africa."

Before this, Edwin and Barclay Coppoc, awaiting word at Springdale, had received their summons and had gone. In July Brown had written them from the East, telling them to join him at once.

"Mother, we are going to Ohio," said Barclay.

"Ohio!" exclaimed the woman. "I believe you are going with old Brown. When you get the halters round your necks think of my words."

But the Coppocs went, despite their mother's tears and warnings. Then, in the middle of October, came the news to Springdale that a crazy old man—so the paper styled him—with twenty followers, had attacked the Government arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and had defied the troops. The story of John Brown's rash deed, of his defeat and capture, is well known in history.

Of the Iowa men who enlisted at Springdale, Taylor was shot and killed; Edwin Coppoc was captured and hanged; Gill was not present at the conflict; Barclay Coppoc es-

caped, and after an exciting flight over the mountains of Maryland and Pennsylvania, arrived home in Springdale December 17. He was almost starved, and so exhausted that, although the officers were closely pursuing him, he was unable to go farther until he had obtained rest and food.

Night after night the Sprindale people maintained armed watch around his quarters. A signal was arranged by which the citizens could be summoned to resist any attempt to arrest him.

In January, John Painter received from a horseman, sent from Des Moines, a message signed "A Friend," saying that an official from Virginia was at the capitol after a requisition for Barclay Coppoc. The first requisition was faulty. A second was secured. The sheriff of Cedar County was commanded to apprehend the fugitive.

This the sheriff had no intention of doing. He went to Springdale, and in a loud voice inquired of everybody he met the whereabouts of Barclay.

"I want to arrest him," said the sheriff.

Of course no one told him where the man was. So the sheriff made report to Des Moines, gravely stating that evidently Barclay Coppoc was not in Cedar County.

It was high time Coppoc escaped. One night, in disguise, he made his way out of the State, and soon reached Canada. Here he was safe.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SOME IOWA WAR SCENES.

June 1, 1846, while the people of Iowa Territory were deep in the discusion of the question of Statehood, there came to them a call to arms. War with Mexico had broken out, and the President of the United States had issued a call for fifty thousand volunteers. Iowa Territory was asked to raise a regiment, and on this day Governor James Clarke presented a proclamation stating what Iowa was expected to do.

The news set the citizens aflame with patriotism. In various towns mass meetings were held, at which burning speeches were made, and glowing resolutions passed supporting the Government, and pledging help. Songs were composed. Men rushed to enlist. So far as spirit went, the days of 1846 were not different from those of 1898. Iowa, of course, was not so well populated as now.

There was such eagerness to enroll in the regiment that June 26 it was announced in the press of the Territory that already not only had the necessary ten companies been formed, but that there were two extra ones—making the number twelve. Des Moines County had raised two companies; Lee County, two; Van Buren, two; Muscatine, one; Louisa, one; Washington, one; Dubuque, one; Johnson, one, and Linn, one.

The command of the regiment was offered by Governor Clarke to ex-Governor John Chambers. Governor Clarke,

not knowing that ex-Governor Chambers was in poor health, paid a visit to him, for the purpose of making the tender. But the former Territorial executive was too feeble to accept the honor.

This regiment, however, never was summoned into service. Had it been required, it would have given good account of itself, as Iowa regiments always have.

July 16, this year, a separate company of infantry was mustered in at Fort Atkinson, and was stationed there. This company, like the regiment, had enlisted for twelve months, unless sooner discharged.

If Iowa troops as an Iowa organization did not serve in action in the Mexican War, Company K, Fifteenth United States Infantry, proved of what stuff Iowa men are made.

The Fifteenth Infantry was recruited from the central United States. Ohio furnished six companies; Michigan, two; Wisconsin, one; Iowa, one. Almost all of Company K was from Iowa, the majority of the men being enrolled from points on the eastern border.

Edwin Guthrie, of Fort Madison, was captain. He died from wounds received in battle. Frederick Mills, leading lawyer of Burlington, was a major in the regiment, and was killed at Cherubusco.

Major Mills' horse became unmanageable, and ran away, leaping a wide ditch and bearing him right into the midst of the Mexicans, to his death.

Company K reported at Vera Cruz, Mexico, July 10, 1847, and served in many battles, winning much glory and credit.

So the part Iowa took in the fighting was sustained with gallantry.

While hostilities with Mexico were in progress, the Mormons were crossing Iowa. In June, 1846, Captain James Allen, of the First Dragoons, arrived at Mt. Pisgah, to procure a battalion of infantry from the Mormons. From Mt. Pisgah he went to Council Bluffs—or, rather, to the site now occupied by Council Bluffs—and interviewed the Mormon leaders.

In case the Mormons willingly furnished troops, the Government indicated that the pilgrims would be allowed to choose land in the Salt Lake Valley, and settle there unopposed.

Brigham Young was prompt to seize on the opportunity, and issued an address to his people:

"If you want to go where you can worship God according to the dictates of your conscience, we must raise a battalion."

The Mormons understood. Captain Allen had not the slightest difficulty in securing five companies of one hundred men each. On July 19 the battalion held a ball, to signalize the farewell, and on the next day the start from Council Bluffs was made.

Eighty women and children accompanied the battalion to Fort Leavenworth. Several elders also went along. At the fort the Mormon soldiers received arms and clothing, and each was given forty dollars. The money they sent back for the use of their families.

Then, with the remainder of the army division, they set forth on a long march across the plains, westward, bound for the scene of war. In a short time they demonstrated that Mormons can endure most bravely.

We now pass to the Civil War. April 16, 1861, four days

after the first shot of the struggle had been fired, a telegram was received at Davenport. It was from Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, and read:

"Call made on you by to-night's mail for one regiment of militia for immediate service."

The dispatch was addressed to the governor.

At this time Samuel J. Kirkwood was the chief executive of the State of Iowa. "The old war governor" is the title now popularly awarded to him. His residence was at Iowa City, where he spent the time not required at Des Moines, the capital. In 1861 Davenport was the nearest point, having telegraph service, to Iowa City, and some way must be found by which the message could be conveyed quickly to its destination.

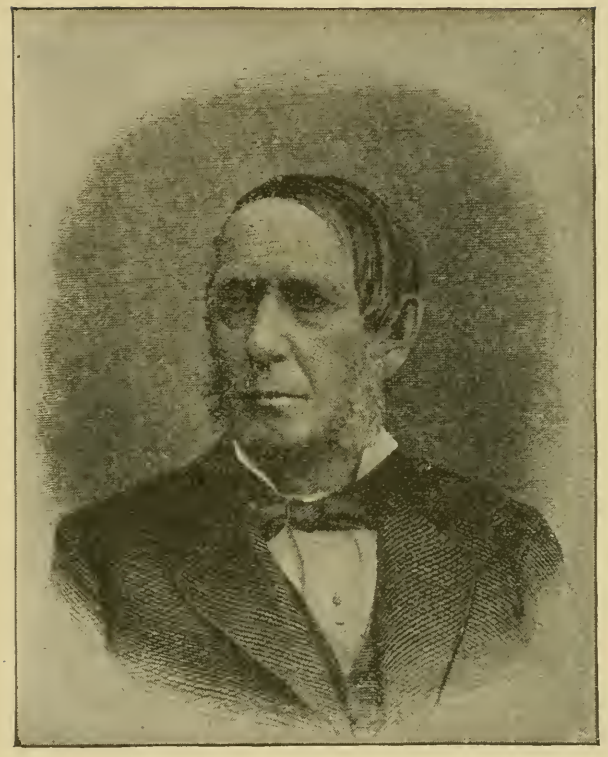
Colonel Vandever, a well-known resident of Davenport, volunteered to carry the dispatch to Governor Kirkwood, and immediately started. Arrived at Iowa City, he hired a team, and drove to the farm on which the governor lived. He found Mr. Kirkwood clad in homespun clothes, and working in the field.

Governor Kirkwood read the message carefully. Then he said, musingly:

"Why, the President wants a whole regiment of men! Do you suppose I can raise so many as that, Mr. Vandever?"

But within a few days not only one but ten regiments were offered the governor. He was agreeably surprised.

There was no lack of volunteers from Iowa, but there was great lack of means whereby they might be clothed and armed. Governor Kirkwood was equal to the emergency. He was a man of the most pronounced loyalty, and un-



Respectfully
Samuel J. Kirkwood

daunted energy. Ere war had broken out he had visited President-elect Lincoln, at Springfield, Illinois, in January, 1861. He saw him again at Washington. In one of the interviews President Lincoln asked:

"Well, governor, what can I do for your State?"

"I have not come to find out what you can do for Iowa, Mr. President," replied the sturdy governor, "but I want to know what Iowa can do for you."

The approach of war found Governor Kirkwood sadly embarrassed by scarcity of money in the State treasury. The financial panic of 1857 had left Iowa poor. When it came to a question of equipping troops the governor was perplexed. The guns in the hands of the militia were in bad condition. The supply was very limited, even including the old, almost useless, pieces.

In addition to arms and food, shelter and clothing must be secured for the soldiers. In order to afford these Governor Kirkwood pledged his property, his earnings and his personal bonds, and borrowed money in this way. He was nobly supported by a number of citizens who told him to draw on them for whatever amounts he required, and they would take their payments when they could get them and not inconvenience the State. Iowa banks notified the governor that they would honor his drafts, if by so doing the soldiers could be fed and clothed.

The transaction of all the details of the hour fell on Governor Kirkwood's shoulders, for he had no aides, no staff, and at first not even a private secretary.

"Give us muskets—muskets!" came the call from all quarters of the State. The governor had none to give.

"Send us arms," he wrote, in despair, to Secretary Cam-

eron, April 29. "I ask for nothing but arms and ammunition. We have the men to use them. Three regiments are waiting, and five thousand guns are required at once."

May 6 the First Regiment of Iowa Infantry was ordered into camp at Keokuk. The Government thought that this one regiment was enough, but Governor Kirkwood was so besieged with offers of other companies that, without waiting for permission from the War Department, he accepted another thousand men. This was the Second Regiment. It, too, assembled at Keokuk.

Neither of the regiments had arms. Governor Kirkwood sent more telegrams to headquarters, beseeching that guns be sent. Finally, in August, he went to Washington to plead in person for munitions of war.

On his own responsibility, and at his own risk, the governor authorized the Hon. Ezekiel Clark to purchase in Chicago cloth for fifteen hundred uniforms. But not a yard of cloth could be found in all that city. The demand had been so great. Promptly Samuel Merrill offered to contract for cloth in Boston, and take his pay as the State was best able to afford. Mr. Merrill's kindness came in time of much need. The women of Iowa turned to and sewed hundreds of garments and haversacks, and prepared other articles of equipment. Everywhere in the State the loyal women rallied to the cause. The cloth of the first uniforms was gray. The Government refused to recognize the color, because the Confederates were wearing it. So the gray gave place to the Union blue.

It is not the purpose of this book to follow the career of the Iowa troops in the war. No soldiers were braver, and none attained higher rank in public estimation. The number of men enlisted during the war was 78,059.

The days of the Civil War were anxious times in Iowa. News did not travel through the State as fast as it does now. Telegraph lines did not penetrate everywhere. In many a village the report of the firing on Fort Sumpter was given to the people by the editor of the local paper, who, standing on a dry goods box, read from an exchange —a Burlington, Davenport, or Dubuque paper, perhaps— the tidings that war had begun.

Much the same course was followed all through the war. Even Keokuk, in 1861, had no telegraph connections, and it took a letter three to five days to reach Des Moines.

During the first three years, especially, of the war, Iowa was troubled by foes within, as well as those without. In the State was a strong party of Southern sympathizers. Governor Kirkwood was hampered by them, and even his efforts to sell Iowa bonds were thwarted. In the summer of 1861 meetings were held in Des Moines, in Marion County, and elsewhere, when the administrations of Governor Kirkwood and President Lincoln were denounced, and treasonable resolutions were passed. At Ossian the Confederate flag was raised! Governor Kirkwood received many threatening letters.

Soon it came about that the southern portion of the State, especially the counties bordering Missouri, were in a state of ferment. The loyal citizens residing there sent appeals to the governor for protection. They wanted arms with which to defend themselves. So Governor Kirkwood's duties were increased.

Missouri was a seat of war, for the State was beset with slavery adherents, and espousers of the cause of the Confederacy. In addition, the "border ruffians," formerly rav-

aging Kansas, now roved hither and thither through Missouri, ostentatiously enrolled under the Confederate flag, but usually pillaging either side, regardless of right or wrong.

Thus Iowa had to watch out for guerillas, besides the "Copperheads".

"Copperheads" was the name applied to the Confederate sympathizers. It referred to the deadly moccasin snake, and indicated contempt. "Copperheads" denoted their propensities by wearing suits of butternut jeans, or a badge of half a butternut, or a copper cent as a breast pin. Keokuk County, with its forks of the Skunk River, was the most rabid "Copperhead" stronghold of Iowa.

Saturday, August 1, 1863, a "Copperhead" meeting was held on the English River, in Keokuk County. The meeting was conducted by the Rev. George Cyphert Tally, a Baptist minister, whose father was a Tennesseean, and who was a strong Southerner. Not far away was the town of South English. It was stoutly Union, and it is not strange that a clash occurred. On the afternoon of this day the "Copperheads" started for the town. Threats had been made to "clean out" the Union people, and when the men, many with butternut clothing and copper pins, entered South English, they were met with hoots and defiance.

Tally rode in the first wagon. pistol and bowie knife ready in his hands. Taunts were exchanged, for the Union element of Iowa hated the "Coperheads" as traitors and cowards.

The taunts led to shooting. Tally shot three times, and then fell dead, with several bullets in his body.

The occurrence created much excitement. Governor

Kirkwood was asked to send troops, which he did promptly, and came himself, to see what could be done. The effect of the shooting, and the investigation which followed, was to quiet matters in Keokuk County.

In Fremont County, also, scenes of violence were witnessed, while numerous murders in other portions of southern Iowa still farther horrified the people. In 1864 parties of guerillas, deserters and "Copperheads" ravaged Davis, Poweshiek and Mahaska Counties, waylaid peaceable farmers, robbed them, stole horses, and killed returned Union soldiers. The men who entered Davis County were from Missouri, and were disguised in Federal uniforms.

Ruffians and other disreputable characters in the vicinity of the two Skunk rivers organized themselves into the "Skunk River Army", and committed many depredations. But they were too cowardly to do all they might have done.

So far as possible the governor armed the counties of the two tiers along the Missouri border, not only to restrain the "Copperheads", but also to guard against invasion from Missouri. For a time the fortunes of the Union cause in Missouri hung in the balance, and it looked as though Iowa might be stormed by Confederate forces. While this crisis was on, in many a town of Iowa companies of men were constantly under arms; even in the interior the alarm was so great that guards lay out in the woods and fields all night, watching for the enemy.

Aside from the incursions by the ruffianly guerillas, and the murders by the "Copperheads", the tide of war touched Iowa soil only once. That was the battle of Athens, fought August 5, 1861.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BATTLE OF ATHENS.

Really, the so-called battle of Athens was but a skirmish, yet a number of lives were lost.

In the State of Missouri both Union recruits and Confederate recruits were being enlisted, for the Missourians were pretty well divided on the questions of the war. "Sesesh" was the popular name for the Confederates, because they favored secession, or the withdrawal from the Union by the Southern States.

On account of both parties in the war having adherents in good numbers in Missouri, collisions between armed bodies of men were frequent.

About twenty miles northwest of Keokuk, on the right bank of the Des Moines River, in Clarke County, Missouri, is the town of Athens. Here, in July and August, 1861, was Colonel David Moore with about five hundred volunteers—mostly the First Northeast Missouri Regiment of Volunteer Home Guards.

The "Sesesh" had quarters at the town of Cahoka, about ten miles south of Athens. A number of skirmishes had occurred between recruiting details, and between detachments enlisted on the two sides. Home guards had been formed on either side of the boundary line between Iowa and Missouri.

August 1 thirty-five tons of provisions were sent to Athens on the Des Moines Valley Railroad, and at the same time a quantity of muskets and ammunition. The

Confederates heard of this, and determined to attack Athens and capture the supplies. August 2 messengers arrived at Athens, bringing news of the plans of the "Sesesh," and Sunday evening, August 4, another messenger came with word that the onslaught was to be made the next day.

Colonel Moore prepared to give the enemy a warm reception. At the same time much excitement was occasioned in Iowa, for if Athens was taken, the Confederates might cross the river and pillage the country. The report got abroad that the Confederates were determined to attack and sack Keokuk itself.

In Farmington, Keokuk, and the other towns in Lee and Van Buren Counties, there was scurrying to and fro, to be ready to repel invasion.

Opposite Athens is Croton, Iowa. Here quite a throng assembled to watch operations. The bluff on the Iowa side of the Des Moines furnished a fine amphitheater.

The "Sesesh" were under the command of Martin E. Green. As most of the soldiers on either side were Missourians, and recruited from northern Missouri, families were divided; brother was arrayed against brother, father against son. Under Colonel Green was Captain Moore, the son of Colonel Moore of the Union volunteers. While the Confederates were on the march an officer remarked, in the hearing of Captain Moore:

"Oh, we'll take Athens easy enough. Old Moore wont fight."

"Don't you fool yourself," spoke up the son. "I know dad, and he'll give you all the fighting you want."

He did, too.

Colonel Green planted two cannon on the bluff, behind

Athens, and at 5:30 o'clock on the morning of August 5 these opened fire, while the infantry attacked the Moore forces. The cannon balls flew too high. Instead of hitting the enemy, they passed over the heads of the Union soldiers, crossed the river, and struck the Croton bluff. The women and children here scattered, and hid in the ravines.

The greater part of the fighting took place in the cornfields around Athens. Under Colonel Moore were forty sharpshooters from Farmington. At the depot in Croton a body of Croton Home Guards and Keokuk volunteers had been stationed. During the battle these troops were marched into a sugar camp on the river bank; from this they fired across the river into the Confederates in a cornfield, and inflicted considerable loss.

Colonel Green had promised his men:

"We breakfast in Athens, dine in Croton, and sup in Farmington."

But they didn't, for in an hour and a half they were defeated and retreating. The Union troops pursued them a short distance, and then returned to Athens. The Confederate sympathizers in Athens had prepared to welcome Colonel Green's command. Chickens had been roasted, and pies and cakes baked. These with other goodies had been laid away in the cellars until the victory had been won.

But Colonel Green's men did not stay to taste these delicacies. Instead, the Northeast Missouri Regiment of Volunteer Home Guards, the Farmington sharpshooters, the Croton Home Guards and the doughty Keokuk volunteers fell to and celebrated at the expense of the unlucky "Sesesh" women. Colonel Green and force were heading in the wrong direction.

It is said the Union loss in the battle of Athens was four killed; three wounded badly; twenty wounded slightly Confederate loss much more.

However, figures in different accounts differ greatly.

Colonel Moore captured thirty horses, and the cannon left behind in the bushes.

While the struggle was in progress a number of frightened and wounded Unionists fled across the river. Some of these were so demoralized that they cried to all they met:

"Look out, the rebels are coming! The rebels are coming!"

A few ran clear to Keokuk and Montrose, spreading the tidings that Colonel Moore had been defeated, and that the Confederates were right at their heels.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN CLOSING.

The course of the great commonwealth of Iowa has now been traced through all stages of our history until, as a State among States, the day came when she sent forth 80,000 of her sons to do battle for the Nation. The story of her heroism is yet to be told. The State thought no sacrifice too great, whether of blood or treasure, in defense of the flag, and in maintaining the integrity of the Nation. Iowa has every reason to be proud of her record during the War of the Rebellion. There remains much to be told of her career from the beginning of the Civiil War to the present time. But it is the purpose of this volume merely to sketch the awakening of Iowa and her swift rousing to lusty strength.

Tempered and welded by the flame of battle, she emerged from the Civil War period to take her place among the foremost independencies forming the United States. She has been tried and not found wanting. Her progress, rapid, sure and unfaltering from the little Zion Church at Burlington to the magnificent $3,000,000 capitol at Des Moines, is typical of the growth of the State.

The future of Iowa is largely in the hands of the children who read this book. The character of the citizenship which they attain will be also the character of the State.

On the stone which Iowa contributed to the Washington Monument, and on the face of the soldiers' monument at Des Moines is this inscription. May it be as true at the close of the 20th century as it is to-day. "Iowa—her affections, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable union."

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